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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

WHICH IS WHICH?

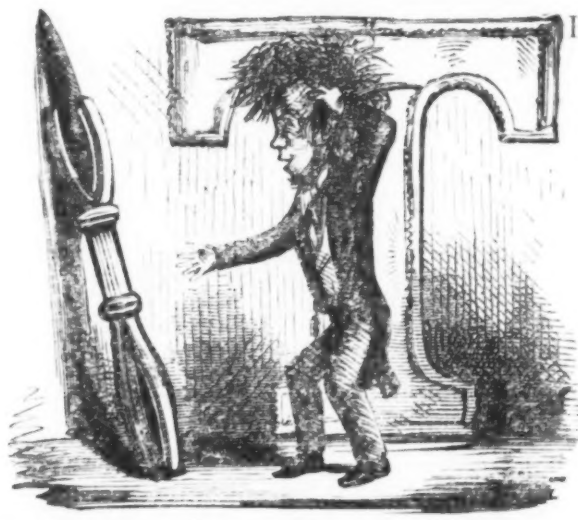
OR,

MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

TO THE READER.



THE following chapters are intended to record the progress and success of an undertaking which, though never of Leviathan proportions, or of sub-ocean-telegraphic importance to the world at large, has nevertheless been considered worthy of humble preservation in the annals of human enterprise, skill, and endurance.

It is to be regretted that the laudable custom of prefixing to the histories of great or meritorious works some particulars of the early lives and antecedents of their authors cannot, in the present case, be observed. The date and place of Mr. Cassidy's birth, even, cannot be ascertained with anything like accuracy; though the event is conjectured to have taken place in Ireland, and must certainly have occurred during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The names and social position of his parents can only be guessed at. As Mr. Cassidy never learnt to read in his life, the question of his education is easily disposed of.

Nothing, in fact, can be known of him with any certainty, except the events of his life immediately in connexion with the important achievement to which he devoted the best days of his valuable existence, and which it is the object of the following pages to record and celebrate.

In conclusion of these preliminary observations, it need only be stated that the excellent modern practice of accompanying records of public occurrences with authentic pictorial illustration has been adopted in the present work, as far as the very scanty materials in the author's possession would admit of.

BOOK I.—IN WHICH MR. CASSIDY FIXES ON HIS SITE AND COLLECTS MATERIALS.

CHAPTER I.—FISH OUT OF WATER.

TOWARDS the end of October, in the year 1803, Mr. Miles Cassidy made his first appearance one fine morning in the streets of Oxford, to the great amusement of the inhabitants, and astonishment of himself.

The beautifully-dressed ladies, in their charming tight cylindrical skirts, and with their lovely waists touching their exquisite shoulders; the fine young college bucks, in their graceful gowns and pretty square caps, adorned with the majestic stick-up collar and fifteen-fold cravat of the period; the spruce townsmen, with their bright blue, green, and plum-coloured long-tailed coats, cut square above the waist, so as to show a sufficiency of waistcoat beneath, their nice tight buckskins, that they got in and out of with pulleys, their half-moon shaped hats, and their powdered hair; the gorgeous beadles, in their gold-lace and cocked hats; and, more than all, the dashing footmen, in their resplendent liveries, looked upon Mr. Cassidy as a highly ridiculous personage.

It can scarcely be said that, in return, Mr. Cassidy looked upon them at all, or, indeed, very much to his right or to his left. He was on business, and had no time to look about him. He trudged along the streets of the most beautiful city in England (some say in the world) as you see him in the picture, with a little boy trotting on each side of him, tolerably indifferent to surrounding circumstances.

As Mr. Cassidy and his two young friends—both of whom will occupy a prominent position in this history—are proceeding through St. Giles's, along Magdalen and Corn-market Streets, finally turning into the world-famous High Street, we may as well accompany them, in order to obtain a closer and more accurate view of their persons than, perhaps, the excellent intentions of the artist have enabled him to convey.

To begin with, the trio were poorly dressed, dusty, travel-stained, and most unmistakably Irish. Yet, in spite of their obvious nationality and their apparent poverty, the little group displayed no signs of that squalor and wretchedness by which immigrants from the sister isle were, at that time, much more than is now happily the case, too easily recognisable in an English community. They were terribly sun-burnt and way-worn, it is true; but they formed

a pleasant picture of health and, what was really strange, of neatness. The man, whom I hope you will justify me in calling my hero ere long, was tall, well-built, and in the early prime of life. But for a slight stoop in the shoulders, indicative, perhaps, of a sedentary occupation, and for the shambling stride of one accustomed to pedestrianism purely as a means of locomotion, and without reference to its resources for developing the human graces, would have been pronounced a rather splendid-looking fellow, such as a dark-eyed Biddy or an apple-faced Kathleen of his native bog-land might have been well excused for getting foolish about. He was broad-browed and broad-chested. He had fine open, inquiring eyes, of a remarkably clear blue. Above these, a pair of bushy, fawn-coloured brows were constantly knitted, as if in perplexed thought, thereby slightly detracting from the winning ingenuousness of his countenance. His nose was broad and slightly vulgar; his upper lip long and his mouth large. But the mouth was well cut, and wholly devoid of sensuality. A broad, and rather prominent, chin gave a character of decision to the face, which, in the restless blue eyes, and wide, but by no means projecting, brow, was certainly wanting. His face was burnt almost to the colour of a house-brick, causing his tawny, shock head of hair (that was cropped almost to the closeness of a velvet pile), dense eyebrows, and short scraps of whisker to appear lighter than they really were. He was cleanly shaved; and his coarse, high-collared shirt was dazzlingly white, though deplorably frayed at the edges. His two frieze coats, upper and under, had been repeatedly, though in all cases neatly, patched, evidently with carefully saved fragments of the original cloth. The same may be said of his cord breeches, rough blue stockings, and heavy-nailed brogues.

The little fellows toddling by his side were as plump as guinea-pigs. They were apparently twins, being nearly of the same size, and bearing a decided resemblance one to the other. They were darker in complexion than their adult companion—black-eyed, olive-skinned, and of that arch, full-blooded, humorous type, with which Mr. John Philip's wonderful studies of Spanish life have recently familiarised us, supporting the theories of certain ethnologists, who have agreed to ascribe to the boys of Tipperary and Waterford an Iberian descent. They were dressed exactly alike, the costume of each, except that they wore no overcoats, being a miniature copy of their guardian's—large collars, frieze coats, knee-breeches, darns, patches, and cleanliness complete. Each carried a small bundle. Their unwonted appearance—their nationality considered—of having been accustomed to habitual washing, and a good deal of scrubbing with coarse towels, was really remarkable.

They were an undoubtedly funny, but yet a prepossessing, little couple of oddities. And they trotted wonderingly along the beautiful streets of the University-city, to the mutual satisfaction of their spectators and of themselves. They turned up their bright little faces, opened their large round eyes, elevated their jet black eyebrows, and grinned with more than reciprocal good humour to the people who laughed at them as they passed.

One of the children was, if anything, a trifle taller, stouter, and, perhaps, of a more plebeian type than his brother. But, as has been stated, a strong resemblance existed between them, so much so that it might have been difficult for a casual observer to distinguish them apart.

The man's care of them was constant and absorbing. Their docility and confidence in his protection offered a charming proof of the tie of love between them. If one little truant—attracted by a dazzling shop-window, an equipage, or an unusual costume—lagged behind for a moment, a look, a smile, a gesture from the father (for such appeared to be the man's relationship to them) was sufficient to quicken the short, sturdy legs into an absurd trot, and the main rank was immediately regained. If danger menaced—as it occasionally did, in the shape of a big dog or an unfeeling *gamin*—the frieze-coat skirts of the parent afforded an ample harbour of refuge. Once permitted to cling to the hem of that magical garment, they could afford to turn and smile good-humoured defiance at the enemy.

Of course such a singular group could not pass through the streets of an English city without incurring many personal remarks, not, for the most part, complimentary. These made little impression upon our traveller, who, indeed, appeared a man accustomed to endurance and resignation. If the appearance of the little troop excited, as occasionally would happen, a really humorous comment, he observed an Irishman's unfailing honesty in such cases: he gave a laugh for a joke. To mere senseless insults he was simply deaf. When too hotly pressed by the inquisitive and critical, he would just lower the bundle from his shoulder, take the children each by the hand, and quicken his pace.

At a certain point in the High Street, nearly opposite St. Mary's, he drew a letter from his breast-pocket, and glanced round with the eager, undecided look that was his characteristic, as if in search of some one whom he could rely upon for desired information. He made two or three "false starts" at addressing foot-passengers; but there was something in the face or manner of each that deterred him on inspection. At length he made up his mind that a good-natured-looking shopkeeper, standing in his own doorway, was the right person to be applied to.

Pray notice this trivial circumstance, reader, as typical of a man's character in whom I hope to interest you. Miles Cassidy was a man who could never make up his mind, even on an unimportant matter, without the endurance of real agony. But, his mind once made up to what he believed a right course, he would pursue it patiently and diligently, through toil, misconception, and even to martyrdom.

Miles stepped up to the good-natured-looking shopkeeper, and begged him, with true Irish politeness, to direct him to the address inscribed on the letter he held in his hand. The shopkeeper, with true English rudeness, scrutinised Miles and his two little charges, in succession, from head to foot, before condescending to answer. Then, with true English good-nature, which Cassidy had been quite right in ascribing to him, he put himself to considerable trouble of speech in giving the information required, and was even at the pains to



MR. MILES CASSIDY AND HIS TWO YOUNG FRIENDS ENTER OXFORD.

put on his hat and step round a corner, in order to assist the wanderers in their pilgrimage by manual indications—which he did in a truly British manner, insolently, patronisingly, and thoroughly.

The letter was addressed to a very great personage indeed, no other than a very reverend dean, the principal of one of the most renowned colleges in Oxford, which, if you please, we will call St. Ogive's. It was reached through a succession of the beautiful lanes of crumbling gray and waving green that lie between "the High" and Christchurch Meadows,—fitting attendants upon the fair Queen of Streets, whose dazzling glories they enhance by the contrast of their own demure loveliness.

To be informed that poor simple Miles Cassidy was utterly astonished and bewildered by the panorama of architectural beauty he now witnessed for the first time, would be superfluous, to anybody who has ever undergone the same experience. But Miles was a man accustomed to take astonishment very quietly. He had been used to a good deal of it in various ways, and necessity had led him unconsciously to adopt Candide's philosophy, that it is better to go on cultivating one's garden than to stop to wonder at everything one cannot comprehend. Miles was at present fully occupied with the *idée fixe* of finding out St. Ogive's College, and of delivering the letter of which he was the bearer to the principal of that edifice; and he trudged on through the shower of strange beauty that assailed his imagination on every side, just as he would have plodded through a hailstorm.

St. Ogive's was soon reached, and easily recognised from the shopkeeper's description.

"Here we are, darlin's!" said Miles, pulling up his diminutive troop before the magnificent gateway of the college; "think of all that for a school now! Holy Mother! who 'd believe it in the ould place!"

"It 's bigger dan Misther Doolan's," squeaked one of the little fellows—a deplorable platitude, merely uttered because the speaker felt himself called upon to say something, not because the crumbling glories of St. Ogive's impressed him with any more wonder than the smallest of the thousand and one novelties he had witnessed since his arrival in the town. To a child, in a strange place, everything is alike marvellous.

"Misther Doolan's, indeed! get out wid ye, Teddy! Faix! and I 'm almost thinking it 's the wrong shop we 've come to. But here 's a gentleman as can tell us. My sarvice to ye, sir, and could I spake with the masther?"

"Hook it! be off! get out, can't ye?"

The gentleman who thus graciously responded to Miles Cassidy's courteous address was no other than Mr. Botts, porter of St. Ogive's. The majority of college servants seem to me selected as a merciful provision for the checking of any sudden and perilous excitement of the organ of veneration, which a first sight of the calm beauties of the places they are appointed to disfigure might give rise to in a visitor. Wonderfully "leary," *rusé*, cynical-looking old fellows they are, for the most part, these porters, scouts, common-room men, or whatever names they may go by. Their aspect is enough to bring you down from the clouds to a sense of the nether earth and its dodges. They know the secrets of so many back-staircases! They have seen so much of the wrong side of the gorgeous mantle of the Alma Mater whose by-blows they are. And their faces are usually a pretty accurate label of the kind of knowledge they have locked up in their musty, snuffy, old bosoms.

Mr. Botts was an admirable specimen of his class. His appearance was suggestive of High Church come to grief—once ruby port in the condition of mouldy vinegar. He gave you the idea of a bishop who had been degraded from his see for corrupt and intemperate practices, and who had preserved his episcopal uniform in a condition as unsatisfactory as his reputation. Not

but that the garments of Mr. Botts may have been of excellent material, and in the most perfect repair,—only they didn't look so. The cloth didn't appear black enough, or the cravat white enough. The latter article looked as though it had been washed in buttery ale, and ironed with a tap-room shovel. The folds of Mr. Botts' coat, vest, and "subfusk garments," appeared to have crept into the wrong places, furtively, and for no good. The gaiters were out of all drawing, and did not seem to have been buttoned in a straightforward, overhand manner. The hat was put on at a most disreputable angle. Much winking at peccadilloes would seem to have made the eyes of Mr. Botts small and foxy. The pockets of his inexpressibles were worn cavernous, as with the receipt of various kinds of hush-money. A habit of cringing to superiors had deprived his figure of any majesty it may have possessed originally. This was in a manner compensated by a fine expression of severity his brows had acquired in a thirty years' war with his literally "arch" enemies, the beggars and street children, who were constantly besieging his portal, and finding themselves sorry for it. The nose of Mr. Botts was quite red, and his mouth enormous. A slight look of jollity, the result, no doubt, of ample leisure, perquisites and refreshment, formed the only redeeming expression of Mr. Botts' appearance. But, upon the whole, he was not a nice-looking man.

"Now, can't you be off, I say!" Mr. Botts repeated, seeing his visitors immovable, and looking his ugliest, in order to frighten them away at once.

Mr. Cassidy, with all his considerable merits, was the touchiest of mortals; and though no man could better command his feelings when he saw occasion, he was remarkably apt to give vent to them when no such necessity existed. And, in his own way, he was as proud as Lucifer. So he returned Mr. Botts' scowl with defiance, and said, stiffly,—

"I 've a letter for the masther."

"Oh, be off!—there 's no master here: it 's a principal. Cut!"

"Maybe ye can read?"

Mr. Botts possessed that accomplishment sufficiently to perceive that the letter Miles Cassidy thrust under his nose, with a lordly gesture, was addressed to the principal of St. Ogive's. He took it, and asked,—

"Who 's it from?"

"Maybe the gentleman will be able to tell you that when he 's read it," was the lofty answer.

Mr. Botts looked up, fiercely. But seeing the speaker remarkably big and self-possessed, he looked down again, and merely said,

"Do you want a hanswer?"

"I do."

"Then I suppose you must have one. Stop here."

Mr. Botts shambled into the sunny quadrangle, and looked round as for a messenger. Then Miles Cassidy had an opportunity of observing the wonderful plasticity of countenance at the command of that gentleman, proving that the porter of St. Ogive's was, if not a Cerberus with three heads, certainly a Janus with two faces. For at the sight of two imposing-looking dons, who made their appearance on the other side of "quad," the hat of Mr. Botts flew off, his body became supple, his features expanded into the most slavish of grins, and he continued ducking, fawning, and grinning at the dons (who did not so much as look at him), for several seconds, like a wicked old Malvolio practising in the sun.

A man-servant making his appearance, the porter beckoned him, and gave him Cassidy's letter. The servant vanished with it.

Mr. Botts is not intended to be a character in this history. But he was considered, *per se*, worthy the honour of an incidental sketch. Moreover, there is this importance attached to him, that if he had received our travellers more graciously, Mr. Cassidy might have been disposed to favour him with a little conversation as to the object of his visit to St. Ogive's, in which case Mr. Botts would probably have opened our hero's eyes to certain matters, a clear understanding of which on his part might have been the means of completely altering the course of our story,—

"Thus great events from little causes spring."

But Mr. Cassidy maintained a dignified silence, and turned his back upon Mr. Botts—who, to be sure, was not much affected by that treatment—till the man-servant returned.

"Here 's a rum start!" said the latter to Mr. Botts. "They 're to be shown up to his room."

"What! brats and all?"

"By Jove they *are!* He said 'them.'"

"Well, *I* can't help it," Mr. Botts remarked, as though to say he would willingly spare his college such a disgrace, if in his power. "Here, you 're to follow this man."

Miles drew the little boys yet more closely to his side, and followed the servant across the quadrangle, exclaiming in awe-stricken soliloquy,

"My! It 's a lovely place! I 'm afeard it 's too good to be true. A dale of clargy there seems to be about! I hope there 's no mistake."

As Miles looked back, he perceived Mr. Botts again enacting Malvolio in the sun, but this time without a visible object of adoration. Mr. Botts was, in fact, bowing to the Dean's window, as he invariably did whenever he passed it. Time and the buttery ale had done their work upon the porter's eyesight; and he could never clearly see whether the Dean was looking out of window or not, so he always bowed on speculation, wisely considering that out of so much servility thrown up *some* of it must stick. It was a conspicuous article in Mr. Botts' philosophic code, that "the thicker you lays it on the better they likes it, and the bigger they is the more they can swallow."

CHAPTER II.

AN OWL DISTURBED IN HIS IVY-BUSH.

THE Very Reverend Erasmus Bashawe, Dean of St. Ogive's, was a living refutation of the proverb about heroes and their valets. If he was a great man in anybody's estimation (as he was in a great many people's: his own for one) he was most certainly so in that of his own domestics. They were his slaves. His word was their law. They approached him in speechless terror, and served him with Oriental submission. The distin-

guished personage who had delivered Miles Cassidy's letter to his master would no more have ventured, unsolicited, to offer the slightest comment upon the quality or appearance of the bearer than he would have dared to look over the Dean's shoulder during his perusal of the letter.

Doctor Bashawe was supposed to know more about Greek particles than any man living. For this and collateral reasons of like vital importance to the interests of the Protestant religion they were going to make him a bishop, and the Doctor was perfectly aware of it. Such knowledge was not likely to lessen the very reverend gentleman's innate sense of his own consequence, and it didn't.

The worthy Dean's estimate of his own undoubted merits and importance may be explained in a compact syllogism.

The Dean considered the University of Oxford the greatest of earthly institutions.

He considered himself the greatest man in the University of Oxford. (For was he not to be made a bishop before the Vice-Chancellor? and could that dignitary stand up before him for two minutes in a contest upon the Greek particles?)

Ergo—the Dean of St. Ogive's considered himself the greatest man in the world.

He was, perhaps, not aware that he entertained such an opinion of himself, and would have been disgusted with any sycophant who might hint that he was entitled to do so. It was his real opinion nevertheless.

The Dean was the most tremendous disciplinarian in Oxford. If he had been a beadle, and the undergraduates of his college charity children, they could not have feared him more. Fortunately for his college, it was considered a very high honour to take a degree there; or really, such was the terror inspired by the Spartan *régime* of the principal, that the foundation might have languished for want of scholars.

Our Dean was emphatically a "great gun," a "big wig," and a magnate. He was wise, learned, influential, and—last, not least—rich. For, scholar and recluse as he had long been, Doctor Bashawe was of an old family, and some convenient deaths had put him in possession of some snug landed estates. For many years he had been accustomed to respect and adulation, which he accepted affably as his due.

Character and circumstances had combined to make him the sort of person of whom an obscure bard has written:—

"A hat two seconds on a head he scarcely ever saw,
The earliest word he learnt to speak was registered as law:
Were you and I to laugh at him, he 'd look on us with awe,
As lunatics escaped from dungeon, whipping-post, and straw,
Would this fine old English gentleman,
Worthy the olden time."

How came it, then, that so august a personage could so far unbend as to accord an interview to poor Miles Cassidy with his little boys and his big bundle?

In the first place, perhaps, because the Dean was a just man; and he believed it the duty of the great to be accessible. As he esteemed himself the greatest living authority upon various important points, theological and political, he thought it quite natural that people should desire his conclusive opinion on such subjects,—an advantage he did not deem himself justified in withholding from the lowest. Hence the Dean had a good deal of correspondence on his hands, which he disposed of unflinchingly, and a frequency of strange visitors, whom he seldom sent away unattended to.

In the second place, the Dean's landed estates lay in Ireland, and there were rumours of a general election. At such a time a visitor of bogtrotting aspect may have been a subject for even Very Reverend conciliation. Who knows?

In the third place, the letter delivered by Miles Cassidy to Mr. Botts, by that gentleman to the Dean's body servant, and thence without further quarantine (as was the rule) into the great man's own hands—as he sat in his library pounding Greek roots into cement for the church walls of England—was worded as follows:—

Clonmel, Sep. 11, 18—.

MY DEAR DEAN,

This is to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Miles Cassidy, of this country, with his two gifted and interesting sons, for whom he is anxious to obtain the advantages of an Oxford education. Need I say I have strongly recommended him to old Saint Ogive's? Our former friendship, I am sure, will justify me in requesting you to further his views, and to show him any civility in your power.

Wishing you continual health and fame,

Believe me, my dear Dean,

Ever sincerely yours,

EDMUND SMITH.

The Dean frowned, took off his gold spectacles, and beat time with them against his nose thoughtfully.

"Smith!" he murmured, "Edmund Smith! Who can it be? We have had many Smiths here in my time; but I really cannot call to mind any one to whom I have permitted such a degree of intimacy as to justify the familiarity of 'my dear Dean.' Still a letter from Clonmel is entitled to——. Are these persons waiting?"

This was aloud to the servant.

"Yes, sir."

"I will see them."

"Yes, sir."

Exit servant, wondering what next.

For some minutes the Dean continued to beat time with his spectacles, deaf and blind to surrounding circumstances, endeavouring to fix his memory upon the owner of the remarkable name of Smith.

"It is really very painful," he soliloquised, "very painful indeed. For the man has evidently been on terms of intimacy with me, or he would never have DARED"—(the Dean thought this word in very large capitals)—"never have DARED to take such a liberty. I do hope and trust that my mental faculties are not failing me at this important crisis of my fortunes. 'Smith—Edmund Smith!'"

A slight noise behind the Dean's chair aroused him from his abstraction. The Dean was innately a gentleman, though a pompous one, and it required no powerful introduction to induce him to receive another gentleman with urbanity. He rose from his seat, prepared his very reverend body for its most gracious bow, turned in the direction of the doorway, and beheld——

What?

Patched, darned, and sunburnt Miles Cassidy, caubeen in hand, trembling, staring, and bowing, with two now affrighted, and almost blubbering little gossoons, clinging aghast to the worn knees of his inexpressibles.

The Dean fell back a step or two, clutched the arm of his chair for support, gasped, and at last uttered a perfect yell of mingled rage and horror.

This was very unbecoming conduct on the part of a pillar of the Church, and the greatest living authority upon Greek particles. What could have induced it?

Was it because the Dean was an old bachelor, and he hated the sight of children? No.

Because he was a haughty aristocrat, and felt the vicinity of a poor man contamination? No. The Dean would not have refused a courteous hearing to a veritable beggar on reasonable grounds.

Because he had never seen a real live bogtrotter before, and he was alarmed at finding himself alone with an animal of that description? Again, no. The Dean had visited his Irish estates frequently, and was not afraid of living man or of man's enemy.

What, then, was the reason?

This. The Dean gasped, yelled, almost foamed at the mouth, and generally misconducted himself, because his keen perceptions had descried, at the first glimpse of his strange visitors, THAT A PRACTICAL JOKE HAD BEEN PLAYED ON HIM!

All great men have their weaknesses. Our Dean's was a somewhat morbid sense of his own dignity, and a horror of ridicule. To disobey his edicts, or even negatively to fail in respect to him, he looked upon as felony. To laugh at or make game of him was a species of blasphemy so monstrous that, to be sure, it almost excused itself as a proof of insanity.

The case was plain at a glance. Some shameless undergraduates had dared to send him, the Dean, a ragged Irishman with his two brats, as a gentleman wishing to enter his sons at St. Ogive's, and were now, doubtless, gloating over the success of their scheme. Fortunately there were torments for such offenders, even upon earth!

The torrent of the Dean's blind wrath was not likely to spare the poor harmless instrument by which it had been excited.

"What do you mean by this, you scoundrel?" he thundered. "Who are you?"

"Miles Cassidy, sir," was the reply, in tones little more gentle; for Miles, too, began to scent foul play, and by no means relished this reception, "named in the letther."

"Named in the letter, you scoundrel! *You* the gentleman from Clonmel, and those horrible brats! O Lord, somebody shall pay for this trick!"

The two brats began to pay their share already, by howling on account.

The servant had left the room. His master called to him, but he was out of hearing.

It was a terrible position for a dean to be placed in. His reverence made a tug at the bell-pull. The rope came off in his hand most provokingly, as bell-ropes have a knack of doing on critical occasions, without moving the crank.

"No matter; you shall suffer for this, you villain!"

"For what, sir?" inquired Cassidy, simply.

The Dean was a little taken aback by the question.

"For what? Do you mean to say you didn't know the contents of this letter?"

"I thought I did; but I'm thinking now I couldn't have done rightly. What's in it?"

"Can't you read?"

"No, worse luck. More-betoken, the letther was saled."

The Dean looked at it and bit his lip.

"So it is, I see. A letter of Bellerophon."

"I don't know the gentleman's name," said Cassidy, simply. "But I'd like to be paying him out for the dhirty thrick he's played off on the two of us. Me especially, I'm thinking——"

"Oh, I'll help you to do that, my man. When did you receive this?"

"An hour back, maybe."

The Dean looked at the letter again.

"What a fool I was; I might have seen the ink was fresh." (So the Dean might, some years back, before the gold spectacles came into such active requisition.) "Where?"

"At a shebeen, two mile out of this town, maybe."

"What's a shebeen?" inquired the ignorant master of all the ancient lexicons.

"A whiskey shop, sir," Mr. Cassidy kindly explained; "a public, as they call it in these parts."

"Never mind! Tell me all about the matter."

Miles passed his hand over his stubble, in order to smooth down his ruffled ideas, and commenced:—

"You see, sir, we'd walked good eight mile—a long way for the small legs of 'em, and me wid the bundle—and the darlin's wanted a rest and a taste of the pump and hair-comb, before coming in town to face the quality——"

This was maddening. Here was the Dean of St. Ogive's not only hoaxed and bamboozled, but made a confidential party to the toilette secrets of a couple of little Irish vagrants, washed by their father at a road-side pump.

He controlled his emotions, and bade Cassidy proceed.

"Well, sir, when I was putting the finishing shine on Franky—that's Franky, sir, and the other one's Teddy, short for Edward——"

"Never mind these details, my man. To the point."

"Well, two young gentlemen in tops and buckskins—fine young fellows they were, too—the Lord forgive 'em their thoughtless thricks!—came out of the shebeen, and their horses was brought round to 'em—one of 'em as purty a blood mare as ever you set eyes on—they came out of the shebeen, and says one to me, 'Well, Pat,' says he—though my name's Miles, sorra 's the harm in Pat, when it's done in good part—'is it takin' the young gentlemen to college, ye are?' 'Faix, sir,' says I, mighty surprised, 'it's odd you should have hit upon that, for it's the very thing I'm doing;' which is the Lord's truth, your honour——"

"To college! You——" The Dean stared with all his eyes. Was the man mad, or still hoaxing him?

"Sure enough, sir," Miles pursued, with perfect simplicity, "that's what's brought us here, like many a one else, I'm thinking. But I asked the gentleman



FUTILE ENDEAVOURS OF THE DEAN OF ST. OGIVE'S TO RECOLLECT A PERSON BY THE NAME OF SMITH.

by what token he found it out. Then there was some laughing and fun betwixt the pair of 'em. And says the one—'Oh,' says he, 'Pat, Oxford 's a mighty fine place for larning, and there 's a dale o' folks comes here from all parts for it.' Which, indeed, I 'd hard as far off as the ould place, or it 's not here the three of us 'ud be this day."

The Dean's astonishment at this extraordinary avowal of *naïveté* for a moment checked his anger.

"Do you really mean to say that you have brought those children from Ireland with a view to their education in Oxford?"

"That 's it, sir. And the right shop, I 'm tould."

"But, my poor fellow——"

"None so poor, sir," Mr. Cassidy said, with perfect cheerfulness. "There 's work here for a pair of hands as well as elsewhere, I suppose; and mine 's big enough —ye 'll allow that."

Mr. Cassidy displayed them. They certainly were.

The Dean did not know whether to pity or laugh at the poor man's surprising ignorance. But his anger regained possession of him.

"Go on with your story."

"Well, they got talking to me about the darlin's, —and that 's a tale that will always gallop off wid the tongue o' me. And afther a little more whispering atween them, says one, says he: 'Pat, yer detarmination does you honour, and I 'm happy that it 's in my power to recommend you to an ould gentleman as keeps a very good school in the town,—or college, as we call 'em here,'—but for the matther of that, so does Pether Doolan of Kilbaggett call *his* bit of a hedge-cabin. 'And I 'll give ye a letther to him, for he 's a frind of mine.' 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I; 'but it isn't yet a bit I 'll be able to afford the schoolin'.' 'Oh!' but says he, 'it 's a free school. The ould man that keeps it is supported himself by the lavings of charitable people.'"

"They said that—*that?*—the shameless villains!"

"'And,' says I, 'that 's the shop for *me!*'" Mr. Cassidy was getting pleased with his powers of narration, and heedless of interruptions. "And he goes into the shebeen, and comes out with the letther, and says he, 'If ye see the ould man himself, he 'll be thrying to frighten ye off the place with violent language. That 's a thrick of his; for he likes to keep the best places in the school open for his own friends' sons,—and, barrin' takin' a dhrop too much, it 's the only fault I know till him.'"

The Dean could.stand it no longer.

"The miscreants! the diabolical ruffians!"—(the remainder of the reverend gentleman's speech is unsuited to publication).

"Should you know them again?"

"Faith, and I would."

"*They* shall suffer for it. But, man, do you tell me you were ass, dolt, and pig enough to be deceived by so miserable a jest?"

"Faith, I had me doubts at furrest, for the laughing and whispering. But what the boy said afther seemed mighty kind and raysonable. And when I found out they were both clergymen"——

"Clergymen!—what do you mean?"

"We caught a glimpse of 'em aftherwards in the

town going into a house. They were off their horses that time, and had gownds and flat caps on."

"That is sufficient," said the Dean, choking with rage; "we 'll soon find them out, my good fellow. You shall have your revenge, and"—the Dean hissed between his teeth in a melodramatic rather than a very reverend manner—"*I 'll have mine! I'll* teach them to take liberties with a man of my status! A free school, indeed! Supported by gifts of charitable individuals! I 'll rusticate them! It will be all over Oxford. I 'll expel them the University! The very bed-makers know it by this time, of course! Best places for my friends' sons! *Heu mihi!* A drop too much! I 'll ruin them! I 'll crush them!"

The Dean appeared so terribly in earnest, and looked so remarkably vicious as he uttered this terrific burst, that Mr. Cassidy, whose own brief anger had long since oozed away, began to be apprehensive of serious consequences.

"Saving your presence, sir," he said, deferentially, "but might I be so bowld as to suggest that for a mere bit of boys' devilment and divarshin——"

"Mind your own business, fellow! I shall only want you to assist me in identifying the culprits."

Mr. Cassidy was huffed.

"Maybe I couldn't," he replied, tartly.

"You have said you would know them again."

"But if I found it was to bring ruin and throuble upon a couple of thoughtless young fellows for a mere thrick, the likes of them couldn't help playing off on the likes o' me—bedad, *I*'m fair game—"

"What then?"

"Now I think of it, sir, I don't think I *should* know 'em."

"Sirrah! do you know whom you are braving? Do you know we have stocks and cages for vagrants in this University?"

"Then sorra's the one of me will split on a poor fellow for a dhurty threat like that," said Mr. Cassidy, in a tone of indignant disgust.

Dr. Bashawe turned white-purple, yellow, and a great many colours that were not pretty. Then he grinned unpleasantly, and said in a sarcastic tone,

"I see—we must try other inducements. You 're not such a fool as I thought you, my friend. Well, you shall be paid for your trouble. Come, I 'll give you five guineas down—upon the conviction of the offenders. Here they are."

The Doctor, in his rage, really looked upon the practical jokers as culprits of the blackest dye, and exaggerated his own authority for their punishment in proportion.

Miles Cassidy looked grave as he eyed the shining pieces.

"That 's temptin'," he said.

"Hah! I thought this method would succeed better. Your looks really belie you. Well, my friend, they 're yours, on the condition named."

"Axin' your pardon, what 'ud be the consequences to the young lads? for maybe I *do* owe 'em a turn."

"Oh, you can leave them to me," said the Dean, with an uncanny smile.

"Then, bedad, I'll *not* lave them to you," Miles Cassidy burst out afresh, "with that ugly look on the face of you; for it 's mischief I see you mane. I 'll not take your money; and I don't care that for your threats, if you 're the pope of the place!"

The Dean was not a little astonished. But the devil had not yet gone out of him. And to be braved like this was not the way to dispose him to good thoughts and deeds. He grinned the grin of the evil spirit again, and said with disagreeable lightness,

"You are really a clever man, after all, my friend; but you *may* overdo it. But come, as a tribute to your newly-discovered talents, I will go as far as to make it ten. Beyond that we may be able to do without you. Would you like to look at the whole amount? Here it is—see!"

The Dean jingled the money in his hand, and looked very bad indeed, as he did so.

Cassidy glared painfully at the offered bribe. His brow and lips quivered. He glanced alternately from the glittering pieces to his wondering, speechless, little boys. His breath came short. It was horrible to see him, till at length he burst into a flood of tears, and with a wild cry of "Then God forgive you for tempting a poor man to do a shameful deed!" huddled up his wondering children and his packages in his arms, and rushed from the room, hiding his head away from the sight and sound of the gold.

What was this fearful commotion within the Dean of St. Ogive's bosom? It was the evil spirit taking its departure with a rush. O God! what had he been doing? Who was that man that had stood there, giving him that noble lesson, and whom he had tried to——. Oh! shame! shame! What had become of the undergraduates and their irreverent jests? Where was the outraged dignity, the terror of exposure, the raging vindictiveness? All forgotten in the bitter remorse, the burning, yearning desire to stop that man whose footsteps were flying along the old corridor, fast, faster into the distance, and who was bearing his shame—his real shame this time—to the outer world; to entreat him to return, to make him atonement, at least to implore his pardon.

A flood of this oppressive light rushed upon the Dean's rudely-awakened conscience in an instant. What was to be done to amend this wrong—to stifle this shame? Another instant, and it would be too late.

There was only one thing to be done, and the Dean did it, right manfully!

This was to scamper as fast as his very reverend legs would carry him along the old Gothic corridor, in chase of the retreating figure of Miles Cassidy; and to catch that fugitive by the coat, just as he was preparing to descend the staircase leading to the quadrangle, and to pant, abjectly, imploringly, in his astonished ears:—

"Come back, my good fellow—my dear sir—come back! I didn't exactly mean—that is, say you forgive me. Don't expose me for an old villain—or do, if you like, only come back, come back, and say you forgive me."

Yes, this surprising event really came off, and is still recorded in the unwritten annals of St. Ogive's. The betting would have been decidedly in favour of Mr. Cassidy, that gentleman being the younger man, and having a considerable start of his pursuer. It is

true that Mr. Cassidy was handicapped with considerable weight, and the Dean had the advantage of a superior acquaintance with the ground. But where the latter had the real pull was in the hearty will and honest determination with which he started on the chase. Conscience doth *not* make cowards of us all, you moony Royal Highness of Denmark! That was one of your numerous metaphysical mistakes. It makes heroes of some of us. Truly it made one of Doctor Erasmus Bashawe, when at *his* age, with *his* position, with his vanity—and, let us not forget his wig, spectacles, and rheumatism—it induced him to run a heat of some thirty yards in pursuit of Miles Cassidy, for the sake of repairing an injury he felt he had done that gentleman, and to win it!

The heat was won: and Mr. Cassidy, before he had recovered from his astonishment (which, indeed, he did not quite get rid of for some weeks), found himself hustled, dragged, implored, entreated back into the Dean's apartment, which he re-entered on a very different footing to that of his late occupancy.

The little boys had, of course, been recovered as a portion of the baggage captured in the late successful sortie.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

Four or five minutes have elapsed. Miles Cassidy—now in custody, and without power of escape—is seated in the Dean's library, as near the door as he can get. His hat is under his chair, as a matter of course. (By the way, why *are* working men always so dreadfully ashamed of their hats when they come into a room? Mr. Cassidy's, to be sure, was no beauty, and required the ornament of a human countenance to make it presentable.) The family bundles are deposited in a corner. The little boys are reclining confidently and happily against their father's knees. Those unerring physiognomists have divined that the Dean is no longer a terrible personage. They are staring round them at the pictures, busts, and book-shelves with much comfortable enjoyment. They appear, in fact, quite at home.

The good Dean has wheeled his easy chair round, with its back to the window, and is contemplating his queer visitors with much interest and admiration.

On the table, by the Dean's side, is a cobwebby bottle, which the reverend gentleman has just produced from the recesses of an artfully-contrived cupboard, and uncorked. The latter important operation the Dean has, unfortunately, not been able to perform to his satisfaction. He has been sadly shaken, that poor Dean! by his recent unwonted exertions, moral and physical. It is no joke to have to beg a labouring man's pardon when you are sixty-five years of age, the head of a crack college, the greatest living authority on Greek particles, and are going to be made a bishop! The Dean's hand rocks violently as he tilts the cobwebby bottle to the proper angle over two delicate-stemmed wine-glasses, the bowls of which look like the halves of a soap-bubble, and his usually firm, sonorous voice is somewhat husky and tremulous as he says, winningly, to his visitor,—

"Glass of wine?"

"Thank you, sir," replies Mr. Cassidy, stiffly. "I 'm no drinker."

This is unkind of our friend, and the Dean feels it so, bitterly. But the Dean is doing voluntary penance, and is determined to kiss the rod—which Mr. Cassidy, for his part, has no objection to lay on pretty smartly. He has not forgiven the Dean for trying to bribe him with money to do a shabby action. His exasperation is all the greater from the fact that the attempt was so nearly successful. He looks upon the Dean's present attempt to cajole him into amiability—by the bribes of contrition, gentleness, and hospitality—as a continuation of the same unfair treatment. So he is wary and resentful.

But the Dean is determined to conquer him this time, and has the greatest confidence in his new weapons. Amongst these, the cobwebby bottle is conspicuous in his estimation.

"If you refuse me," he says, "I shall conclude that you consider my late most unjustifiable conduct as a natural ebullition of my normal character, and not, as I pledge you my honour it was,"—the Dean recovered a little of his dignified manner as he said this, and looked as though he would become the bishopric very well indeed,—"the exceptional result of a most unusual and unwarrantable provocation."

Most of the long words in this speech were strangers to Mr. Cassidy. But he understood their drift, and made answer:—

"Don't say another word, sir. It 's disthressing to see a man in years, and a gentleman born and bred, humbling himself to the likes of *my*self. You was provoked, no doubt; though *I* can't be expected to understand such things. I 'll drink your health with pleasure, rather than you should think there 's malice."

There was no relenting in Mr. Cassidy's manner as he said this. And had the parties been equal, this obduracy of his would have been positively abominable. But the parties were not equal. The Dean, strong in his wealth and power, had attempted to rob Miles Cassidy of his pet bit of virtue. The would-be robber had nearly had the best of it. Miles had only been able to guard his treasure by means of a rude struggle, from the blows of which he was yet smarting. He could not yet fraternise with his assailant.

"Thank you, Cassidy; that is really very kind of you. I hope and trust I have your hearty forgiveness. And I think you will find that rather a fair glass of port."

The Dean rose from his seat, and with a still trembling hand presented to his visitor one of the soap-bubble glasses filled with a tawny liquid, in which some gossamer fragments, resembling the filmy skin of an onion, were seen to float.

For a wonder, the frail crystal did not snap between the pressure of Mr. Cassidy's ample thumb and forefinger.

"My respects to you, sir, wishing you long life and happiness."

This speech was made in the same formal, unbending tones as the preceding. Cassidy put the glass to his lips. The Dean watched him narrowly.

The glass was lowered, minus half its contents.

Not a trace of emotion was visible on the countenance of the drinker.

"How do you find that?" the Dean asked, nervously.

"It 's nice-tasted, sir," was the calm reply; "but I 'm no judge."

The Dean groaned inwardly.

O Miles! Miles! if you did but know the favour that has been so shamefully, so criminally wasted on you, you would then be able to appreciate the depth and sincerity of your host's contrition! Why, man! what you have been tossing in that brutal manner down your callous and uneducated throat was half a glass of THE particular old port!—the Dean's port!—for one half dozen of which there are believed to be bishops who would forfeit their mitres; a fluid that princes royal—aye, and crowned heads, coming to Oxford for their honorary degrees, have owned themselves honoured to be permitted to taste even; glasses here and there of which are so many sunny oases in the desert memories of dons and magnates; a tipple that is mentioned reverently and traditionally at undergraduate wine parties, as the joys of Mohammed's paradise might be spoken of in a circle of overworked Egyptian porters—something which it is orthodox to believe in as having an existence, but the reports of which sound rather too good to be true. Never, perhaps, in this world, was an offended pig sought to be appeased by such a prodigal expenditure of pearls!

It was a sad blow to the Dean. But he was not a man to be easily knocked over. He recovered his guard, and prepared to hit in a fresh place.

He raised his own glass to the light, and, having forgotten Miles Cassidy and the rest of the universe for a brief second in the joys of its contemplation, placed it to his lips, saying,

"I wish you every health and happiness, my excellent friend, if you will permit me to call you so; and all success in this life and the next to my younger friends, Frank and Teddy there!"

The artful Dean! He had discovered the right spring, and pressed it. Miles Cassidy's heart flew open at once. That remembering the names of the two children was really a master-stroke.

"Thank you kindly, sir, a many times. *That's* hearty, any way." Mr. Cassidy took a second sip at the particular old port, and this time with some apparent relish.

The Dean felt he was gaining the ground he desired. He was determined to follow up his success. He beckoned to one of the urchins, who came to him in all trustfulness, folding his stumpy little arms on the Dean's knee, and looking amicably up into that gentleman's very reverend countenance.

"This, I think," said the Dean, "is Franky. Am I right?"

(The Dean, at any rate, could not make *two* false guesses.)

"No, I 'm Teddy," squeaked the little fellow. "Franty's dot de trass on his arrum and me de dimint."

The Dean looked up, puzzled and amused.

"Really that is one of the dead languages I have not yet studied. The what, my man?"

"De trass on Franty's arrum, and de dimint on mine."

"Upon my honour, you are too much for me. What does he say?"

"It 's the crass and the diamond, he says, sir," Mr. Cassidy explained; and a close observer might have noticed that his face scarcely wore its habitual ingenuousness, as he continued, "marks they 've got on their arrums, sir, for me to know 'em by. It 's frightened I was of losing them, when left alone wid 'em, poor helpless infants! having the work to go to and the troubles to the fore. Marks for the owner to know 'em by—like the lambs, sir."

(It may be observed that Mr. Cassidy did not state that *he* had affixed the marks in question. This may be worth remembering on a future occasion.)

The Dean was wonderfully delighted with having apparently secured the esteem and confidence of his visitor; so much so, that he was cautious of abusing his privilege. Anxious to prolong the conversation, but rather at a loss what to say, he timidly hazarded the question,

"You are a widower, I presume?"

Miles Cassidy let his arms fall heavily by his sides, as he groaned rather than said,

"More than any living man on arth, I believe, sir."

"Have you a right to say that, do you think? Consider, for the sake of your own peace, in a world where sorrow is, at any rate, pretty evenly distributed, if not the counterbalancing happiness."

"Maybe so, sir; but my loss wasn't a common one, though it 's a long story that, and the telling of it hurts me. By the same token, I 'm not to brood on the sorrow, but stick to the work. That 's the bargain, that is."

"The bargain!"

"A consate of mine, sir. But come, darlin's, we 're threspassing on his honour. Good morning to you, sir, and my humble service——"

"Stay, my dear sir—my good friend. I must not allow you to leave in that manner. You are a stranger here. I have some knowledge and influence in the place. You have already been once imposed upon. I may assist your views, whatever they are; and I really owe you so much reparation. Come, tell me what are you?"

"What you see, sir; a poor Irishman with them two children on my hands."

"Yes, I perceive that—Frank and Teddy. *This* is Frank, to be sure."

Miles Cassidy looked fixedly at the Dean.

"You 'd know them apart then, sir?"

"Why, yes,"—the Dean turned a little hot at the question; it was a new subject of analysis to him,—"I scarcely think you could well mistake one for the other."

"They 're mighty like though, sir, aren 't they?"

"There certainly is a resemblance," the Dean admitted.

Miles Cassidy glanced from one child to another with his habitual gaze of indecision, and murmured, in an almost despairing tone,

"They 're puzzling like!"

Then assuming a light and airy manner, by which

the keen-sighted Dean was not deceived for a moment, he inquired,

"Now, which of the two would your honour pronounce the most like me?"

Under the surface of flippancy the Dean detected an almost agonised earnestness in the man's voice and manner, proving that a genuine opinion, and not an idle compliment, was what was required of him. And Doctor Bashawe of St. Ogive's, when himself, was a man who could not descend to a lie. So he answered, in some confusion,

"Really, I do not know. I am no judge of such matters. I should rather say they both resembled their mother."

"What they all say!" was the mournful reply. "But why *both*, the blessed Virgin knows!"

The Dean winced at the mention of the blessed Virgin (an unpopular character at St. Ogive's since the reign of Queen Mary), and thought it advisable to change the conversation.

"But what has really brought you to Oxford?"

"Hopes of putting the darlin's to college, sir, some day. The poor thoughtless fellows that sent me here were right so far."

The Dean felt inexpressibly sorry for the man, who seemed to him to have committed a heroic blunder.

"My poor fellow, I am afraid you have been misled as to the nature of an Oxford education."

"How sir? It 's the first in the land, I 'm towld."

"Undoubtedly—or in the world!"

"Hooroo!" said Mr. Cassidy, interjectionally.

"But a University training is only suited to the sons of noblemen or men of property."

"That 's it, sir; we 're right. That 's what they 're to have. It 's in the bargain, that is."

"But there are insurmountable obstacles."

"Don't say that, sir. What, like?"

"In the first place, the cost."

"There you may help me, sir; and I 'd take it as a favour. What might that be, if I may make so bowld?"

Mr. Cassidy deposited his hat, which he had resumed possession of, once more beneath his chair, and disposed himself for listening.

The Dean, dreadfully astonished at his own condescension (for it was the dignity of St. Ogive, and not of himself, that he was now compromising), found himself enlightening his odd visitor as to the quality and expense of an University education. He taught Miles what an exhibition meant, and how presentations were obtainable. He gave that apparent monomaniac to understand, how that in the event of his sons obtaining a footing as students of the University, the circumstances of their obscure birth would entail many disadvantages upon them. In a word, he exerted his far from mean powers of eloquence to dissuade his visitor from the prosecution of what seemed to him the wildest of insane freaks.

Miles heard him throughout, attentively, with an unmoved countenance. When the Dean had finished, he asked,—

"But the taching itself, sir—is it as good for the poor scholards as the rich?"

"Unquestionably, with diligence on the part of the pupil."

"I 'll keep 'em to that, sir, never fear."

"But they would acquire expensive and ambitious tastes, from association with the sons of the wealthy classes."

"Bedad, I 'll forgive 'em if they do, when I 'm by. It 's the taching aiqual to the first in the land—that 's the bargain. Thank you kindly, sir, and a many times over. You 're the best friend Miles Cassidy 's known this many a day, afther all. I see my way clear now. It 's a hape of money to raise by the sweat of one's brow; but, with the Lord's blessing, I 'll raise it."

"This is a strange whim of yours, my friend."

"Don't say that, sir. It 's no whim. It 's a promise sworn to the blessed Virgin by the bedside of them that 's gone."

The Dean winced again. There was one matter that really required explanation. Was Miles aware that the English Universities were open exclusively to members of the National Church?

Faith, Miles knew all about it! He himself had been trained in the old religion. But "them that 's gone" had been of the new one. Anyhow, he believed the boys would have been brought up in the latter creed—for he would always have "given in in them matters." He himself rather weakened his *prestige* in the Dean's estimation, by the confession of extreme laxity as to doctrinal religion. He had an Irishman's chivalrous devotion to the Virgin; but he admitted that "sorra 's the good he 'd ever got out of the priests," to whom he attributed many of the recent "throubles," the immediate cause of his present bereavement and perplexities,—which the Dean was too delicate to inquire more closely into, noticing an obvious desire on the part of Miles to keep them secret.

Miles rose for his final apology and adieu to his entertainer.

The Dean fumbled in his pockets, looked more nervous than ever, and blushed a blush with which the particular old port had nothing whatever to do.

"Hum! ha!—my friend—pardon me, but after what has passed between us—so eminently to my discredit—I feel it would be an insult to offer you pecuniary assistance——"

"Right there, sir," put in Mr. Cassidy, approvingly; "you couldn't do it, in coorse."

"But still, if you could put me in the way of serving you. I have some means and influence——"

Mr. Cassidy thrust his hand into the recesses of his canvas shirt, from which he produced an old stocking, which he opened precipitately on to the Dean's writing table, displaying some forty guineas in gold, with a good deal of silver.

"You see, sir, it ain't that: for good two years' living we 're safe. For it 's me that makes, mends, darns, and washes for the boys. And there 's a thousand things I can do,—carpentering, joining, and the like,—tailoring and waving, too, for that matter. Handy Miles I was called in the ould place. Never fear for me, sir; and thank you kindly for the words of comfort you 've spoken. It was a hard trial to get here; but I heard it was the place of places, where I could keep my oath to them that 's gone. I had sore

misgivings on the way, but you've set me right, sir. It's to be done now, praised be the blessed Virgin, saving your presence."

The Dean was beginning to whimper. Deservedly ashamed of this tendency, he said,—

"Have another glass of wine."

"Thank ye kindly, no, sir. I'll have to give up the noggin. The pipe I'll have to stick to; for I can't do my bit o' thinking without it, and the boys will want a dale of that to help 'em along. Save you, sir, and God bless you! Come, darlin's!"

"Stop!—ah, Cassidy!"

"Your honour?"

"Would you mind doing me a favour?"

"Sorra's the bit, sir," said Mr. Cassidy, affably; "any thrifling bit of a job I can do for yez without charge——"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, thank you—but what I wanted to ask of you was a shake of the hand. *Will* you oblige me?"

"*And* welcome," said Mr. Cassidy, wringing the Dean's hand with benign condescension. If he had been a king, he could not have forgiven the poor Dean more magnificently than he did.

"Thank you—thank you; I am exceedingly obliged to you; and I hope you will let me know how you are getting on. Above all, take care of my two young freshmen here,"—the Dean here smuggled certain silver coins into the hands of the two boys, a proceeding which Mr. Cassidy felt it the humane thing not to object to—"I'll make archbishops of them yet."

"Thank you kindly, sir," Mr. Cassidy said, grandly. "I don't mane them for the clargy."

"Never mind that—we part good friends—don't we?"

"Oh, *surr!*" Mr. Cassidy waved his shockingest of bad hats with a bow that many marquises would be glad to imitate.

The Dean was left alone. He sank into his arm-chair, and nursed his treble chin in his hands.

"How excessively singular!" he murmured; "how excessively singular! And how eminently ridiculous for a man in my position! But how remarkably interesting!"

I think, if the worthy Dean troubled himself at all about Greek literature for the next half hour, it must have been to dwell upon certain trite passages about Hector and Andromache, and the little child whom the Trojan warrior kissed before going into unequal battle; or about Wise Ulysses, with all his wisdom at fault, wandering over unknown seas at the mercy of the Destinies—but with the memory of a chaste Penelope and the hope of a blooming Telemachus cheering him on his voyage. Or he may have murmured over a passage in a later work, portions of which were also originally written in the Hellenic language—the familiar English translation whereof is, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

And it is not at all improbable that, when the Dean again put on the famous gold-rimmed spectacles to look at a Greek particle through them, he found the lenses a little dim!

[To be continued.]

THOMAS CARLYLE ON FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

A BIOGRAPHY of Frederick the Great of Prussia, by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, has been long an announcement the fulfilment of which has been anxiously looked for by the literary world. Of that work, so important in the eyes of the thinking politician, we have now an instalment of two volumes. They lie before us—two thick, closely-printed, large octavo volumes, of nearly seven hundred pages each. A slight glance is enough to show that "the terms they bring are terms of weight," and present difficulties of no common sort to the critic. One main difficulty is their exceeding copiousness, the infinite variety of topics, the far-branching reflections, and yet their unity in relation to their main subject. We are required in this book to understand, with the author's help, the whole of the eighteenth century, and something more, should we desire to appreciate the hero, his doings and his influence.

"When he died," says our Titan-recorder, "in 1786, the enormous phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growing audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it, all around the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half-an-hour each time. The last of the old Gods and the first of the modern Titans;—before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an epoch of World-History. Finishing off forever the trade of King, think many; who have grown profoundly dark as to Kingship and him."

Behoves it not to us wary walking on such ground as this, through such intricate ways as we may likely have to travel? Better accept the guidance of the Seer, who has proposed the problem, probably sees his way through it, and may help us to see it likewise. This is, in fact, what we purpose to attempt.

One motive for Mr. Carlyle's undertaking this work, and, considering all antecedents, a very natural motive too, was that Schiller had designed at one time an epic on the pregnant theme.

"Happily," says Carlyle, "Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsy-turvy, Schiller, with his fine gifts, might no doubt have written a temporary epic poem of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary picture of a man and his life that I want from my Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself, nay *truer*, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Botcher (*Pfuscher*) never can! Alas! and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Botcher, being busy otherwise!"

Meditating the matter thus, Mr. Carlyle manifestly resolved on being the required artist, and doing for the subject what he had done for the French Revolution and for Oliver Cromwell. This is Mr. Carlyle's third prose epic, and his treatment is according to the rules. He meant to give an account of the Hohenzollerns, their origin, progress, and culmination in the character of his hero; but he does not place such account at the

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.



W. THOMAS. Sc.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD. BY FREDERICK UNDERHILL.

How strangely faithful are our memories to the tales and romances of childhood! how many hundreds of "thrilling narratives," "clever novels," &c. &c., have utterly vanished from the mind which yet retains the simplest fictions of the nursery! Something has fixed them in the memory of us all, as firmly as stand the foundations of antique buildings, which have, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "forgotten the names of their founders." So these tales, too, have forgotten their origin, despite the most laborious research, profound ingenuity, and solid learning, which have been assiduously employed to rediscover the authors, or even the first appearance, of such stories as *Jack the Giant Killer*, or *The Babes in the Wood*. Laborious students have groped backwards in the night of time more than a thousand years, and yet, where record failed them, found traces of these tales, even then considered as old and of forgotten origin. Almost all corners of the civilised, or half-civilised globe, have been ransacked in this search. Now one philologist discovers Jack climbing the beanstalk in the tangled maze of Persian or Chaldaic song. The lost children of a Shah were "The Babes in the Wood" hundreds of years ago. Another examiner goes deeper still, and hints his suspicions that these were the tales the Ninevite nurses told to their children before Assyria was a desert, and while the Jews were yet in bondage in Egypt. Nay, far beyond mere antiquity, some *savans* have gone, by diving among the depths of mystic symbolisation, into vague blinding waters, whence they brought up nothing but dizzy fancies and crude thoughts, attributing a solemn purport to the vagaries of the first story we have named, and to the simple tenderness of the last, an imperfect quotation of the law of Christ. Who heeds, however, the expectation that the yet unrolled Egyptian papyri may produce the cruel uncle or the starving babes? or if they first appeared on the Nile or on the Ganges. Indeed, if the Chinese, those inventors of everything, yet be found to have invented *Jack the Giant Killer*, as well as the compass, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the printing-machine, even Œons before Europe arose from the waters, what signifies it? We know, and it is really all we care to know, that it is impossible for us to see a robin-redbreast without remembering the pathetic little tale which has so hallowed him, that even among school-boys few are so graceless as to kill the "bird with the burning breast," while every child or woman, and indeed most men, will feed a robin in winter. At sight of him the Babes wander amongst the fern and brake and brambles of our imaginations; and we hear the thin young cry of starving infants through the boughs of ideal woods, whose fancied foliage lies red and sere about their graves.

Mr. Underhill has given us his idea of the hapless little pilgrims in the early part of their trouble — indeed, before trouble commenced—at the time when blackberries, of which the girl holds a little lapful, sufficed to still the first cravings of hunger. All is fair as yet; but evening comes, and Robin the Undertaker will get his job and earn men's gratitude and protection for ages to come.

Mr. Underhill's picture is one of the prizes of the Art-Union of London. L. L.

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beginning. He treats, first of all, of the birth of his hero in 1712, on the 24th of January, and next of his parentage, the "Orson" King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm, and his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, with his family, particularly Wilhelmina, the victim of the once-famous Double-Marriage scheme. The Brandenburg Electorate had become the kingdom of Prussia; and the Hohenzollerns had put a crown on their head.

The second book of his epos, therefore, introduces an episode, showing how this happened. He commences this episode with the history, or rather the pre-historic period of the Brandenburg countries, and deals in guesses until a fact turns up. Here it is :—

"A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends—first mention in human speech of the place now called Brandenburg: Bor, or 'Burg of the Brenns' (if there ever was any *tribe* of Brenns,—*Brennus*, there as elsewhere, being name for *King* or Leader); 'Burg of the Woods,' say others,—who as little know. Probably, at that time, a town of clay huts, with ditch and palisaded sod-wall round it, certainly 'a chief fortress of the Wends,'—who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning near a thousand years ago."

This is the famous Henry, *der Vogler*, whom the Germans made their King—who was, in fact, the first sovereign of united Germany, and, with his Margraves, defeated the attempts of the Hungarians. But the Hohenzollerns are not yet. The world had to wait yet two centuries for them. Conrad was the name of the first, "a stout young fellow," who set out one fine morning from the old castle of Hohenzollern, to find the great Kaiser Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him. The name of Hohenzollern, it appears, means the High or Upper Tollery—or Place of Tolls. Conrad was made by his imperial master Burggraf of Nürnberg in 1170. In virtue of his office, he was thus a Prince of the Empire;—he was both a judge and a governor. We cannot trace the history of the Hohenzollerns further; but must pass to the fifteenth century, when Brandenburg was fairly sold to a successor of Conrad—Burggraf Friedrich VI. of Nürnberg. The ceremony of investiture in him and his posterity took place at Constance on the 17th April, 1417. And this is the beginning of the history of Prussia. The Burggraf was the lineal ancestor of Friedrich the Great, twelve times removed. These twelve generations, as are indeed all the previous ones, peopled by Mr. Carlyle, animated and made active for the better instruction and delectation of judicious readers, live and breathe, as it were, in these pictorial and heroic pages.

Our business lies necessarily more with what is of the most recent date. In 1640 Friedrich Wilhelm, called "the Great Elector," succeeded to a troubled heritage—deserving of mention, because we find him admired in after times by the hero of this epos.

"Of all his ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honoured this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished in Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one. King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January 1750. When the great Kurfurst's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognisable, laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, '*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*' (This one did a great work.)"

Of this Elector, the son and successor was nominally the first King of Prussia, Friedrich I., grandfather of our Friedrich II., or "the great." Only Friedrich Wilhelm intervened, who derived from his immediate ancestors a heritage of hard work; and though a rude "Orson" of a king, was a veritable workman, a complete man of business. He caned his children, beat his judges, and did other rough tricks of the sort, when excited; but was of genuine material, with a conscience as true to God as the dial to the sun. This, in opposition to Voltaire, and other notion-mongers, Mr. Carlyle is bold to maintain; and such is the spirit that permeates and pervades every line of his colossal history.

The state of things that marked and marks the eighteenth and subsequent century had commenced in his reign. We find Leibnitz—of whom Mr. Carlyle does not speak in fitting style, to our thinking—in close communion with his queen. The reign of philosophy had commenced; the series of knowledges, since better and better pronounced, had received their initiation; and this new court of Prussia was, as it were, their nursery.

Mr. Carlyle is careful to mark the antecedents which might influence, and no doubt did influence, the character of his hero, during the process of its formation. In the German fashion, he commences in Book IV. his description of "Friedrich's apprenticeship." This "first stage" of it occupies from 1713 to 1723.

"He had a Frau von Kameche for head governess,—the lady whom Wilhelmina, in her famed *Memoires*, always writes *Kamken;* and of whom, except the floating gossip found in that book, there is nothing to be remembered. Under her, as practical superintendent, *sous-gouvernante* and quasi-mother, was the Dame de Roucoulles, once de Montbail, the same respectable Edict-of-Nantes French lady who, five-and-twenty years ago, had taken similar charge of Friedrich Wilhelm; a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office. She had done her first edition of a Prussian Prince in a satisfactory manner; and not without difficult accidents and singularities, as we have heard: the like of which was spared her in this her second edition (so we may call it); a second and, in all manner of ways, an improved one. The young Fritz swallowed no shoe-buckles; did not leap out of window, hanging on by the hands; nor achieve anything of turbulent, or otherwise memorable, in his infantine history; the course of which was in general smooth, and runs, happily for it, below the ken of rumour. The Boy, it is said, and is easily credible, was of extraordinary vivacity; quick in apprehending all things, and gracefully relating himself to them. One of the prettiest, vividest little boys; with eyes, with mind and ways, of uncommon brilliancy;—only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish."

On this last point we have an anecdote, which was made the subject of a family picture by the royal painter, Pesne, and must, therefore, be told :—

"We said it had been a disappointment to Papa, that this little Fritz showed almost no appetite for soldiering, but found other sights more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathise, then, with the earnest Papa, as he returns home one afternoon,—date not given, but to all appearance of that year 1715, when there was such war-rumouring and marching toward Stralsund; and found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum."

Mr. Carlyle makes much of this incident, as his manner is; but here we close the citation, suggestive enough as it stands. But surely, says some one, such trifles are below the dignity of history. Of such supposed dignity, let us tell the reader in time, these volumes know nothing. They are even eccentric in tone, in sentiment, in matter, aim, purpose, all. The king, the queen, the son and daughter, are treated quite

other than classical heroes and heroines, and with quite other than Macaulay results. The one result of this method, quaint as it may be, is, that we have a chronicle that we can trust, which on the Macaulay method we cannot have.

It is after the manner of the dramatic poets that Mr. Carlyle writes this history. He reduces the main action to the domestic;—whether tragic or comic, he brings forward his persons in their household relations. In too many instances he finds this, to adopt his own phrase, a "beggarly element." George I. of England, at the commencement of his second volume, is dead, and the news has reached Berlin and his daughter the Queen Sophie. Mr. Carlyle's elegy on the departed monarch has but little of the sublime:—

"After sixty-seven years of it, he has flung his big burdens,—English crowns, Hanoverian crownlets, sulkinesses, indignations, lean women and fat, and earthly contradictions and confusions,—fairly off him; and lies there!"

Friedrich Wilhelm was sad for his loss; nor might be consoled by the squabbles with his redoubtable neighbour, August the Great, the king of Poland, sometimes called August *der Starke*, or "the Physically Strong," as Mr. Carlyle chooses to translate it, and whom he celebrates as famous for "his splendour of upholstery, his enormous expenditure in drinking and otherwise, also by his Three hundred and fifty-four Bastards (probably the maximum of any king's performances in that line);" and accordingly fell into one of his occasional hypochondrias,—so far even as to talk of abdicating. This state of mind is, however, dissipated by inter-diplomatic visitations of the Polish monarch and the Prussians. They first meet at Dresden at Carnival time—which means, says our quaint epos-chronicler, Fashionable Season.

A singular anecdote is told in relation to this affair. The physically strong, this August, it seems, played off a trick on the rigid Friedrich Wilhelm, by carrying the latter to a ridotto, in a domino; and there and then introduced him to a gay apartment, wherein lay a nude beauty on a couch. This trick the said strong August contrived, in order to test the susceptibility of his friend Friedrich Wilhelm to female attractions. But the latter waxed exceedingly wroth, and threatened to quit Dresden at once, should such an "*accident*" again occur. This anecdote at least illustrates the difference between the two kings.

The Crown-Prince fell into the snare, though his father did not; and not only possessed himself of "the Cabinet-Venus," but fell under the influence of a Countess Orzelska, of whom a disgraceful tale is told. On occasion of his revisit to Berlin, Mr. Carlyle is at pains to draw the portrait of the once strong August, which we thus reduce to a miniature:—

"Much broken for his age, the terrible debaucheries had had their effect on him. He had fallen widower last year. His poor Wife was a Brandenburgh—Baireuth Princess; a devout kind of woman; austerely witnessing the irremediable in her lot. He has got far on with his Three hundred and fifty-four; is now going fifty-five;—lame of a foot, as we see, which the great Petit of Paris cannot cure, neither he nor any Surgeon, but can only alleviate by cutting-off two toes. Pink of politeness, no doubt of it; but otherwise the strangest dilapidated hulk of a two-legged animal without feathers; probably, in fact, the chief Natural Solecism under the sun at that epoch;—extremely complimentary to the Princesses."

Friedrich Wilhelm was emphatically, literally, and in quite an individual sense, a "martyr" to the gout. The pictures of his martyrdom are quite touching, as painted by that great Caledonian master of the pictorial epos, Thomas Carlyle. The gout was contracted by over-hunting; his Majesty having slaughtered 3602 head of wild swine in the hunting season of 1729. But now take the composition of the mighty historical painter himself:—his authority is Fassman.

"How he (the king) suffered extremely, yet never neglected his royal duties in any press of pain. Could seldom get any sleep till towards four or five in the morning, and then had to be content with an hour or two; after which his Official Secretaries came in with their papers, and he signed, despatched, resolved with best judgment,—the top of the morning always devoted to business. At noon, up if possible; and dines, 'in dressing-gown, with Queen and children.' After dinner, commonly to bed again; and would paint in oil; sometimes do light joiner-work, chiseling and inlaying; by and bye lie inactive, with select friends sitting round, some of whom had the right of entry, others not, under penalties. Buddenbrock, Derschau, rough old Marlborough stagers, were generally there; these, 'and two other persons,'—Grumkow and Seckendorf, whom Fassman does not name, lest he get into trouble,—'sat well within earshot,' round the bed. And always at the head was Their*o* Majesty the Queen, sometimes with the King's hand laid in hers, and his face turned up to her, as if he sought assuagement. * * * * * * Sometimes the Crown-Prince read aloud in some French book, title not given; Crown-Prince's voice known to me as very fine. Generally the Princess Louisa was in the room, too; Louisa, who became of Anspach shortly; not Wilhelmina, who lies in fever and relapse and small-pox, and close at death's door, almost since the beginning of these bad days. The Crown-Prince reads, we say, with a voice of melodious clearness, in French more or less instructive. 'At other times there went on discourse, about public matters, foreign news, things in general; discourse of a cheerful or of a serious nature,' always with some substance of sense in it,—'and not the least *smut* permitted, as is too much the case in certain higher circles!' says adoring Fassman; who privately knows of 'courts' (perhaps the Glorwürdigste, Glory-worthiest, August the Great's court, for one?) 'with their hired Tom-Fools,' not yet an extinct species, attempting to ground wit on that bad basis. Prussian Majesty could not endure any '*Zoten*;' profanity and indecency, both avaunt. 'He had to hold out in this way, awake till ten o'clock, for the chance of night's sleep.' Earlier in the afternoon, we said, he perhaps does a little in oil-painting, having learnt something of that art in young times;—there is a poor artist in attendance, to mix the colours, and do the first sketch of the thing. Specimens of such pictures still exist, Portraits generally; all with this epigraph, *Fredericus Wilhelmus in tormentis pinxit* (Painted by Friedrich Wilhelmus in his torments); and are worthy the attention of the curious."

Mr. Carlyle asks, "Is not this a sublime patient?" and we confess that we are disposed to recognise a certain dignity in this curious specimen of martyr-patience, without sharing in the irony of the biographical cynic.

Taking the entire picture together, however, with some other particulars which we shall have yet to adduce, we plainly enough see that it is a barbaric age with which we have to deal—an age barbaric, yet

with growing instincts for civilisation. The base of the rudeness is ignorance, of which the most part of governing mankind are yet proud, not ashamed. Thus Lord George Lyttelton, in a letter addressed, at this period, from Luneville, to his father, writes:—

"There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me, the other day, reading a Latin author, and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church? All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched, in his principles as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason."

Such was the state of Polish society in 1728—just 130 years ago. No more!

Another sign of barbarism is the notion taken into his head by Friedrich Wilhelm to challenge his Britannic brother-in-law, George II., to a duel. The two kings had long nick-named each other,—the former was accustomed to call the latter, "Mein Bruder der Comödiant;" or, in Carlyle's English, "My Brother the Playactor:" and the latter to call the former in return, "My Brother the Head-Beadle of the Holy Roman Empire,—'viz. Sandstreuer,' who solemnly brings up the *Sand-box* (no blotting-paper yet in use), when the Holy Roman Empire is pleased to write." The crowning offence given by George II. to his Prussian Majesty took place in his visits to Hanover in 1729. On his first visit, his road lay through the Prussian territory, when he disdained to demand free post-horses, or to give any notification to the authorities of his arrival. Then he proceeded to mow the hay of the meadow of Clamei, disregarding the share that his Prussian brother had in the produce, and thinking only of his own Hanover rights,—a personal affront which stung Friedrich Wilhelm to the soul, and which can only be settled by duel. Failing in this, the indignant monarch orders 44,000 men to get on march, prepared for battle against Hanover. Much excitement prevails. Even the Pope gets excited, and "in the end of September, while such war-rumours are still at their height in Rome," proceeds "to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called Pontificality, 'in the chapel of Philip Neri in the new church;'—prays, namely, That Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven." But the Pope was doomed to disappointment.

"Of course it never could come to actual battle, after all. Too high a pickle-herring tragedy that. Here is a Comödiant not wanting to be smitten into the bogs; an honest Orson who wants nothing, nor has ever wanted, but fair play. Fair play;—and not to be insulted on the streets, or have one's poor Hobby quite knocked from under one!—Neighbours, as we say, struck in; France, Holland, all the neighbours at this point: 'Do it by arbitration; Wolfenbüttel for the one, Sachsen-Gotha for the other; Commissioners to meet at Brunswick!' And that, accordingly, was the course fixed upon."

This quarrel did good to the Crown-Prince. He showed soldierly qualities, which partially re-won his father's favour. But still breezes with the royal parent were imminent. Here is one deliciously told:—

"Fritz's love of music, especially of fluting, is already known to us. Now a certain Quantz was one of his principal instructors in that art, and indeed gave him the last finish of perfection in it. Quantz, famed Saxon music-master and composer, Leader of the Court-Band in Saxony, king of flute-players in his day,—(a village farrier's son from the Göttingen region, and himself destined to shoe horses, had not imperative nature prevailed over hindrances);—Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come occasionally, express from Dresden for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's mother begged this favour for him from the Saxon sovereignties; and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible;—as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew! Illustrious Quantz, we say, gives Fritz lessons on the flute; and here is a scene they underwent;—they and a certain brisk young soldier-fellow, Lieut. von Katte, who was there too; of whom the reader will tragically hear more in time.

"On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull off the tight Prussian coat or *coatie*, and clap himself into flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendour,—bright scarlet dressing-gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete;—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel. He would take his music-lessons, follow his clandestine studies, in that favourable dress:—thus Buffon, we hear, was wont to shave, and put on clean linen, before he sat down to write, finding it more comfortable so. Though again there have been others who could write in considerable disorder; not to say, litter, and palpable imperfection of equipment: Samuel Johnson, for instance, did some really grand writing in a room where there was but one chair, and that one incapable of standing unless you sat on it, having only three feet. A man is to fit himself to what is round him; but surely a Crown-Prince may be indulged, in a little brocade in his leisure moments!

"Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant but also unlawful costume; when Lieut. Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distraction in his aspect; Majesty just here! Quick, double quick! Katte snatches the music-books and flutes, snatches Quantz; hurries with him and them into some wall-press, or closet for firewood, and stands quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie; and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas, he cannot undo the French hairdressing; cannot change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him; kindles the paternal vigilance,—alas, the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch. For his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about; finds the brocade article behind a screen; crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire;—finds all the illicit French books; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods;—and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour! If his Majesty had looked into the wood-closet? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude, the bookseller, was sent for; ordered to carry-off that poisonous French cabinet-library in mass; sell every book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what price it will fetch. Which latter part of his order, Haude, in deep secresy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secresy, kept the cabinet-library secure; and 'lent' the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

"Friedrich, it is whispered in Tobacco-Parliament, has been known, in his irreverent impatience, to call the Grena-

dier uniform his 'shroud (*sterbe*-kittel, or death-clothes);' so imprisoning to the young mind and body! Paternal Majesty has heard this blasphemous rumour; hence doubtless, in part, his fury against the wider brocade garment."

So much for the Unreason by which the world, nations, and families, are governed. As rude and bearish was the king's general conduct to his children and queen. Fritz was even caned by him on the occasion, and his daughter Wilhelmina worn almost to a skeleton by the project before mentioned, of a double marriage between Prussia and England, until at last she found refuge in the arms of the young Margraf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth. This famous scheme is traced through its various phases and fortunes in the true Carlyle tropical style, and comes and departs like a shadow, finding and leaving the royal household in still-increasing confusion. These trials of the great Friedrich's youth are instructive, however, in any analysis of the motives out of which character and conduct naturally proceed. We see in them the building-up of the hero. "The Child is Father to the Man." This is true of his surroundings as well as of his predispositions. The recollections as well as the intimations of childhood have their share in the completed edifice. Even the dreams of the full-grown man will be troubled with the sorrows, long past and gone, of the growing, struggling, ambitious, thwarted, and irritated boy. The influence of the parent on this great man's mind was exceedingly painful, as we shall see in the course of the narrative. Indeed, to this point it will be needful almost to confine our attention.

Such was the severe conduct that the Prince received at the hands of his choleric father, that he resolved on flight; and his hesitations and determinations on this matter occupy many of Mr. Carlyle's pages. He was also much afflicted with his sister Wilhelmina's condition, and sympathised strongly with her in her matrimonial disappointments. There were traitors in the family who, in what is called "the St. Mary Axe Documents," were in constant communication with England, and giving the English court the advantage in pending negotiations. An interesting letter written by the Crown-Prince to Sir Charles Hotham, the English envoy to Prussia, reveals the state of his mind on his unfortunate domestic relations, —but we have no space to insert more than one sentence of it:—

"The real secret reason why the King will not consent to this marriage is, that he wishes to keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life."

Instances of ill-usage were given at the famous camp of Radewitz,—a grand show got up by August the Strong for his own delectation and that of Friedrich Wilhelm:—"In that Pleasure-camp of Mühlberg, where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him, the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes, to make him feel he was only considered as such. The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my father, I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honour, he takes all that comes.'" Truly a pitiable condition for the princely youth! He meditated flight to England, but was not encouraged by the English court in so apparently wild a project. During a journey to the Reich, however, with his father, he contrived the means of elopement with Lieutenant Katte. On their return, at Steinfurth, he made the attempt, but it proved a failure. This journey Mr. Carlyle sets out with highly-imaginative power, seeking to interpret the probable influence it had on the mind of his hero. The adventure led to the arrest of the prince as a military deserter and a prisoner. Take the subsequent interview with his father:—

"On the Saturday evening, 12th August, 1730, his Majesty had the Culprit brought on shore, to the Commandant's House, for an interview. Culprit proving less remorseful than was expected, and evidently not confessing everything, a loud terrible scene ensued, which Friedrich Wilhelm, the unhappy Father, winded up by drawing his sword to run the unnatural Son through the body. Old General Mosel, Commandant of Wesel, sprang between them, 'Sire, cut me to death, but spare your son!' and the sword was got back to its scabbard, and the Prince lodged in a separate room, two sentries with fixed bayonets keeping watch over him. Friedrich Wilhelm did not see his face again for twelve months to come,—'twelve months and three days.'"

How were those months and days passed? By the King himself very miserably. Having, in his rage, assaulted his daughter Wilhelmina, he kept her a captive in her room for a year. The circumstances of the assault have been exaggerated by Voltaire and others. Mr. Carlyle gives the description of it first-hand; and though violent and brutal enough, it was not half so bad as rumour made it. Berlin was agitated to a degree with these family quarrels, so derogatory to the regal idea.

The Crown-Prince was at first confined in the Castle of Mittenwalde, and inspired with fears of execution or the rack; but shortly afterwards was taken to Cüstrin, "a strong little town in a quiet country, some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. On the evening of the 5th (Sept. 1730) he finds himself lodged in a strong room of the Fortress there,—room consisting of bare walls lighted from far up; no furniture, not even the needfullest; everything indicating that the proud spirit and the iron laws shall here have their duel out at leisure, and see which is stronger."

We must pursue this painful subject at some length. Thus, at Wesel, his sword was taken from him, and he was clad in a brown prison-dress of the plainest cut and cloth. His food, also, was fixed at tenpence a-day, "to be got" (says the Order, 14th Sept., 1730) "from the cook's shop, six groschen for dinner, four for supper." It was likewise directed that his food should be cut for him, and no knife allowed, and that his room was to be opened, morning, noon, and evening, on the average not above four minutes each time. Lights—a single tallow light—to be extinguished at seven P.M.

"Absolute solitude!" continues his biographer. "No flute allowed,—far from it; no books allowed, except the Bible and a Prayer-book, or, perhaps, Noltenius's *Manual*, if he took a hankering for it. There, shut out from the babble of fools, and conversing only with the dumb Veracities, with the huge inarticulate moanings of Destiny, Necessity, and Eternity, let the fool of a Fritz bethink himself, if there is any thought in him. There, among the bogs

of the Oder, the very sedges getting brown all around him, and the very curlews flying off for happier climes, let him wait, till the question of his doom, rather an abstruse question, ripen in the royal breast.

"As for Wilhelmina, she is close prisoner in her apartment in the Berlin Palace, sentries pacing at every outlet for many months to come. Wilhelmina almost rather likes it, such a dog of an existence has she had hitherto, for being of being well let alone. She plays, reads, composes music, smuggles letters to and from mamma,—one, in pencil, from my Brother even, O Heavens! Wilhelmina weeps, now and then, with her good Sonsfeld; hopes, nevertheless, there will be some dawn to this *ragnarök*, or general 'twilight of the gods.' Friedrich Wilhelm, convinced that England has had a hand in this treason, signifies officially to his Excellency Captain Dickens, that the English negotiations are concluded; that neither in the way of Single-Marriage nor of Double-Marriage will he have anything more to do with England."

The King, in his stupidity and brutal rage, was naturally perplexed—driven to fury and all manner of extreme measures—in regard to the young Prince's friends, real or supposed. One instance will suffice:—

"It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music,—Potsdam *Cantor's* (Precentor's) daughter,—has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the Prince passed that way: Prince inquired about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will,—nothing more, upon my honour; though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipt by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years."

Such it was to be the son of the King of Prussia in those days!—such it was to be his friend! The King was particularly bitter against French literature, and against Duhan de Jandun, the Prince's tutor, for having introduced it. In relation to this subject we get a glimpse of Mr. Carlyle's own religious creed:—

"And indeed his Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions; opinion on Predestination for one;—which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief, in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about Predestination, or the '*Freie* Gnadenwahl (Election by Free Grace),' as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed from all Eternity either to Salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, *this Editor among them*), appears to his Majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a Thirty-Editor power, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! may not Deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, 'I was foredoomed to it: how could I, or how can I, help it?' The mind of his Majesty shudders, as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him, from this horrible delusion;—hurls forth your fine Duhan, with his metaphysics, to remote Memel, as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way, to Finkenstein and Kalkstein themselves, that their method of training up a young soul, to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal mind an admirable one! Finkenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly rather of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded and in marked disfavour."

So far things went, that a court-martial was appointed on the Crown-Prince and his consorts. The affair took place at Cöpenick, and commenced on 25th October, 1730. The proceedings lasted six days. To the inexorable will of the King poor Katte was sacrificed, in spite of all intercession. On the 6th November he was executed, having first exchanged sweet farewells with the beloved Prince for whose imprudence he was doomed.

The shadow of these dark deeds is now passing, and joy is coming with each approaching morrow. Chaplain Müller of the *Gens d'Armes* had charge of the Prince, spiritually, by his father's order, to divest his mind, if possible, of the predestination dogma; and seems to have performed his mission most judiciously. Poor Fritz was, indeed, condemned to death; but the paternal Junius Brutus, on all sides appealed to, relented, and preferred "the didactic to the beheading method." Wisely: for else had the severity of the old stern disciplinarian have been in vain expended. Stern and rugged as he was, he was, as we have said, conscientious, and his motives were right-royal; nay, in extreme such. By the time that he had consented to the restoration of the Crown-Prince to the army, solitude, confinement, reflection, and certain educational and industrial processes, directed by his Majesty in written orders and correspondence, had effected the conversion of the disobedient boy, and made a man of him—made him so prematurely, and in some respects unamiably. For his character now became mysterious; he constantly wore a mask through which his features, moral or intellectual, might not be discerned, even by the shrewdest. He was cautious, reserved, bent on concealing his real character from all observers.

Such is the moral status of our hero at the end of the eighth book of this imperishable prose epos, or unrhythmic history. The ninth opens with his residence at Ruppin, as Colonel Commandant of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry. Negotiations respecting his intended marriage, as resolved upon by the paternal will, are now commencing. The Crown-Prince has no real interest in the matter, however, save the gratification of curiosity. In this, as in all other things, he is now, and feels himself to be, but an instrument in the hands of his father—a State-weapon, tool, or implement, to be used for the benefit of others, not his own. And this he finds is the true meaning of being a King's son, a Crown-Prince; and he is fain to be well contented with it.

The lady ultimately destined to be the bride of the Crown-Prince was the young Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, niece to the Empress of Austria. In relation to the lady's family, Mr. Carlyle makes the following sapient and significant remarks:—

"It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in the world?—the answer is not immediately apparent. But, indeed, they are Welf of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity and poverty, rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such

a part for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places?

"Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *un*uttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*,—how precious to idle mankind, and to the newspapers and history books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient, which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then, *secondly*, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious sense of what is Right and Not-Right, I have found in some of them;—which means mostly *weight*, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high honour, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an 'albuminous simplicity' as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had."

At Ruppin, after his marriage, Fritz had free and full opportunity for study;—

"Not," says his biographer, "the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort,—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and moral speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as 'History' will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before."

Gradually the Crown-Prince began to esteem his rugged father, and better to appreciate the motives of the stern conduct under which he had passed so severe an apprenticeship. Much to the credit of Friedrich Wilhelm is his conduct in regard to the emigration of the Salzburgers. He showed a true Protestant heart, a truly royal honour; acted in all things like a man and a king. A rude and a rugged man, but conscientious withal. In a word, we may take the following sentences as summing up his character. They are wrung from our author by his conduct on the occasion of the Double-Marriage project being re-attempted, after the betrothal of Prince Friedrich, by interested parties who, notwithstanding warning,

"Persisted not the less, to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on; and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned out, when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together,—to have been, in any manner, the only one of them that had any real 'intellect,' or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. 'A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction,' Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method."

Such is the Carlyle view of the real character of the Orson Prussian King, who spoiled not his children by sparing the rod, but was earnest and sincere both in his punishments and rewards. A tyrant, nevertheless; but even his tyranny was the condition of a beneficial education to his successor; and, notwithstanding the pain and severity of it, made him what he finally became. Notwithstanding all, Friedrich Wilhelm knew he had done right by the boy, and secured the quality of the future man.

The matter at which we have hinted has a psychological import, to which Mr. Carlyle has thus penetrated:—

"Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air; or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name,—advocate Seckendorf, in the fervour of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments, his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a dangerous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him—death from a friend's hand. 'It was the 17th of April, 1733, riding through Priort, a man said something to me; it was as if you had turned a dagger about my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my death!'

"A strange passion in that dumb utterance; the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. 'Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruin for your sake! And because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog? O Kaiser! Kaiser!' Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years; the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, 'There is one that will avenge me, though; that one!' Yes, your Majesty; perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether you were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal."

We feel that now we have at last opened to the reader the spirit of the book under review. We may safely then contract what remains within the briefest limits. The troubles of Poland that succeeded the demise of August the Strong, called both the King and the Crown-Prince to the Rhine campaign, and gave them an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. The result of his living in camp was the illness of the King, which at once placed the Crown-Prince in novel conditions. We find him duly at the side of his father's sick-bed at Potsdam, whenever his military duties permitted. On one occasion he mentioned to him the fatal conversation with Seckendorf at Priort, adding, "Don't trust those people, however many promises they make." He was not willing that either his

own sufferings or those of his son should be thrown away. With wise and ruling spirits all experiences are capitalised. Soon after he sent his son to review and inspect matters at Preussen, which commission the young man performed to his satisfaction. The Prince now grew daily in his father's esteem; as one proof of which he gave him his stud of Trakehnen, worth nearly two thousand a-year. It was not long before the old man's death, which now hastens on us.

The death of the ruggedly conscientious "Orson King," Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, took place in 1740. One dramatic incident previous to his death must be by us recorded. It is styled "the last Tobacco-Parliament:"—

"A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from Reinsberg: an unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise for anybody; and they have risen. Which struck the sick heart in a strange painful way. 'Hm, the Rising Sun?' thinks he; 'Rules broken through, for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!' ringing for his servants in great wrath; and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. 'Hither, you Hacke!' said he.

"Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the King's order, 'That you instantly quit the palace, all of you, and don't come back!' Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a Gendarme, 'No admittance!' And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other. Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities."

Before his death, old Friedrich Wilhelm settled the manner of his funeral, having previously provided the coffin; he placed it in his palace, and frequently contemplated it, saying, "I shall sleep right well *there*." He had also long private dialogues with his son, instructing him in the mysteries of state. Previous to his final hour, he pronounced a verbal abdication, "in favour of his good son Friedrich." Before it could be drawn up and signed, he died, on 31st May.

Such was the practical teaching that went towards the composition of the King, Friedrich the Great. Speculative teaching, also, in long correspondences with Voltaire, had been vouchsafed,—of which clear details are given in this history. The result of the latter was that the King had become an author—a treatise against Machiavelli being the work—a significant work for king to write:—

"The spectacle of one who was himself a King stepping forth to say with conviction, that Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the 'born servant of his people'—(*domestique* Friedrich once calls it)—rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone!"

How far the new King realised the promises thus held forth, how far he fell short of the ideal projected, Mr. Carlyle will inform the world in the remaining two volumes of this same prose epos, or unrhythmic history, yet to be published, and impatiently expected until they are. The two volumes before us are illustrated with frontispieces—one of "the little Drummer," engraved by Francis Holl; and the other of Friedrich Wilhelm, after an engraving from Pesne.

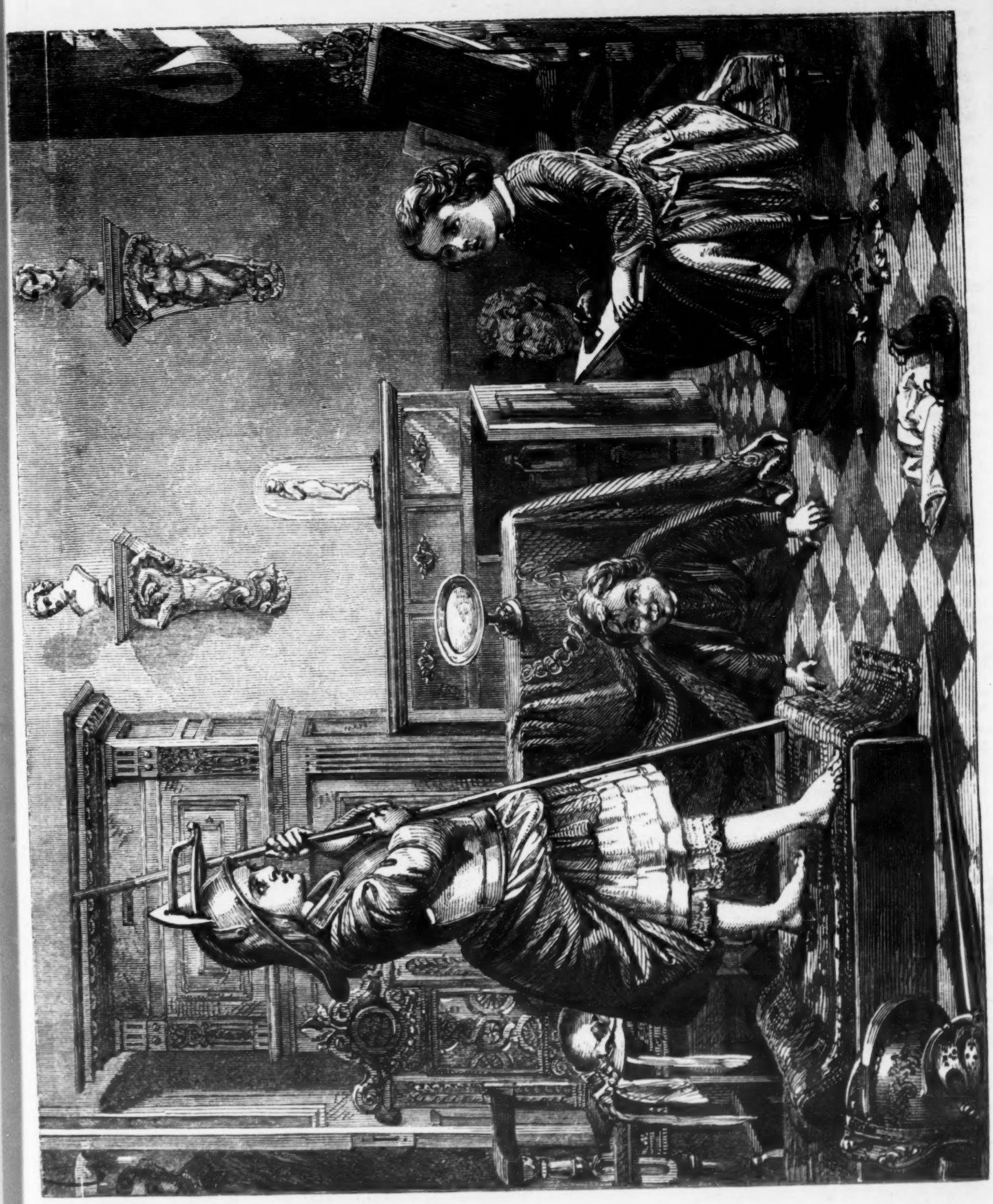
A YOUNG ARTIST.

By W. STEWART.

THESE little ones, by some happy chance for them—less so, perhaps, for the proprietor—have found their way into the studio; and in the strange and quaint depth of gravity which sometimes seizes children in their sports, two have addressed themselves to "work,"—the one, arrayed in the breastplate and morion, and holding the absent painter's mahl-stick for a lance or flagstaff, to sit as a model for the other to draw. The sitter, whose aspirations are of the "heroic" cast, resolved to be Joan of Arc; accordingly, off went the shoes and stockings, the gown-skirt was rolled up in front, and the breastplate put on. Happily ignorant of costume, the little heroine bears its weight with perfect satisfaction, and surmises not that it is a breastplate of modern date and fashion,—a trifling anachronism, which is matched by the morion, with its barred visor, of the time of Charles I. What a difference between the youthful face, with its mock dignity, now looking from under the lifted guard, and that which first appeared behind the same bars! The helmet might have been worn at Naseby, and other eyes have seen from it the beaten Cavaliers ride for life away. It might have been lifted for psalmody and prayer before the battle of Worcester, when Oliver's Ironsides kneeled down ere they won freedom for England. It might have been worn by one of those doughty champions of the London Train Bands, whom Prince Rupert flouted so; but who, nevertheless, in the "long town of Brentford," sent him and his troopers to the right-about in a singularly complete manner. The happy unconsciousness of the anachronism leads us to suspect more meaning in the picture than would at first catch the eye,—a hinted satire, in fact, at the common ignorance of artists in these matters of costume. The little draughtsman who sits so gravely at work is evidently not made by nature for an artist, lacking the penetrating fixity of look about the eyes which is so characteristic of the class. The whole attempt, therefore, may be considered as mere play: the one will no more be a painter than the other will be a model. This is curiously expressed by the manner in which the child holds the drawing-board, with the tame, passive action of one playing, not at all with the grasp of a student holding a thing with a purpose and a will. The painter's paraphernalia will probably receive little injury from these demure and peaceful girls, who would pace the studio with the caution and timidity of cats. The oaf of a boy at the back seems likely to bring sorrow on himself, as he has evidently brought mischief and destruction on the tazza, one of Cellini's most famous works, by the way, which stands, or rather stood, on the table under which he has thought proper to crawl.

The extreme tidiness and scant signs of work which pervade the studio would suggest that it is the *atelier* of a lady-artist,—male painters seldom indulging themselves in any such luxuries as order and cleanliness.

This picture was exhibited in London by the Glasgow Art-Union, of which society it was one of the prizes.



A YOUNG ARTIST. BY W. STEWART.

WHERE THEY GO.

BEING A TRUE HISTORICAL SOLUTION OF THE GREAT PIN QUESTION.

SINCE my return from Patagonia, the particulars of which have been published by the missionaries, such strange conjectures have got abroad concerning my accident, and its consequences, that a regard for truth, not less than a desire to warn my fellow-creatures against a danger threatening the overthrow of society at every instant of time, has induced me to add the following narrative to what has already appeared.

That accident itself, by which, to the astonishment of so many witnesses, I slipped so marvellously from off the world, is matter of public notoriety. I found myself falling at a rapid rate in the direction of the Milky Way. Having made some progress in the sciences, I became at once aware of my extreme danger, placed as I was midway between two equally melancholy alternatives, for a voyage through illimitable space was all I had to expect if I should continue to fall; and if, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, I returned earthward, like a stone thrown high into the air, descending when the projectile force is expended, there was the prospect of a concussion so severe that I already saw myself in the condition of a ripe gooseberry flung violently to the ground. I was not long left in doubt as to the more imminent danger. The speed of my flight, instead of decreasing, was continually accelerated. I saw the earth recede: I felt the extreme cold, together with a difficulty of breathing, which assured me that I had already reached the outer regions of our atmosphere. "Ah!" said I, "that I should perish thus! A fish taken from the water, a salamander from the fire, are not more unhappy. My juices freeze within me, and this thin air is insufficient to fill my lungs."

Following that instinct which obliges us to preserve the remnant of our days to the latest moment, even of our misery, I unfastened my cravat, already tightened by the swollen veins of my neck. In the hurry of dressing for an early breakfast, I had that morning torn off the button of my collar, and the cravat was hastily pinned to its proper place. Having withdrawn the pin at this painful moment, and expecting no further occasion for its services, as I had no prospect even of being placed in a funeral shroud, I suffered it to drop from my fingers, and, following it with my eyes, was surprised to see the little shining bit of metal taking its course at once towards a particular star, and was still more astonished when, the direction of my own flight changing suddenly, I found myself drawn irresistibly after it. The pin flew before me, turning and wriggling in the most fantastic manner, till I well nigh believed it to be alive. We were moving at a prodigious speed. Every moment the distant star swelled into larger dimensions as we approached, till it occupied the whole field of vision, and the nature of its surface could be plainly seen. I perceived it to be a vast globe, surrounded by a radiant atmosphere. It was covered with enormous circular mountains, as smooth as well-stuffed pincushions. These varied infinitely in colour, from pure white, which I took to be snow, to the gayest greens, yellows, and reds, with pale blue, violet, and purple intermingled. Between the mountains appeared great seas of white billows, or fields of snow, filling every valley to a certain height up the mountain-sides, as far as I was able to see. Immediately I was within a few miles of this wonderful world, and feeling a sensation of warmth as I drew near the shining atmosphere, I expected momentarily to be consumed by heat. Another pang was thus added to my agony, as I had indulged the hope of being precipitated upon some granite cliff or marble mountain, where my sufferings would end at once, without the torture of a martyr's death by fire. At this moment I saw the pin before me entering the surrounding radiance and glittering in the light; its contortions becoming wilder and more jubilant at the same time. In another second my journey was at an end. Contrary to my expectations, the heat increased only to a warm summer temperature; I touched the surface, as I supposed, in the midst of one of the seas, and found myself buried in some soft, dry substance, how deep I could not tell, having experienced, instead of the concussion I looked for, only a violent rubbing of my sides, which tingled now as if I had been bathed in pepper, or had worn mustard-plasters under my drawers. Having satisfied myself that I was neither roasted nor gelatinised, the love of life once more possessed me. With an urgent desire to escape the danger of suffocation, I held what little breath remained in my lungs, avoiding any exclamation even of fear or wonder, and struggled upwards. My efforts were successful. My head suddenly emerged into light and air. I breathed easily, and, having extricated myself as far as the middle, I paused to look around me, and to turn my thoughts into channels of gratitude for my deliverance. The prospect was totally unlike anything I had ever witnessed on the surface of our globe. I found myself in a vast plain of cotton-wool, whose whiteness, during my flight towards it, had made me imagine it to be either foaming billows or fields of snow. On all sides, but at a considerable distance, arose the great round mountains which I had also observed. They were as smooth as silk, without any appearance of rocks or vegetation, unless their colours might be occasioned by variegated herbage; but of this I could scarcely judge, the nearest being at least twenty miles from me.

It was bright daylight, and very warm. There was no sun, however, overhead. The radiant atmosphere, the cause of my recent terror, hung above—a dome of marvellous brightness, impenetrable to the feeble rays of the other luminaries of space—a circumstance, I reflected, which must make astronomy an unknown science in this singular world. The thought set me a-thinking, and I remained for half an hour up to my waist in the cotton-wool, lost in the contemplation of this novel idea. "Of a truth," said I, "if light is to the body what knowledge is to the mind, mankind may live to thank Heaven for the ignorance they so much bewail. It is certain, at least, that human eyes see all the farther for being surrounded by partial darkness."

Having delivered this piece of wisdom, where, unfortunately, there was none to hear it, I pulled my legs out of their soft prison, and stood upright on the woolly plain. It yielded somewhat to my footsteps, but was, nevertheless, of sufficient tenacity to admit of my walking on it with ease. Looking round about me, and

perceiving no indication of life on either side, I resolved to bend my steps towards a mountain whose colour, in the distance, made me hope to find there either grassy meadows or the shade of branches, with their usual accompaniments of flocks and herds, or fruit and poultry, —things which my rising appetite commended earnestly with frequent iteration.

I had proceeded about half a mile when I was brought to a standstill by a spectacle which filled me with astonishment and terror, such as I should in vain attempt to describe. On the brow of the green mountain, the goal of my solitary journey, I suddenly beheld a vast concourse of moving objects advancing from the opposite side. They appeared like enormous brazen columns, sharply pointed at one extremity, and with swelling capitals at the other. Each of them must have been many hundred yards in height, and the splendour of their polished surfaces, flashing under the sky of light, was what we are accustomed to imagine of the angelic hosts on celestial battle-fields. Their number was beyond calculation; they swarmed up from behind the mountain thick as locusts, and their movements were as wonderful as their outward splendour: for each of these vast pillars of brass was whirling over and over upon its centre, like the spokes of a wheel, or as a stick whirls when thrown forward in the air. In this fashion they came down the side of the mountain with increasing speed, and in an instant were scouring over the plain which I myself was crossing. As they swept along, the surface of the plain was torn up violently, and the air filled with clouds of cotton-wool, flying like snow-flakes in a hurricane. I stood with my mouth wide open, gazing at this prodigious spectacle, and was nearly choked by the falling shreds that dropped into it before my astonishment subsided. The great brazen host flew by, however, like lightning, within a short distance of me, rushed up the side of another mountain, and disappeared over the summit, leaving me with a palpitating heart, and as pale as the woolly shower which continued falling around me. "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, when I had breath enough, "had I been standing yonder instead of here, I had by this time been impaled on one of those live pillars of brass, and torn to atoms by a hundred others!"

Distracted by my fears, and lost in conjectures of the wildest kind, I was about to resume my journey, when I observed, a few paces before me, what appeared to be an enormous Pin, about a yard in length, standing upright on its point, and bowing gently towards me. What was my surprise to hear a voice issue from its silver head, saying, "Welcome, stranger; what service do you require?" At first I was too bewildered to reply; but remembering that all things are wonderful till we grow familiar with them, I regained my courage and answered boldly, "Strange being, tell me where I am, and what was the moving host of whose flight these woolly flakes even now bear witness?" The friendly Pin bowed gracefully and said, "You are in Pindom, stranger, and the host you saw is the regiment of Brazen Shawls, going on duty to the Cushion of the Great Pin."

My amazement was by no means lessened by this intelligence. I begged my informant to explain himself further, at the same time intimating that I had travelled far, and that food would be a most agreeable prelude to any further conversation. On this subject the kind Pin told me he feared I should be disappointed, but that he would bring me the best dinner he could procure. He immediately started off towards the nearest mountain, whirling over and over in the fashion of the great brass multitude, and quickly returned, laden with a little bag, through which he had stuck himself, and which he kindly laid at my feet, telling me it contained nothing but bran, but that a mulberry plantation was not very distant, where, if I would follow him, I might regale myself with the pleasant and juicy fruit.

I filled my stomach with the bran, and gladly followed him; but as I could by no means keep pace with his usual speed, he hopped along by my side instead of whirling, and after a long walk we reached the promised plantation, which was near the foot of a pink mountain, and found there a complete forest of mulberry-trees, swarming with silk-worms, watered by a little bubbling fountain, which kept the soil moist, and ran away in a little limpid stream into the neighbouring plain of cotton-wool.

I drank the clear, cold water with intense delight, and having gathered a bough covered with magnificent fruit, I sat down in the shade with the welcome sound of the fountain near me, to eat at my leisure, and requested my guide to give me some account of his world and its inhabitants. He stuck himself into the turf beside me, and in the long conversation that ensued I learned from him the following particulars:—

"The world you now are in," said he, "is a globe much bigger than the sun of your native system, and is divided into two very different hemispheres, inhabited by the hostile races of the Pins and the Buttons. The enmity between them has existed from immemorial time, and we live in a state of constant warfare. It happened many ages ago that the number of prisoners on both sides having become inconveniently large, an arrangement for their temporary banishment out of our world was mutually agreed to, and they were accordingly scattered over most of the orbs in the material universe. The captive Pins were confined in the various metallic veins which intersect the rocks and mingle with the sands of these inferior worlds; the imprisoned Buttons were sent chiefly into the trunks and fibres of trees, the bones of animals, and fishes' shells. After a time the inhabitants of your planet, and of many others likewise, discovered the poor captives, and finding they could make them serviceable, compelled them, by violent tortures, by burning, pinching, cutting, grinding, and other malicious processes, to come out from their quiet prisons and be the slaves of men. They were so hardly treated in this capacity, that it was at length agreed between our sovereign and the King of Buttondom, to allow all who should escape from this grievous service to return unmolested to their own world. I have heard that the continual disappearance of these poor Pins and Buttons has given rise to many conjectures among mankind, who are not aware that, for their years of hardship and ill-usage, they are rewarded by a return, at every opportunity, to this world wherein they were born, and whither the weary points of my compatriots turn ever with hope and yearning."

Here I interrupted him, to inquire how it happened that the Pins in my world were so far inferior in size to himself. He told me the race included all varieties of stature, from the smallest microscopic points, loved by the little ladies in the Asteroids, to gigantic columns, many times taller than the brazen hosts whose fellows, he informed me, were used as shawl-pins in the star Sirius. He added that, in the distribution of the captives, the largest had been sent for convenience to the greater worlds, and the smaller ones to planets of proportionate size. I thanked him, and he continued:

"We are all naturally indignant at the sufferings of our banished people; and the same scheme of vengeance against the inhabitants of your planet and others has suggested itself to the minds of the Great Pin and the Imperial Button (so our sovereigns are called). They know that the services of their ill-used subjects have become essential to the races of men who hold them in so hard a slavery, and that the sudden recall of all the Pins and Buttons to their native world would, at any moment, strike such a blow upon the social system of the universe as it could hardly be expected to survive. The idea is certainly sublime; the vengeance would be terrific; but the fierce warfare in which we are engaged against each other has hitherto prevented its execution. The Pins will not recall their captive Buttons, nor the Buttons their captive Pins, until one or other has gained the mastery here. Whenever that event shall happen, the decree will immediately issue. Every Pin and Button in the universe will burst from its confinement at the same moment, and return hither. I will not paint the consequences: you may imagine them."

The little Pin (I began to think him little after seeing those mighty ones) chuckled inwardly, and turned a somersault or two, as if he very much relished the horrible plans of these remorseless kings. I ventured to suggest a hope that, for the sake of decency, the fatal decree might be issued in the night-time; but the little Pin only chuckled again, and turned another somersault higher than before. Having regained his composure, he proceeded:—

"Our policy at present," said he, "is to gain as much influence as possible in the domestic arrangements of the human races, that the stroke of vengeance may be the more complete at last. We continue, therefore, to banish all our prisoners as before, so that the supply in your world and others is always on the increase, our mutual rivalry leading us to exert ourselves to the utmost in the taking of captives. We Pins endeavour to persuade men to make exclusive use of our enemies the Buttons, as, if we could succeed in this, our power over their material comfort would be absolute, and our revenge altogether in our own hands. But the Imperial Button is in no way behind us in his exertions, sending myriads of captive Pins annually into this grievous slavery, and it is difficult to say who has the advantage. We succeed best with the male portion of humanity, who, for the most part, are disposed to leave our people alone, and make slaves of the Buttons for their own personal convenience; but with the women we make little progress; they employ us by multitudes, and use us frightfully. However, we keep up a pretty constant system of annoyance, which is consolatory to our feelings while waiting for the great day of revenge."

I was very much astonished by this narration, which explained to me many things very puzzling before. I now begged my companion to tell me something more about the internal policy and condition of Pindom, and he willingly continued, as follows:—

"Our hemisphere, stranger, was originally an almost uninterrupted plain of cotton-wool, with a substratum of bran immediately below. Here and there were spots of rich mould, with bubbling fountains flowing over emery sands, among mulberry groves and silk-worms. We have made use of these materials in the erection of pincushions—you call them mountains—many of which you see around you. They are covered with silk, and stuffed either with bran or cotton-wool, to suit different constitutions. These are our homes: you happened to fall among a number of newly-erected ones, not yet inhabited. Some of our race are several miles tall, and their pincushions are of proportionate size. The Great Pin, our sovereign, exceeds all others in height and magnificence. His cushion is in the centre of the kingdom, and is wonderful in splendour and luxury. It is stuffed with the finest floss silk, and employed all our silk-worms for a hundred years. If you are refreshed, we will walk farther, and you shall see more of our arrangements."

I gladly acquiesced in his proposal; and in the journey which ensued I saw, indeed, such marvels as would not be believed were I to relate the whole. Over the greater part of my subsequent adventures, however, I am only too willing to draw the veil of impenetrable silence, for the mere remembrance of them fills me with horror so intense, that I have no reason to doubt but the narration of them would bring me presently to my latter end, besides introducing among my fellow-creatures such dreadful images as happily have not yet entered the fevered brains of the most miserable. I may mention, however, that I afterwards discovered the spite and hatred felt by both Pins and Buttons against our entire race to be quite inconceivable in their malignity. Much, indeed, of that irritation and hastiness of temper which prevails so generally among mankind is produced and fostered by the persevering efforts of these, whom we suppose to be our obedient slaves, but whose malevolence omits no opportunity, between the cradle and the grave, of counteracting the soothing influences at work among us,—influences whose slender results we often deplore, in total ignorance of the conspiracy which goes so far to render them unavailing. I learned, on the best authority, that the subtle prick of a designing Pin, or the unexpected flight of a malicious Button, has many times been the hidden cause of those violent actions among human governors which have changed the destinies of the world.

Among the marvels of Pindom, however, there are two which I shall venture briefly to describe, as they are not directly connected with the terrors I have alluded to. The first of these very much surprised me. It was the Hospital for Bruised and Aged Pins, who, having escaped from their human tormentors, return as invalids to their native world. Few, indeed, come back in perfect health. Many whom I saw were in the most horrible state of deformity—humped-backed, broken-headed, bent double, twisted almost into knots, pointless, and

rusty. It was pitiable to see them, by millions, in this unhappy state. The treatment adopted was very mild and gentle; the patients were passed every morning between large magnets of a peculiar kind, which gradually drew them back to their original shape, without the pain attending the employment of physical force. They were then put through a course of emery baths, and these generally completed the cure, except in some of the worst cases, where a head or a point, for example, had been destroyed, and where surgical operations were therefore necessary. Even these, however, were conducted with a gentleness that formed a striking contrast to the fury of the race on other occasions.

The second wonder, whereof I can only give the barest outline, was the spectacle of a severe engagement between two armies of Pins and Buttons. With our limited ideas, it is not possible to convey to my fellow-men the least notion of the splendour and terror of this sight. The hosts were encamped opposite to each other, on two vast cushions, with a great cotton-wool plain between. The Buttons, most of whom, when standing on their rims, were high enough to reach the cross of St. Paul's (I heard they were shirt-buttons in Aldebaron), charged downwards at a fearful speed, rolling like hoops, and appearing full of great eyes, as the light shone through the holes with which they were pierced. They were met as fiercely by the hostile Pins. The shock was frightful. Everything was immediately concealed in a cloud of cotton-wool, and on its subsiding I saw both armies in full retreat, their object being simply the capture of prisoners, who were carried off in great numbers. Their method of securing them was as follows. On meeting in the battle, the Pins drove themselves through the holes in the Buttons, and a tustle immediately ensued, the stronger on either side bearing off the weaker ones of their antagonists.

The events which followed this battle remind me that I must say no more. I cannot even relate the manner in which I was finally saved from destruction, and permitted to return to my own world, further than to state, what, indeed, hath already been reported, that I was found about a year ago sown up in a great pincushion stuffed with bran, on the coast of Patagonia, and was restored to consciousness by those benevolent missionaries whose names, in connexion with my deliverance, are familiar to the public ear.

I cannot conclude without beseeching my readers, and, indeed, the whole civilised world, to consider on what an abyss of ruin our social fabric must continue to stand, while our very existence as social beings is allowed to depend on the unwilling services of our deadly enemies. I do not say that the warfare between the Great Pin and the Imperial Button is likely speedily to cease, or that the recall of the subject tribes will take place certainly in the present century; but, considering all the chances of battle upon the cushions and cotton-wool plains of Pindom, together with the greatness of the peril, and the daily troubles brought upon us by our spiteful slaves, I earnestly hope to see a more prudent policy predominant. Our safety is in our own hands. We have but to dismiss at once these evil-minded servants, the Pins and Buttons, and employ again in their stead those faithful Tapes and Laces from whose mild and harmless dispositions there is nothing to be feared.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

TWENTY years ago, Charles Nodier asked—"Who has read Bergerac?" and he put the question to Frenchmen. Since then more than one edition of Bergerac's works has been published; and his writings, which were always known to scholars, have now probably become familiar to a much wider circle. In England, however, even his name is still but little known. Of the thousands who have laughed over *Gulliver*, few know how much Swift borrowed from Cyrano; and fewer still have cared to study the details of Cyrano's life. Yet was Cyrano one of the most remarkable Frenchmen of the seventeenth century; original as a writer, and still more interesting as a man. He had written an energetic tragedy some years before Corneille produced his masterpieces; he had written a comedy, from which Molière almost textually borrowed one of his most famous scenes. As a romancist, he was the precursor of Swift; and in everything that he did there was a certain energy—feverish, exaggerated, grotesque if you will, but, at any rate, *undeniable*. He was not dull. You may differ from his theories, but you are not likely to fall asleep over his exposition of them. We may call him a *martial* writer. He writes like a swordsman:—now he dazzles you by pretended thrusts and rapid flourishes; now he flings you almost off your guard by an apparent inaction; anon, he has closed with you: his sword is strong, and his wrist is supple. He was the most renowned duellist of his day,—and you never forget this when reading him: you feel that a brave man is speaking to you—one who may have a thousand faults, but who, amidst them all, is never wanting in courage and audacity. Extravagance is more readily to be pardoned than decorous mediocrity. Cyrano has been often called a madman: at any rate, he is an amusing one—an original one—a brave one. We confess to a liking for such books as his. The classical writers of a country are rarely its most refreshing ones. We must turn aside from the highway, if we seek for fresh breezes and a pleasant rest. In France especially, the rulers of the "classical" school are so severely dull, so loftily stilted, so solemn in their gait, so decorous in their speech, so befrizzled and so be-wigged, that we fly from them as from bores incarnate. Better one fable of La Fontaine's, one song of Béranger's, than all the sermons of Bossuet, or all the tragedies of Racine. Cyrano is by no means a classic. He was fashionable in his day; his letters were copied and re-copied; but he was too frank and daring a fellow to be without enemies. Gradually the fashion changed—as fashions will: the clergy, who had annoyed him in his life, calumniated him after his death; the "big-wigs" of Louis Quatorze stepped serenely upon the scene, and Cyrano was forgotten, or only remembered as having once been mentioned by Boileau. He deserved a better fate!

Savinien de Cyrano was born at Bergerac, in Périgord, in 1620. His father was a careless, easy-going Gascon gentleman; and Cyrano, even from his boyhood, was very much his own master. When placed under the tuition of an old curé, he became decidedly rebellious. He had the biggest nose of any boy in the school, and that nose was continually thrust into places

where the curé thought it had no business to be. The curé threatened, and Cyrano rebelled; the curé thrashed, and Cyrano retaliated. It was impossible to flog the boy into respectability. A wiser man than the good curé might have governed him by kindness; for his heart was warm, his affections prompt and generous. Reckless as he was, there was nothing base about him. He fought, he boasted; but he never boasted without being ready to fight. Happy was the day, both for Cyrano and his teacher, when the lad was sent off to Paris. Arriving there, he began his studies at the Collége de Beauvais. He was thirteen when he entered the University; he was nineteen when he left it; and during those six years he established for himself a very peculiar reputation. He was not dull, and he was not lazy. He did his work as well as any one; but, when his work was done—nay, even whilst he was doing it—he indulged in the most audacious ridicule of his master. That master, Jean Grangier, was a kind of twopenny-halfpenny Bentley,—a man of enormous erudition, but quarrelsome, domineering, affected, and pedantic. Cyrano quickly saw through his weak points, and amused himself by writing a comedy, of which Grangier was the hero. *Le Pédant Joué* is a very remarkable work for one so young. Grangier's pedantry is ridiculed with no small humour; and in the extravagant rhodomontades of Châteaufort, the bully of the piece, there is much that is not unworthy of our own dear Bobadil. The "dons" of the Collége, of course, were shocked; but the scholars swore by Cyrano, learnt his verses by heart, and repeated them, with French vivacity, within the walls of the Collége itself. Poor Cyrano! he was always in hot water; and his daring and independent character, whilst it led him into the thickest of every fight, made him reject the overtures of powerful protectors. The lad went on his way—making many enemies, but gaining a few earnest and noble friends. Young, passionate, hot-blooded, and left almost entirely to his own guidance, he fell into many vices; but his heart was good, and amidst all his errors he was never cowardly, and never mean. His father remonstrated, and threatened to disinherit him. Cyrano's pride would not allow him to ask for pardon; but Henri Lebret, his fast friend through life, wrote letters to the old Gascon, and (probably *without* much difficulty) obtained forgiveness for young Hopeful. One thing, however, was plain and clear—young Hopeful had better leave the University. If he was so full of courage, he could best display it against the enemies of France. Accordingly, at nineteen, the big-nosed young scapegrace entered that company of the *Gardes* which was commanded by M. de Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, and which consisted almost entirely of Gascon gentlemen. Henri Lebret went with him; and the two friends were as inseparable in the camp as they had been at the Collége de Beauvais.

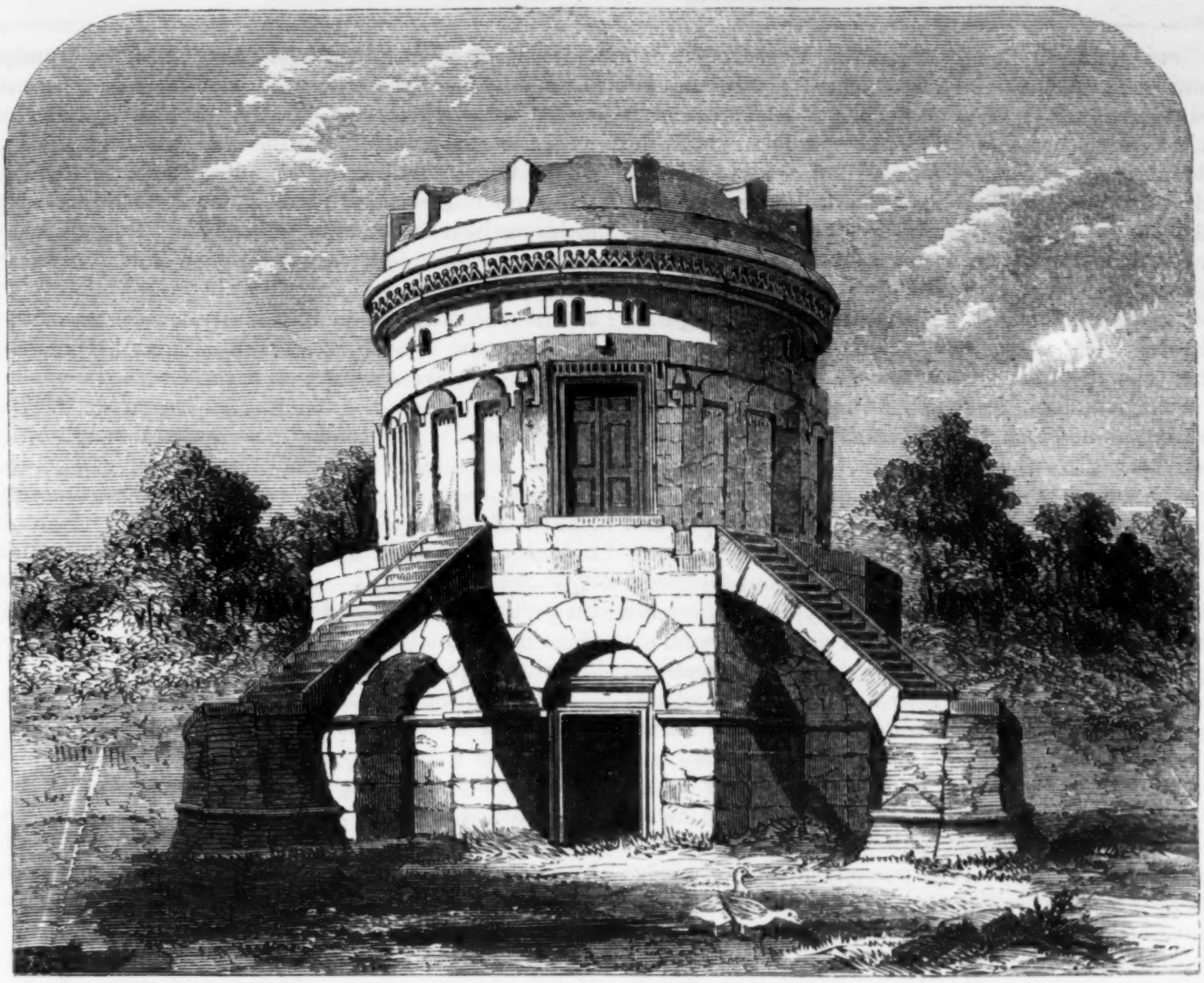
Much of Cyrano's time had been occupied by Parisian dissipations, and much of it by college disputes; but his thirst for knowledge had been insatiable, and he had grown weary of the prosy scholasticism of the University. He was one of the young men who gathered round Gassendi, and listened to that wary philosopher's utterances. Gassendi was prudent, and bided his time. In those very years, Galileo, less prudent than he, was being imprisoned by the dull dotards of the Inquisition:—Galileo, less prudent than he, had to beat down the rising passion of his heart, and to profess belief in what he knew to be a lie. There was no freedom for thought; and that sigh of Galileo's, "*E pur se muove*," seemed at first only the epitaph over a murdered truth. It does so happen, however, that Truth *cannot* be murdered; that though you may oppress and gag her servants, though you may terrify them into silence, though you may even persecute them to the death, yet she will surely find new servants, and surely, in the end, a victory. Gassendi, however, had not the energy of a reformer, nor the courage of a martyr. The times were bad: well, he would just try to keep alive what truth he knew; and, for the rest, he would train up young men to play a part in that combat for which his own timidity disqualified him. Amongst his pupils were Bernier, afterwards well known as an Oriental traveller; and Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, otherwise known to us as Molière. Cyrano had some difficulty in obtaining admission to the charmed circle. He was not a staid and prudent young man; he was a reckless "ne'er-do-well," and one whose acquaintance cautious philosophers were wise to shun. Cyrano *would* have his own way; and, partly by entreaties, partly by threats, he gained admission to Gassendi's lectures. That little school was the hope of France and of free thought. We modern English can hardly realise those old days. We have so perfect a liberty of speech, that the fact of a man's being obliged to conceal his creed seems *to us* monstrous. Even the veriest lunatics have, with us, free scope: in those days it was the philosophers themselves who were gagged. To one of the most illustrious of these Cyrano was now introduced. Campanella, after thirty years of imprisonment in Italy, had sought an asylum in France. He was worn and wearied by the struggle. He had been patriot and philosopher; they had cast him into their dungeons, and day by day went on, and year by year, and still the fiery Calabrese, who had poured out his dreams and hopes in his book, *Civitas Solis*, was doomed to see that sun's light only through the prison-bars. He had grown old and tired; he was seventy years of age, and a broken man, who sought only a speedy euthanasia amid thoughts, and prayers, and dreams: yet he would give a kindly word of encouragement to the fiery Gascon stripling, and would tell him—surely we are right?—that even if frank speech should lead him to the dungeon or the stake, truth *must* be spoken frankly. When Cyrano was twenty, the great Italian died, quietly enough, in the convent of the Jacobins, in the Rue St. Honoré. Two centuries have passed away, and the Italy he loved so well is still in chains.

And now Cyrano is off to the wars. The *Gardes* fling themselves into Mouzon, a place on the frontiers of Champagne, and are there hotly beleaguered by the Spaniards. Our young gentleman, for all his philosophic tendencies, was a true soldier. In every sortie—and there were many—Cyrano was amongst the foremost. At length, in one of these, he received a musket-wound, which kept him to his bed. Provisions grow scarcer and scarcer yet in the town; ere long the garrison must needs surrender; but on a merry day in June there is a moving cloud of dust away in the dis-

tance; trumpets are playing, banners are waving, and in march the relieving forces of the Marshal de Châtillon. Cyrano gets well as soon as possible; he is a tough young mortal, whom it is difficult to kill; and next year, though still sadly suffering, he is again in the field. The young gentleman does not devote himself *utterly* to the wars: Henri Lebret often finds him writing verses in camp. He does not fight the worse for it. Arras is garrisoned by a numerous Spanish force, and reinforcements are on the way. Three marshals of France are besieging it, and they urge on charge after charge. Cyrano needs no urging. Hardly recovered from his wound at Mouzon, he receives another at Arras; for the fight is hot, the assault is vigorously pressed, and Cyrano gets a sword-thrust in very unpleasant proximity to his throat. Down again on the sick-bed. Arras surrenders, but Cyrano cannot share in the joy of the triumphal entry. He must go home. Soon afterwards he leaves the army. His wound was not the only cause which made him do so, for he was reckless and impatient of command—well able to lead, but sadly averse to follow! As yet military matters went on decorously. Steady old marshals fought steady little battles, and besieged steady little fortifications steadily, *secundum artem*. A few years hence, and young Condé, with De Gassion for his only confidant, will win Rocroi at twenty-three. Had Cyrano served under Condé, had he thoroughly and zealously devoted himself to the profession of arms, and had he prudently obtained a ducal patron, we might now know him as a great captain. He could not do it, and he left the service; but he carried with him into private life the reputation of being one of the bravest men in France, and he made many friends who never forgot his courage and his wit. Henri Lebret gives a long roll-call of them, but it is scarcely worth while to quote it. The brave Cuigy, the brave Brisailles, are mere *names* to us; gallant gentlemen in their day, but clean forgotten in ours.

How Cyrano lived, after leaving the army, does not very clearly appear. How often is this a mysterious problem with regard to Frenchmen! They live like princes without possessing a franc; and Cyrano, though we cannot find that he had either any settled employment or any patron, was a welcome guest to many of the rich and noble. Again, his wants were few. He had a perfect abhorrence of drinking, and in all his pleasures he was temperate. His one fault was that old one of turbulence and a hot head. He was incessantly fighting—duelling. His monstrous nose got fresh cicatrices till it became a spectacle hideous to gods and men: a stranger *could* not let such a nose pass by without casting an inquiring glance upon it. Whence came it? What was its primal cause? What could be its ultimate object? Had it a secret and peculiar beauty, only to be discovered by loving and diligent examination? As a man asked these questions, he would pause and gaze with curiosity upon the hooked proboscis; but its owner did not appreciate his motives, and would not endure his scrutiny. Hot words were quickly interchanged, in an hour swords were measured, and, as the luckless wight stood opposite Cyrano, the magic nose seemed to palpitate and dilate, till it became a presage of approaching doom. Cyrano's duels were of two kinds—duels undertaken to serve his friends, and duels undertaken for the sake of his nose. He seems really to have enjoyed these encounters, and he enlarges upon them in a vein of pleasant exaggeration. "I am incessantly occupied with *carte* and *tierce*," he says. "I should have lost all cognisance of paper if challenges were written on anything else; and your friendly partiality sadly misleads you when you call me 'the first of men:' for a whole month past I have been *second* to all my neighbours." And in those days the seconds *fought!* Such a man was naturally one of the "lions" of Paris, and his fame reached its climax after an adventure, the almost incredible hardihood of which does not hinder it from being strictly true. There was a poet—one Linière—who had been indulging himself in satirical verses at the expense of a *grand seigneur*. The *grand seigneur*, having an aversion to satirical literature, made arrangements to cut Linière's ears off. Linière, full of fright, sought refuge with Cyrano; but, late at night, as he was about to return home, he learnt that a hundred cut-throats were lying in wait for him near the Porte de Nesle. Cyrano cheered him up, and made him sally forth. "Hold this lantern," cried the Gascon, "and walk behind me! I'll make your bed for you myself." Some friends, who had supped with Cyrano, accompanied him, and the party set out. In front, with drawn sword, stalked the big-nosed Gascon: behind him was the unfortunate witling, his lantern probably shaking and wavering a good deal: behind, again, were Cyrano's friends. The journey to the Faubourg Saint Germain was long, and Linière must have suffered enough to deter him from attacking *grands seigneurs* in future. Imagine how a man's ears must tingle when he momentarily expects them to be cut off! At length there was a halt: the foes were before them; and Cyrano rushed right into the midst of a hundred men, thrusting, slashing, cutting, parrying—till the rascals fled in dismay before a single man, leaving two of their number dead upon the ground, and seven others wounded.

The adventure was the talk and the wonder of all Paris. The Marshal de Gassion, who had fought by the side of Condé at Rocroi, at first hesitated to believe it; but De Bourgogne and De Cuigy, who had witnessed the whole affair, bore testimony to Cyrano's audacious valour. De Gassion at once offered to become the patron and protector of so gallant a gentleman; but Cyrano preferred his freedom and his poverty. He needed excitement, action, change. He seems to have travelled both in England and Poland, and he was busy enough during the troubles of the Fronde. At first he was violent in his hatred to Mazarin: and amongst all the burlesques ("burlesque" meaning horrible, downright, and pitiless vituperation), that were showered against the Cardinal, few were wittier, none were more violent than Cyrano's. His *Ministre d'Etat Flambé* is almost refreshing for the depth and outspokenness of its detestation; and the lively Gascon winds up his "copy of verses" (sixty stanzas of the most virulent invective!) with a neat little fancy picture of Mazarin upon the gallows. Even this was not sufficient for him: the poor Cardinal must afterwards be dissected by the students of surgery. The last stanza



THE TOMB OF THEODORIC. BY T. R. MACQUOID.

THEODORIC, king of the Ostrogoths, one on the long roll of glorious illegitimates, but nevertheless the favourite son of his father Waldimir, a prince of the god-descended line of the Amals, was born at Vienna in 458. In his early youth, being given as a hostage to Leo, Emperor of the East, he was educated, as far as his contempt of learning would allow, in all the studies of the age. From his splendid imprisonment he was released at the age of eighteen, and shortly afterwards coming to command his tribe, by a timely incursion he gained a pension from the feeble Constantinopolitan court, who paid their enemies and betrayed their friends. By one of those obscure revolutions whose main springs appear to have been the spite and passions of eunuchs and women, the arms of the Ostrogoths were turned against Odoacer and the Empire of the West, whom Theodoric defeated, in 493, outside the walls of Ravenna, a city destined to become the capital of the victor, and the place of his death and interment. A short period saw Theodoric king of Italy; and it is related that his long reign of thirty-three years was a period of happy peace to those under his rule. The latter years of his life were stained with the blood of several of the best and wisest of his age: a fit of repentance brought on, or was induced by, dysentery, of which he died, in 526. Before us is his tomb, "erected by his daughter Amalasunta, on a conspicuous spot which commanded the city of Ravenna, the harbour, and the adjacent coast: a chapel of a circular form, twenty feet in diameter, crowned with a dome of one entire piece of granite; from the centre of the dome four columns arose, which supported, in a vase of porphyry, the remains of the Gothic king, surrounded by statues of the twelve apostles." Such are the words of Gibbon, but tradition avers that his ashes never rested there. The tomb stands at present in a little wood, within a hollow which is often under water, and consequently much frequented by ducks and geese. The modern account hardly agrees with the ancient, it will be observed, respecting the position of the tomb. Gibbon quotes contemporaneous authorities: the discrepancy can only be reconciled on the supposition of the altered levels of the ground. Certain it is that the spirit of Theodoric might look long from his tomb before he saw the harbour and the proud city of his empire. The Adriatic has quitted his boundary, and left dry the place where erst floated a thousand gallies, and which held a fourth of the commerce of Western Europe. L. L.

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pursues the unfortunate creature farther still: there is a delicious unction about it:—

"Allons bénir Dieu promptement
Dans l'église de Notre Dame:
C'en est fait: ô, l'heureux moment!
Le Bourgeois et le Parlement
Ne craindront jamais cet infâme;
Le Bourreau prend son vêtement,
Et le Diantre gobe son âme!"

Would Cyrano de Bergerac have hanged Jules Mazarin, if he had been able? We very much doubt it. At any rate, he got tired of the Frondeurs. He could have no sympathy either with an ambitious aristocracy, or with a petulant *bourgeoisie;* and if for a time he assailed Mazarin, he did so merely as a literary man. Mazarin was really so tempting a subject! Scarron, Dassoucy, and other verse-makers, continued to indite their *Mazarinades:* there was still a crowd of rhyming

wits and listening loungers at the Pont Neuf; but Cyrano went over to the party of the Cardinal. He speedily announced his conversion, and announced it with no bated breath. Whichever side he took, he would do his best for it. He did not trouble himself much about the charge of inconsistency: he did what at the moment seemed right to him, and he did it with his whole heart and soul. Was Mazarin to be attacked? he consigned him to the gallows. Was Mazarin to be defended? he was no less bitter against the Fronde.

Political disputes, however, were not the only ones in which Cyrano still engaged. With some of the wits of the day he had once been intimate; but he grew tired of *them*, too. Poor Dassoucy—a really clever vagabond—was once indebted to him for much kindness; but Dassoucy took to drinking, and sank ever deeper and deeper, from tavern to tavern, into the mire of sottishness. Cyrano renounced his friendship, and Dassoucy cracked some scurvy jokes against Cyrano. Cyrano's hot blood was up, and he threatened Dassoucy with his vengeance, in a letter which ought to be preserved amongst the *Amenities of Literature;* but he had met with his match. Dassoucy could not fight, but his wit was as ready as the Gascon's. Cyrano had called him an ape: pondering over the insult, Dassoucy had a sudden flash of inspiration. There was an Italian named Brioché, who had a marionnette theatre near the Pont Neuf, and who rejoiced in the possession of a very large and well-trained ape. Dassoucy bethinks him that friend Cyrano is a man of remarkable appearance and eccentric costume: if one were to dress up the ape like Cyrano, and teach him fencing? He acted upon this happy idea, and it led to the strangest contest in which Cyrano was ever engaged. It was four o'clock on a bright summer day, and the performances were "about to begin," when a "rainbow-regiment" of lackeys, in gorgeous liveries of green, and blue, and pink, and orange, lounged about in front of the "theatre." The ape was in full costume, with hat, doublet, sword-belt and sword, the latter without a point. Cyrano approached, taking a meditative afternoon walk, and heedless of lackeys. These lively gentlemen, however, who then wore swords, and doubtless presumed upon their numbers, began to exercise their pleasant wit in remarks upon Cyrano's personal peculiarities. "Do you wear that nose every day?" said one. "Be kind enough to put it back a little; I can't see for it!" Another, bolder still, gave Cyrano—Cyrano the Gascon!—a brisk fillip on the nose. Next moment the wretched creatures were flying wildly in all directions from the infuriated gentleman. The ape alone remained. He, poor fellow! had not entirely understood the proceedings, but he was filled with a laudable desire to distinguish himself; so he drew out his poor sword, and went grimacingly through the mysteries of *carte* and *tierce*. Cyrano, hot from the fight, half-blind with rage, did not see the poor gibbering, mowing face—saw only the dress and the sword—took the ape for one of his tormentors—rushed at him, and ran him through the body. Raptured with joy was the soul of Dassoucy when he published his most vivacious *Narrative of the Great Combat between Cyrano de Bergerac and Brioché's Ape.* He published it, and prudently left the country afterwards.

With Scarron, Cyrano had also quarrelled; and, indeed, he could not get on well with mere literary men; above all, with merely "comic writers." His tastes were not their tastes, his life had not been their life. There was something better and deeper in him than burlesque! His wisest plan, no doubt, would have been to leave them alone; to have gone his way, and let them go theirs—a muddy and a slippery path; but his hot temper would not let him rest. He quarrelled even with actors. Montfleury, an immensely big fellow, offended him: Cyrano cried, "What? You give yourself airs, because you are so big that I can't beat the whole of you in one day? I forbid you to appear on the stage for a month!" Montfleury disregarded the prohibition; but in the middle of a play the form of Cyrano, stern and menacing, rose in the pit. The grave, cruel eyes looked Montfleury full in the face. "Have I not forbidden you to act?" said Cyrano. "Go!" Montfleury appealed to the pit, and some seemed inclined to take his part. Cyrano defied them collectively—challenged them individually. No one seemed inclined to accept the challenge, and Montfleury retired.

With much reluctance, Cyrano at length yielded to the wishes of his friends, and entered the establishment of the Duc d'Arpajon, as secretary, or in some similar capacity; the meaning of it simply being that Cyrano's ready pen and ready sword were to be at the Duke's disposal, and that the Duke was to push Cyrano's fortune. At first all went smoothly. Cyrano published his writings, with dedications to the Duke—dedications of the ordinary sort, but not addressed to an ordinary man. The Duke was no silken courtier; he was one of the most chivalrous soldiers of his age. In 1645, when the Turks threatened Malta, the Duc d'Arpajon raised two thousand men, and carried them at his own expense to the aid of the Knights; and he had fought, always with honour, in France, Alsace, Flanders, Lorraine, Roussillon, Italy, and Poland. Such a man was no unworthy patron. Cyrano's tragedy of *Agrippine* was published in 1654, but had been written many years before. We confess that we have no liking for French tragedy; but *Agrippine*, though as stilted as all the productions of its class, contains passages of remarkable vigour. The comedy of *Le Pédant Joué* contains the famous *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* which was reproduced by Molière in his *Fourberies de Scapin.* The *Lettres Diverses* had long circulated in manuscript, and had been much admired. They are bristling all over with affectations and conceits, but here and there have a whimsical originality. As a whole, however, they are the dullest of Cyrano's productions. The universe is a tart which Winter sugars before swallowing it; little boys, with snowballs, drown each other's faces with bits of the river, &c. &c. &c. Cyrano could not devote himself to literature alone. He was a dreamer, too; despite all his gasconading, all his extravagances, all his quarrels, this man had a deep love of nature at his heart. It constantly peeps out through his writings. He would gladly steal away from the Duc d'Arpajon and his titled friends, either to converse with men of science, or (which he liked even better) to lose himself in the woods, and listen to the singing of the birds. These were his happiest hours, and he gave himself up to them with a childlike joy. As he sat

under the full summer branches, everything around him seemed overflowing with intelligence and life. He believed that birds could reason and discourse even as we, and he hoped one day to understand their song. Nay, he invested the trees themselves with human attributes; and when the wind was abroad in the wood, he listened to catch the different voices of oak, and elm, and beech. Returning, he would write; and, whilst all his strange fancies were still floating before him, he produced those later books of his, which have seldom had full justice done to them. In 1655 he was in the flower of manhood: he might have yet done much, for his last work is by far his best, and often rises above the region of verbal quips into that of real humour. He seemed to have many years before him. Doubtless, as he grew older, his blood would have grown calmer. He would have learnt to shun unseemly broils. Who knows? he might have earned for himself an illustrious name in the literature of France. One day he came back to the Duke's house. He had grown weary of his patron: let us hope that this day had been spent happily in the country, for it was the last on which he could ramble forth. As he entered the house, some one, whether intentionally or not can never be known now, dropped a heavy piece of wood upon his head. Cyrano fell—he was stricken to death—and the only question was that of a longer or a shorter illness. The Duke seems to have deserted him: Henri Lebret and other friends were faithful still. Each strove to have the honour of attending him. Pious women came to pray at his bedside, and strove to win him back to the bosom of the Church. He was no atheist, but he was no good Catholic. He received them courteously, but grew weary of their well-meant efforts at conversion. He knew that he must die, and *that* to a brave man mattered little; but he grieved bitterly over his sadly wasted life. As Lebret watched lovingly beside him, Cyrano repeated with a sigh those mournful words of Tibullus:

> "Jam juvenem vides, instet cum serior ætas,
> Mœrentem stultos præteriisse dies."

He left his writings and his character to the care of his friends; and still Death drew nearer and nearer to his couch. He yearned to die in the country, amid the fields and woods that he loved. His friends carried him away from Paris—noisy, babbling, cruel Paris, which had seized upon him when he was so young, which had so worn, and wearied, and corrupted him—away from Paris to the quiet house of a cousin in the country; and there, one day, the eyes which had been so bright grew filmy and dull, and the beatings of that wild, bold heart were stilled for evermore.

Dying thus prematurely at thirty-five, we must regard the works of Cyrano de Bergerac as only proofs of what he *might* have done. It is idle to speculate on possibilities; but it is right to remember that he died so young. There is real daring and originality in the writings he has left. Again, his was eminently a progressive mind. From his earlier letters, with their wearisome profusion of quips and cranks, to the richer humour and the purer style of his *Journey to the Sun*, the progress is immense. We have not space for an analysis of his writings, but they are certainly a remarkable anticipation of Swift. We find Brobdingnag in the *States and Empires of the Moon*. The Gascon *mousquetaire*, like the Irish Dean, had a profound sense of the littleness of man: "What, is *this* poor thing, this featherless biped, this shivering, trembling piece of flesh, with senses duller than those of the smallest bird, but with passions stronger than those of the wildest beast,—is *this* the lord of the creation?"—so, like Swift, he seems to ask. That he was far inferior to Swift may readily be granted, and leave him a good position still. At most, he seems out of temper with man; he speaks of him with scorn and pity, but never do we hear that loud shriek of hatred and contempt, or that long bitter wail over hopes disappointed and ambition mocked, which ring through the wonderful pages of Swift. He was an original man. In an age when freedom of thought was punished as a crime, he dared to think freely. In an age when Aristotle was still regarded with obsequious awe, he dared to question Aristotle's claims. He bearded scholasticism, and laughed it to scorn. Even in the details of his books there is much that is very noticeable. The methods by which he reaches the moon and sun would almost seem to indicate some foreknowledge of the theory of the balloon. His masterpiece is certainly his *Journey to the Sun*. Apart from its satirical meaning, much of it has all the interest of a fairy tale. Very happy is the history of his trial by the birds, who accuse him of being a man. It is in vain for him to contend that he is a monkey, and therefore an animal superior to the wretched creature that slays partridges,—he is found guilty; and even his advocate, the loquacious starling (*grand jurisconsulte*, says Cyrano), can find nothing to say in his defence. He is condemned to be stung to death by the smallest flies, and the screech-owl announces the sentence. Mounted a-straddle on an ostrich, he is carried off towards the place of execution; bees, and wasps, and gnats, and even fleas, are ready to commence their melancholy task upon the lord of the creation, when a parrot intercedes for him, and he is pardoned. The parrot had known him in this lower world of ours, and had often heard him maintain that birds can reason and think; the parrot pleads furthermore, that although he is certainly a man, he was fond of birds, and suggests that much allowance should be made for his inferior nature and capacities. The book is a fragment, but one not to be despised.

Fou de génie: that is what Cyrano has been dubbed. Half of the sentence is correct, but the madness remains doubtful. An edition of his works, admirably edited by M. Lacroix (better known as the "*Bibliophile Jacob*"), has recently been published in Paris, and will do much to set Frenchmen right in their estimate of this "forgotten worthy." We doubt whether many Englishmen will much care to go through the *whole* of the two volumes. The letters especially will have few admirers. After all, we cannot but believe that most readers of Bergerac will share our own opinion—that men of far less power than he have enjoyed a far higher reputation. A wild, daring, reckless, and imprudent man he certainly was; but there are many amongst us who will forgive his eccentricity for the sake of talent at once so varied and so original, and for the sake of a valour which earned for him, even from his gallant companions in the camp, the surname, so flattering to a Gascon's pride, of *le Démon de la Bravoure*.

W. J. Prowse.

OUR CHEMICAL FRIENDS.

ALMOST all our direct benefits come from the animal and vegetable worlds. Food, clothing, and furniture are almost exclusively from these; but we owe our habitations, many of our medicines, our jewels, ornaments, and currency, and indeed most of our possessions of artificial wealth, to the Mother Earth, which, they say, produced us all. Yet we could easily find substitutes for all these things. Wood might take the place of brick and cobble in our houses; the herbalist might open his "pharmaceutical" shop on the deserted premises of the mineral chemist; the natural flowers braided in the dark hair of the Italian or the Spanish woman are quite as beautiful as the diamonds and pearls in the fair tresses of the English lady; the string of scarlet beads round the dusky throat of the savage girl has all the brilliancy and effect of coral; while a necklace of glistening white lily-buds is as enchanting as any chain of gold or silver ever made; our marble chimney-pieces might be well exchanged against fine old "mantles" of carved oak or shining ebony; and barter in kind might take the place of payments in specie. Wooden spoons have a bad name, certainly; but carved ivory,—does not that sound stately and graceful enough? Imagine a table-service of richly-wrought white ivory,—what painted porcelain half so lovely, what chased and graven metal richer or more artistic? If all the metals and jewels in the world died out of geological existence, while we had close-grained woods and ivory, and capable artists to design and carve, we should still retain beauty and luxury in our homes. The direct benefits of life, then, may be fairly stated to belong to the world of beasts and the world of leaves; but the indirect ones deserve a separate rendering, although they have an inseparable existence. For not a flower blossoms and grows, not a living thing moves and breathes, but is claimed by chemistry, to whom the whole secret life of the earth belongs. Every particle of food, every article of clothing, may be analysed in the laboratory, and the heart and pith and marrow spread out in little parcels on the table. Nothing escapes that inexorable laboratory: it is the crucible through which passes the whole universe, leaving "dead men's heads" everywhere.

We could do nothing without chemistry. What would become of all our adulterations, and consequent cheap shops, without chemical manufacturers and the clever combinations of the analyst? A system of trade which gave us no alum in our bread, no chalk in our milk, no flint in our butter, no sulphuric acid in our vinegar, nor bole Armenian and Venetian red in our sauces, generally,—which gave us curry-powder without red lead, pickles naturally green without acetate or sulphate of copper, Cayenne pepper innocent of red lead, vermilion, sealing-wax, bi-sulphuret of mercury, or Venetian red, and custard and egg-powders not coloured with chrome yellow, or chromate of lead,—why, we should not recognise our diet, and, perhaps, not a few of us would be anxious to get back to our chemicals again, as giving a fuller "body" at a smaller outlay. But, whether we like it or not, those are only a few of the ordinary agents employed in adulterating, and therefore cheapening, certain articles of food. Rife everywhere, they are nowhere so criminally excessive as in the confectionery shops. If the makers of sugar-plums and lollipops were forced to mould their "suck-a-bobs" out of honest sugars, and colour them with harmless vegetable colouring matters, what would become of the plaster-of-Paris trade? and what a slack time the mineral dye-makers would have! We give Dr. Arthur Hassall's inviting list of the various adulterating agents employed in colouring confectionery, as an agreeable lecture for parents and guardians, who are wont to reward their good little children with "something nice,"—the traditional "goody" of our youthful days:—

"Coloured confectionery is adulterated with East Indian arrow-root, wheat and potato flour, hydrated sulphate of lime; and coloured with cochineal, lake, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, carbonate of copper or verditer, carbonate of lead or white lead, red lead, vermilion, the chrome yellows or chromates of lead, lemon, orange, and deep gamboge, the three Brunswick greens, emerald green or arsenite of copper, Indian red, brown ferruginous earths, chiefly umber, sienna, and Vandyke brown, and various combinations of the above pigments, and also bronze powders."

Such testimony as this ought to destroy the coloured confectionery trade without remission or remorse. But, not to confine ourselves to adulterations, which, indeed, chemistry might have done better than have given us, and which we cannot rank as "our chemical friends" at all,—what should we do for many household comforts without said chemistry and chemical agents? Without chlorine we should have no bleached garments but those which the sun could render white; the "blue bag" would be empty, and the starch less brilliant, without the indigo which comes from the *indigofera*. And what would the laundress do without potash and pearlash, without soda and soap, starch and "blue," when her cart full of soiled linens came home, and she was expected to return them cleansed, starched, and of a good colour, within a week? O blessed Powers of indirect chemistry! if any one has cause to thank you, it is that weary, steaming, soapy laundress, clattering about the sloppy wash-house in her pattens, with her bonnet perched on the top of her head, and her gown tied up behind, dabbling in her soapsuds with her parboiled hands, sodden, cleanly, and wrinkled. Soap is made of fat and soda, chiefly; the fat yielding, during that process of saponification, the glycerine which was for so long a time a mere matter of waste in soap and candle manufactories. Price's Company was the first to bring into public use that thick, viscid, intensely sweet, and uncrystallisable liquid called oil-sugar, or glycerine,—such a boon to all suffering from chapped hands or roughened skin! Also it was the first to make into candles the stearine, or more correctly stearic acid, which forms the more solid part of oil, and which is the chief ingredient of suet, butter, and lard, and the cause of their solidity; which acid is also a product of saponification, first analysed and debated on by Chevreul. Stearine candles are very beautiful, and glycerine soap owns no compeer.

Potash is not always so innocent as when in the wash-tub. Combined with nitre, charcoal, and sulphur,

it becomes gunpowder; as a chlorate, it is used for fireworks and matches; and as a chloride and sulphate, it is busy in making alum—our old enemy at the baker's. So that some of its uses are equivocal, to say the least of them, and scarcely to be classed as of real friendliness to man. But potash is a great element in our food, if an agent of destruction as well—so must be forgiven. There is a good deal of potash, as well as of soda, in potatoes, but less lime than is to be found in wheat and cereals generally. Singularly enough, Ireland, where potatoes are so much more nutritious, as a sole article of food, than they appear to be anywhere else, is covered with a broad limestone formation, while mineral springs abound; so that the national diet is justified by science in a way which political economists have never dreamed of. Potash helps to form our muscles. And, speaking of that, it is specially remarkable what chemical affinities exist between certain earths and the various parts of man. Thus, the bones take to themselves all the phosphate of lime and fluorine which they can extract, the muscles take the phosphates of potash and of magnesia, the cartilages soda, the teeth fluorine, the hair silica (flint) and sulphur, the skin and nails silica; the brain claims to itself phosphorus; and iron is the colouring matter of the hair, the blood, and the eye.

We should get on badly, too, in the arts without chemistry. We should have no etched glass without hydrofluoric acid—a combination, by the way, obtained from fluor spar; and the wood engraver would be the sole remnant of all his family if there were no nitric acid to bite the traced picture into the metal plate. Where would be our painted church windows without chromium? green in glass—yellow to the painter. What would we do for the beautiful ruby colour we all admire without that preparation of gold called the precipitate of Cassius—of itself a fine purple, but giving, by due admixture of crocus martis and the rest, the real ruby hue? And does not manganese give that inimitable purple or violet to the same stained window? cobalt that glorious blue? protoxide of iron that emerald green? Does not Prussian blue come from prussic acid and iron? and is not every letter-type we use for printing cast out of lead mixed with antimony? To be sure, we colour our manufactures with strange substances sometimes, as witness arsenic in green flock papers, which they fancy poison innocent students; and white lead in paint, which gives painters a special disease. But we hear of sulphate of barytes now, instead of white lead, for house painting; and the change seems to be a valuable one. Sal-ammoniac—that is, ammonia and muriatic acid gas—is used in all the tinning and soldering of our kitchen utensils; but in lead soldering, borax is in request instead. Borax is a compound of soda and boracic acid, existing native though in India, Persia, and Thibet, and is of great account in the composition of "paste" jewellery, and in the glazing of certain silks. Talking of silks, the careful housewife, who would have her old deep blue *moiré*, or ducape, or what not, converted into a bran new gown, of a pale sea-green, or most delicate rose colour, would find that transformation hard to accomplish, were it not for the fact that sulphurous acid destroys colours; so that when the dyer has orders to transmute one hue into another, he calls in the aid of that friendly combination of sulphur with oxygen, and the difficulty is overcome. A little common soda will renovate a faded violet colour; archil will dye it a beautiful pale lilac; verditer will make my lady's soiled ostrich feather a grandly glorious green; and essence of lemon and pyroligneous ether (got from wood) will cleanse the dirt and grease-spots from every yard of silk in her wardrobe. Then all the dyes and resins, though directly vegetable, are decomposable into pure chemical elements; and what would calico-printers do without the first, or painters without both? Anime, sandarach, mastic, lac, copal, amber, turpentine, dragon's blood, assafœtida, myrrh, olibanum, &c.,—all of these, whether solid resins, semi-fluid resins or balsams (mixtures of resins and volatile oils), or gum resins (mixtures of resins with volatile oils and gum), may be taken as simply chemical, all being found to be hydrocarbons, or oxydised hydrocarbons, when they are pounded, and burnt, and tested, and filtered in those weird-looking vessels, all bulb and neck, wherein delicate-handed chemists mix and evaporate poor nature, or translate her secrets by the aid of a pocket dictionary of a few grains. We cannot leave the subject of resins and gums without mentioning that curious property of lignin, or woody fibre—the essence, in fact, of wood. If sawdust, say from the hornbean, which is very hard, be well mixed up with strong sulphuric acid, and otherwise manipulated with chalk, boiling, and evaporation, the substance remaining is almost identical with gum arabic. It is tasteless, transparent, and yellow; it breaks like gum, and unites like gum, and makes a varnish like gum; but, if again treated with sulphuric acid and heated, the gum is converted into sugar, sweet and crystallisable, like our common sugar.

And this brings us to sugars. Sugar, whether cane or crystallisable, glucose, grape, or granular, or that variety known as mannite, is of the same chemical composition as starch,—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, in this as well as in the other. Indeed, sugar can be formed from gum and starch, as well as from the sugar-cane, or, as we have just seen, from the gum into which lignin can be converted. Mannite, or manna sugar, is to be found in various trees, and even plants. It is in the larch, ash, beet, &c., and in some sea-weeds. It is a beautiful, colourless, and crystalline sugar; but, though identical in name, is not exactly identical in nature, when taken from various sources. Thus, the manna sugar of the *Eucalyptus*, or gum-tree of Australia and Van Dieman's Land, is not quite the same as that of the manna ash of Calabria; nor is either identical with beet sugar, or that which may be got from sea-weeds and lichens. Lactine is the sugar found in the milk of animals; honey is a vegetable sugar, consisting of glucose and an uncrystallisable sugar: there is liquorice sugar, and sugar is in the oak, in the tamarisk, the root of the celery, and the dandelion. But all the sugars are analogous in chemical composition, though varying in proportions; all are formed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, whether coming from the sugar-cane or from grapes, from animal milk or from trees and roots. Starch is of similar composition. Starch is a "white, granular, pulverulent solid, insoluble in cold water," and got from wheat, potatoes, rice, arrow-root, the sago-palm, tapioca, and other connate sources. Iodine turns the starch from all these sources a deep blue; but inulin,

the starch got from the dahlia, it makes yellow; while licherion, that got from lichens, it makes green. Potato and grain starch can be made into sugar by means of sulphuric acid; it can also be made into a gum, known as British gum. Indeed, there is a wonderful affinity between gum, starch, and sugar, all of which look like the several masks of one only substance—harlequins of nature—one and indivisible, though never so variously disguised. Starch treated with nitric acid becomes xyloidine, or gun-cotton, which explodes the whole harlequinade to the elements, and ends the *trinitas in unitate* in a most effectual manner.

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Carbon is a great friend to us. As coal we burn it; as a diamond we polish, and cherish, and parade it to the longing multitude that owns no diamonds; as lamp-black we paint, and print, and make black sealing-wax with it; as charcoal we burn it, purify our drinking water, preserve our meat, and form it into wonderful dentifrices of magical effect; as plumbago—carbon and iron—we use it for black-lead pencils and for blacking stoves; as carbonic acid it gives to champagne all its sparkle, to soda-water all its refreshment, and to bottled beer and beer in the wood its body and its head. It is to carbonic acid that certain "hard"

limestone waters owe their life and freshness and delicious coolness; while it is the absence of this that makes boiled water insipid, stale beer dead, and some "soft" water disagreeable to the taste. As carbonic acid gas, our friend the typical coal feeds plants and poisons men. This gas is the terrible "choke damp" of mines, as carburetted hydrogen is the "fire damp." Sulphuretted hydrogen is a gas which decaying organic matter gives off; but in a very minute degree, else not a living thing could continue to exist; $\frac{1}{250}$th of it, with common air, would kill a horse, if breathed; so that we cannot have very much of it even in the most stagnant and marshy pool in the forest; however, quite enough very often to create disease and chronic sickliness, if constantly inhaled. But we have not done yet with carbon. As the carbonate of ammonia of commerce, it passes into our rooms under the name of hartshorn, helping to revive the fainting spirit, while chloride of lime purifies the air; and in all the india-rubber, gutta percha, and caoutchouc, to be obtained from *Ficus elastica*, *Isonandra gutta*, *Hævea caoutchouc*, and others, hydrocarbon is present. No naphtha exists without it, whether found native, as in Italy, Persia, India, &c., or obtained by distillation from coal. Oil of turpentine is also a hydrocarbon; so are oil of lemons, of orange peel, of bergamot, orange flowers, sabine, parsley, pepper, cubebs, &c.; so is camphor; so is all the tar series—creosote or wood tar, paraffine, coal oil, and resin gases,—all these are hydrocarbons; while hydrocyanic acid, commonly called prussic acid, yields, as its chemical compounds, carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen; or cyanogen and hydrogen, according to chemical modes of speech.

When we eat a boiled egg with our tea and toast in the morning, we eat what would be a "translucent, horny solid," if dry, but which, softened and moist, goes by the name of albumen. Our egg is made up of typical albumen in the white, and of a variety of albumen in the yoke, coloured by a bright yellow oil, the two balancing and correcting each other,—albumen being astringent to the human economy, and oil the reverse; thus keeping the balance between the two parts, as we, in many of our gastronomic arrangements, have learnt by instinct, rather than by knowledge, to do. Within the tea-pot is concealed a certain substance known as theine, which can be condensed into minute colourless crystals; a volatile oil, not much understood, but which seems to be the very essence of tea; tannin, or tannic acid, an astringent substance found in grapes and other things as well as in tea; and gluten. Perhaps, too, a "facing" of Prussian blue or indigo, which the Celestials generally give to their barbarian outward-bound cargoes. Few people think they have all these primary ingredients in the cup of tea they carry to their lips. We call them primary, for if we were to attempt to give their chemical analysis, we should fill up our paper beyond all reason. In the toast we eat with that albuminous egg and complex tea exist water, gluten, starch, sugar, and gum; in the milk we pour into the cup is caseine, or curd, water (sometimes too much of that), butter, sugar, or lactine, and salts or ash; in the beefsteak at dinner are fibrine, fat, salt, and blood; and in the vegetables we may choose to eat with it, we find starch, sugar, fat, and legumine or emulsine. And all these things, albumen, gluten, fibrine, caseine, legumine, and theine, are analogous to each other; albumen, gluten, and fibrine especially, being interchangeable substances, differing only in their source, but identical in comparative composition. Gelatine, or pure glue, comes from the skin, membranes, and tendons, &c., of animals; a special variety comes from the cartilage of the ribs, and is called chondrine; and diastase is a modification of vegetable albumen, which is found naturally during the germination of seeds, and which can change starch into sugar. When grain is malted diastase is formed.

Chemistry claims to itself, too, all the oils; the fat, the fixed and fat, and the volatile. Of the fat oils proper are only three; oleine, stearine, and margarine; but Chevreul has added butyrine, the fat of butter; phocenine, the fat in the oil of the porpoise; and hircine, the essence of the fat of goats and sheep. The volatile oils are such as oil of cloves, of peppermint, of lavender, &c., most of them pure hydrocarbons, as we have seen, but some of them containing carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Colours, too, are chemical. From indigo, the highest in the scale, to chlorophylline, the lowest, the analyser takes possession of them all as his fiefs and inalienable properties. He has a large collection, leaving on one side even the vegetable dyes, alone enough to fill a column. Thenard's blue is burnt out of phosphate of cobalt, mixed with aluminum; king's yellow, or orpiment, is a sulphuret of arsenic; Turnbull's blue a form of iron; and Turner's yellow a chromate of lead. Prussian blue is a salt of iron; ultramarine comes from sulphuret of sodium, treated with silica and alumina; peroxide of manganese gives a rich reddish purple colour to glass; and protoxide of manganese a beautiful light green, very like the substance called mountain green, which is, in fact, a carbonate of copper—the same as forms the colouring matter of malachite. Scheele's or Schweinfurth green is an arsenite of copper, and a sulphate of copper gives a most beautiful blue. Tin, added to a solution of gold, forms the regal purple of Cassius, a compound of peroxide of tin and protoxide of gold; realgar, used in the "red fire" of Vauxhall, is a sulphuret of arsenic; chromium, which forms so many colours, is specially beautiful in one—the "chrome yellow;" and chromic acid appears to be the colouring matter of the ruby; the chloride of antimony, or butter of antimony, bronzes gun barrels; protoxide of silver gives a fine yellow colour to porcelain and glass; vermilion is a sulphuret of mercury; the peroxide of uranium gives, again, a yellow colour to glass; oxide of tin forms a white enamel; oxide of lead gives a brilliant red powder called minium or red lead, and the protoxide gives massicot, a yellow paint called litharge, when semi-vitrified; sulphuret of cadmium is a magnificent yellow; white lead, or ceruse, is a carbonate of lead; and verditer, or mountain blue, is an impure carbonate of copper.

But one of the most striking discoveries of chemistry is the analyses of precious stones. So long the objects of a kind of social worship and scientific fetishism, it strikes us, even at this day, with the same kind of wonder as that created by the analysis of flower perfumes. It seems such a close prying into the life of nature—as if nothing can be hidden away from man and his crucible, now that he has been able to analyse the nature of precious stones, and weigh out the various

the starch got from the dahlia, it makes yellow; while licherion, that got from lichens, it makes green. Potato and grain starch can be made into sugar by means of sulphuric acid; it can also be made into a gum, known as British gum. Indeed, there is a wonderful affinity between gum, starch, and sugar, all of which look like the several masks of one only substance—harlequins of nature—one and indivisible, though never so variously disguised. Starch treated with nitric acid becomes xyloidine, or gun-cotton, which explodes the whole harlequinade to the elements, and ends the *trinitas in unitate* in a most effectual manner.

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When we eat a boiled egg with our tea and toast in the morning, we eat what would be a "translucent, horny solid," if dry, but which, softened and moist, goes by the name of albumen. Our egg is made up of typical albumen in the white, and of a variety of albumen in the yoke, coloured by a bright yellow oil, the two balancing and correcting each other,—albumen being astringent to the human economy, and oil the reverse; thus keeping the balance between the two parts, as we, in many of our gastronomic arrangements, have learnt by instinct, rather than by knowledge, to do. Within the tea-pot is concealed a certain substance known as theine, which can be condensed into minute colourless crystals; a volatile oil, not much understood, but which seems to be the very essence of tea; tannin, or tannic acid, an astringent substance found in grapes and other things as well as in tea; and gluten. Perhaps, too, a "facing" of Prussian blue or indigo, which the Celestials generally give to their barbarian outward-bound cargoes. Few people think they have all these primary ingredients in the cup of tea they carry to their lips. We call them primary, for if we were to attempt to give their chemical analysis, we should fill up our paper beyond all reason. In the toast we eat with that albuminous egg and complex tea exist water, gluten, starch, sugar, and gum; in the milk we pour into the cup is caseine, or curd, water (sometimes too much of that), butter, sugar, or lactine, and salts or ash; in the beefsteak at dinner are fibrine, fat, salt, and blood; and in the vegetables we may choose to eat with it, we find starch, sugar, fat, and legumine or emulsine. And all these things, albumen, gluten, fibrine, caseine, legumine, and theine, are analogous to each other; albumen, gluten, and fibrine especially, being interchangeable substances, differing only in their source, but identical in comparative composition. Gelatine, or pure glue, comes from the skin, membranes, and tendons, &c., of animals; a special variety comes from the cartilage of the ribs, and is called chondrine; and diastase is a modification of vegetable albumen, which is found naturally during the germination of seeds, and which can change starch into sugar. When grain is malted diastase is formed.

Chemistry claims to itself, too, all the oils; the fat, the fixed and fat, and the volatile. Of the fat oils proper are only three; oleine, stearine, and margarine; but Chevreul has added butyrine, the fat of butter; phocenine, the fat in the oil of the porpoise; and hircine, the essence of the fat of goats and sheep. The volatile oils are such as oil of cloves, of peppermint, of lavender, &c., most of them pure hydrocarbons, as we have seen, but some of them containing carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Colours, too, are chemical. From indigo, the highest in the scale, to chlorophylline, the lowest, the analyser takes possession of them all as his fiefs and inalienable properties. He has a large collection, leaving on one side even the vegetable dyes, alone enough to fill a column. Thenard's blue is burnt out of phosphate of cobalt, mixed with aluminum; king's yellow, or orpiment, is a sulphuret of arsenic; Turnbull's blue a form of iron; and Turner's yellow a chromate of lead. Prussian blue is a salt of iron; ultramarine comes from sulphuret of sodium, treated with silica and alumina; peroxide of manganese gives a rich reddish purple colour to glass; and protoxide of manganese a beautiful light green, very like the substance called mountain green, which is, in fact, a carbonate of copper—the same as forms the colouring matter of malachite. Scheele's or Schweinfurth green is an arsenite of copper, and a sulphate of copper gives a most beautiful blue. Tin, added to a solution of gold, forms the regal purple of Cassius, a compound of peroxide of tin and protoxide of gold; realgar, used in the "red fire" of Vauxhall, is a sulphuret of arsenic; chromium, which forms so many colours, is specially beautiful in one—the "chrome yellow;" and chromic acid appears to be the colouring matter of the ruby; the chloride of antimony, or butter of antimony, bronzes gun barrels; protoxide of silver gives a fine yellow colour to porcelain and glass; vermilion is a sulphuret of mercury; the peroxide of uranium gives, again, a yellow colour to glass; oxide of tin forms a white enamel; oxide of lead gives a brilliant red powder called minium or red lead, and the protoxide gives massicot, a yellow paint called litharge, when semi-vitrified; sulphuret of cadmium is a magnificent yellow; white lead, or ceruse, is a carbonate of lead; and verditer, or mountain blue, is an impure carbonate of copper.

But one of the most striking discoveries of chemistry is the analyses of precious stones. So long the objects of a kind of social worship and scientific fetishism, it strikes us, even at this day, with the same kind of wonder as that created by the analysis of flower perfumes. It seems such a close prying into the life of nature—as if nothing can be hidden away from man and his crucible, now that he has been able to analyse the nature of precious stones, and weigh out the various

substances that go to make up odours. "*La Recherche de l'Absolu*" is neither so chimerical nor so far off as Balzac supposed. And first, as to the diamond—which, though the king and chief of all, may be dismissed in two words—pure carbon. The diamond is the ultimate effort, the idealisation, the spiritual evolution of coal, the butterfly escaped from its antenatal tomb, the realisation of the coal's highest being. Then the ruby, the flaming red Oriental ruby, side by side with the sapphire and the Oriental topaz—both rubies of different colours—what are they? Crystals of our commonest argillaceous earth,—the earth which makes our potter's clay, our pipe clay, and common roofing slate—mere bits of alumina. Yet these are among our best gems, these idealisations of common potter's clay. In every hundred grains of beautiful blue sapphire ninety-two are pure alumina, with one grain of iron to make that glorious blue light within. The ruby is coloured with chromic acid. The amethyst is only silica or flint. In a hundred grains of amethyst ninety-eight are simple, pure flint—the same substance as that which made the old flint in the tinder-box, used before our phosphorus and sulphur-headed matches, and which, ground up and prepared, makes now the vehicle of artists' colours. Of this same silica are also carnelian, cat's-eye, rock crystal, Egyptian jasper, and opal. In one hundred grains of opal ninety are pure silica, and ten water. It is the water, then, which gives the gem that peculiarly changeable and iridescent colouring which is so beautiful, and which renders the opal the moonlight queen of the kingly diamond. The garnet, the Brazilian—not the Oriental—topaz, the Occidental emerald, which is of the same species as the beryl, all these are compounds of silica and alumina. But the beryl and emerald are not composed exclusively of silica and alumina: they contain another earth, called glucina—from *glukos*, sweet, because its salts are sweet to the taste. The hyacinth gem is composed of the earth, not so long discovered, called zirconia—first discovered in that species of hyacinth stone known as zircon. The zircon is found in Scotland. To every hundred parts of hyacinth seventy are pure zirconia. A chrysolite is a portion of pure silicate of magnesia. Without carbonate of copper there would be no malachite in Russia or at the Burra Burra mines; without carbonate of lime there would be no Carrara marble; the turquoise is nothing but a phosphate of alumina coloured blue by copper; and the lapis lazuli is only a bit of earth painted throughout with sulphuret of sodium.

All our earths, then, are nothing but metallic oxides; and the common clay of our fields and roads is connate with, and allied to, the most brilliant gems of the Eastern mines. Every earth may be metallised into its metallic basis; for "the globe of the earth is one vast mass of metals of different kinds, disguised by various substances, but chiefly by oxygen." When the oxygen is withdrawn the disguise is at an end, and the metallic basis appears. The great Thaumaturge and wizard and enchanter of all is this chemistry of the nineteenth century, by which "nothing is, but all things seem," and which upsets all our former knowledge of names and substances as inexorably as M. Frikell upsets our notions of time, place, distance, and circumstance. E. L. L.

THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

By T. R. MACQUOID.

THIS mosque was the *chef d'œuvre* of the most exquisite architecture of the Arabs,—an art so perfect and beautiful, so adaptable to all the requirements of modern life and convenience, that we cannot but marvel it has not been more generally employed. Moorish architecture has, to northern eyes, a strange and exquisite appearance, induced by the loftiness of some of its parts, the simple massiveness of others, the elaboration of ornament, the large employment of colour, and, above all, the singular form of the arch employed, with its centre considerably above the capitals of the columns—the "horseshoe arch," as it was at one time styled. When Cordova came into the hands of the Spaniards, this magnificent building, the pride of Moorish Spain, was given to a chapter of monks, who, in the reign of Charles V., set about adding some Gothic work to the perfection of the Arabian architecture. Now, Gothic architecture is wholly unsuited for union with Arabian—they are too nearly allied to be fitly joined; and Gothic of the time of Charles V. was Gothic at the point of death. Consider that escutcheon, backed by its angel-supported mantle, and the romantic figures around it; how sadly out of keeping it is with the groined vault in front, and how much more so with the light springing arches of the Moorish work beyond! A speech of Charles V., relating to these Gothic additions, when he visited Cordova, and was conducted to see the mosque, is remarkable for its good sense and truth: "You have," said he, "built here what you or any one else might have built elsewhere; but you have destroyed here what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish." This speech was not only true of what had been done, but prophetic; for the Gothic work remains to this day incomplete.

One portion of the Moorish work, highly characteristic of the style, is visible in this engraving. The arch in the distance, which is supported upon clustered shafts of dark marble, and forms the immediate entrance to the holiest of holies, has its immense vaulting space, or rather tympanum, filled up by a double arch, separated by a most elegant shaft, the peculiarity of which is, that it is surmounted by another double arch, also supported by a shaft, which rises immediately from the capital of the inferior one. The lower and the upper arches are different in form, one being the simple and beautiful horseshoe, the other a floriated arch of the cinquefoil form. It will be observed, also, that the moulding, which goes like a bow above the upper arches, is not concentric with the curve of the arch itself—a subtle thought of the designer to obtain variety by a re-application of the same material of ornament. Through the openings of this double tier of arches may be discerned the more distant and larger horseshoe arch surmounting the square-headed doorway, which is also filled in with a horseshoe arch.

The Gothic portions are, as we have said, of a very low style. The square pier to the right of the engraving is of late Renaissance work, almost as much out of keeping with the Gothic vaultings above as those are with the original part of the edifice. The opposite pier, which is decorated with what is styled diaper work, is both rich and beautiful, crowned with a singularly elegant cornice, above which rises the wall surface, ornamented with paneling and mouldings of admirable design.

Like other expelled races, the Moors of Tunis and Barbary, the descendants of those of Spain, hope to resume their heritage in Europe, and that the fair plains of Andalusia, Algarve, and Granada, shall once more be an Arabian land; but, above all, they cling to the belief that the cry "To prayer!" shall again ring over Cordova from the pinnacles of this mosque. They preserve to this day the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain; but not more religiously do they trust to use them than they hope again to pray in the "Eye of the World," as this mosque was named. L. L.



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA. BY T. R. MACQUOID.

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SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. IV. Russian Comedy.

The Russian calendar is twelve days behind ours. How far is Russia behind us in other respects? The question is not answered very easily, for in some things we are centuries ahead, in others only a few years, in others a single season, while in one or two comparatively unimportant matters (such as decimal coinage and extramural cemeteries and slaughter-houses), we are positively distanced by the yet undeveloped empire which we are in the habit of styling semi-barbarous. The peasants of Russia are very far indeed behind ours—several centuries, if we judge by the period of our enfranchisement of the serfs; but they are also far from being in the position of the French peasants before the Revolution, and in material prosperity are quite on an equality with the labouring classes of most other European nations. We believe that no such official corruption as is to be found in Russia ever existed in England at all. In England, it is true, candidates for parliamentary honours bribe voters; but if there were parliaments in Russia, voters having petitions to present would bribe members. In Russia judges take bribes almost openly, and Russian writers quite openly accuse them of it. The most desperate Chartist and revolutionist in England would not suspect an English judge of such a practice; nevertheless, in Fielding's time, there were magistrates who were guilty of it, and magisterial venality is quite a common subject of jest in Smollett's novels. In France, until Beaumarchais' time, it was customary for suitors to pay visits to the members of the tribunal which had to try their cause: this still occurs in Russia. There were serfs in Prussia until 1811. There are serfs in the Austrian dominions now, and, by all accounts, they are far worse off than those of any part of Russia. In France, until the Revolution, capital offenders were broken on an iron frame with an iron bar (as described by Mercier in the *Tableau de Paris*), and these executions occurred frequently. In Russia the punishment of the knout was similar to this; but no such punishment has been inflicted since the accession of the present emperor. In the Austrian and English military services, culprits are still flayed alive as they are in Russia. In our army, it is true, we have no running the gauntlet or flogging through the ranks; but Captain Marryat describes flogging through the fleet as it took place during his time; and even now, in Australia, disobedient convicts are flogged within an inch of their lives, and occasionally die under their punishment. Juvenile offenders, and persons of any age who shoot bits of tobacco-pipe at the Queen, are sentenced by the magistrate to be "privately whipped;" and juvenile offenders of the upper classes are whipped—less privately—by the head masters of our public schools. In France there is no such thing as flogging, either in the prisons, or in the government schools, or in the army; but the Algerian soldiers, though not flogged, used to be tortured to death (and perhaps are now), by being suspended by the arm from a tree, with the toe of one foot resting on a cannon ball,* and by exposure of the face and eyes to a scorching sun. Corporal punishment, then, is not confined to Russia; but the worst of it is, that in Russia it is frequently inflicted illegally, and merely at the caprice of a proprietor.

To find the equals of the Russian police, we must go back at once to the alguazils of *Gil Blas*. The officials are the curse of Russia; and the worst of all those locusts and scorpions who infest the land are the officials of the police. Not that the Russian *gendarmerie* in any way annoy travellers, as is commonly supposed. Even the passport difficulties are very much exaggerated, thanks to the sheep-like tendency of tourists to follow in one another's footsteps—of which one result has been, that the Russia of the present day is still represented to us as the Russia of a quarter of a century since. The delays attributed to the passport office may, in many cases, be accounted for by the avarice of hotel-keepers, who are determined that the supposed victims of official procrastination shall remain with them as long as possible; but, however that may be, it is quite certain that, just now, a foreigner who speaks the language has less trouble with his "papers" in Russia than in France. The history of my own passport in Russia was simply this. I had to exhibit it on arriving at Cronstadt, and again at the St. Petersburg custom-house. Then Herr Klee, of the Hôtel de l'Europe, borrowed it for a few hours to get the name "written in" at the district police commissioner's; and the next morning I had to take it myself to Prince Orloff's, now Prince Dolgorouki's, office, where, on exhibiting it, and paying a small fee, I received a Russian passport, accompanied by a permission to go to Moscow. At Moscow I had to be "written in" again at the district office, but had not to visit the place myself; and then during six months I went where I pleased, without ever having to show the precious document either at any public institution I happened to visit (such as the Treasury, the Foundling Hospital, the Prison, &c.), or at the Post Office, when I wanted my letters, or even on leaving the city to go to the Troitza monastery, a distance of forty miles. Before leaving for England I had to give notice of my intention to depart, which was duly advertised, and had then to show myself at the Governor-General's office, where I paid half-a-crown for His Excellency's signature, which occupied eight lines, and was decidedly cheap at the price. I afterwards remained a month at St. Petersburg, without having anything whatever to do with passport authorities, though I, of course, had to exhibit my "papers" at the diligence office when I took my place for the Prussian frontier. In fine, I had to exhibit my passport several times, and on two occasions had to appear with it personally at a public office—which certainly was an inconvenience; but, altogether, I had not so much trouble with it as I should have had in France, where you cannot move a step without being called upon to show your ticket-of-leave, and where you must be "written in" at every fresh hotel you go to, and must surrender your certificate altogether on entering a fortified town. And it must be remembered that in France Englishmen are not annoyed about their passports nearly so much as other foreigners.

* This punishment was called *Le Coq Gaulois* (vide *Les Zouaves*, published since the re-establishment of the empire).

Neither do the Russian police interfere in your domestic arrangements as the *sbirri* of Napoleon III. are in the habit of doing. In France it is forbidden to assemble fifty persons in a house without giving notice to the police, who then send their own representative to the entertainment; but there are no such restrictions upon social intercourse in Russia. Nor are the Russian constables or watchmen, who are stationed in every thoroughfare, particularly severe in their enforcement of street discipline. We certainly never saw one of them give a blow, except, when there was danger of the street being blocked up, to some *isvostchik's* horse; and the abuse which generally followed from the driver seemed to show that he stood in no unnecessary awe of the *boutoschnik's* power. But, on one occasion, when an insolent and partly-intoxicated Russian had been very properly knocked down by an Englishman, we can bear witness that a *boutoschnik* stood by while the floored one received a pecuniary indemnity for the blow; and the amiable, though infamous, *boutoschnik*, in fact, said that money was the only remedy. As the Englishman was going to a ball, and had no wish to pass the night in a *boutka*, he, of course, agreed with the *boutoschnik*, and the matter was settled quite pleasantly, the injured party receiving for a very fine black eye a sum equivalent to one and eightpence. How much of the fifty *copicks* went into the *boutoschnik's* pocket I am unable to say; but it is quite certain that the guardian of public order profited to some extent by a breach of the peace; and thus do the Russian police find their profit in every crime or misadventure that is brought beneath their notice. If a lodger in an hotel misses anything, and informs the police of his loss, they will make him pay for laying his complaint before them; they will make the hotel-keeper pay for suffering things to be stolen from his hotel; and if they know the thief, they may be at the same time receiving money from *him* in consideration of not taking him into custody. A person of my acquaintance had a book stolen from him, and having traced it to a book-stall, was foolish enough to give the suspected thief into custody. Gladly did the policeman take the thief, gladly did the thief go with the policeman. The loser of the book in the meanwhile had to appear time after time at the police office, and to give money on each occasion, until at last he was allowed to withdraw his charge, on payment of two roubles. A Frenchman, who lived in the principal commercial street of Moscow, assured me that if he caught any one stealing from his shop (which sometimes happened), he never thought of handing him over to the police. He had done so, he said, too often; for, once mixed up with the police, there was no getting rid of them, and to obtain justice was out of the question. "What, then, do you with a detected shoplifter?" I asked. "We take him into the room at the back, thrash him, and then kick him out into the street," was the reply. "We know, at all events, that we shall not see him again. He is glad to get off so easily—and so are we." This horror of the police is so great, that a Russian will avoid the body of a dead or dying man, lest the alguazils should see him and accuse him of the murder, with a view to extortion. A friend of mine was in the Troitza restaurant at Moscow one day, when a merchant suddenly fell dead from apoplexy. In an instant the tables near him were deserted. There was no one to untie the expiring man's neckerchief. The first thought of every one near him was how to escape the police, who would have required the daily attendance of all present for an indefinite period, even if they had not imprisoned them, and affected to regard them as the apoplectic gentleman's assassins. The result of such a system is to degrade men to the level of beasts, and policemen to that of demons. It is difficult to believe that such a state of things can exist in the present day in Russia, or that it can ever have existed anywhere else; but we find instances of it in France (to revert to our parallels) in Montaigne's time; and there can be no doubt that, up to the period of the Revolution, the French police were a terror instead of a protection to the lower orders. "Some peasants," writes Montaigne, "have just come over to warn me, in all haste, that they have found in one of my forests a man covered with a hundred wounds, who called out for water and assistance to get up. But they did not dare to go near him, and fled away lest the justice folks should seize them; in which case they would have been treated as it is customary to treat people found near a murdered man, for they had no influence or money to prove their innocence. What can I say to them? It is certain this office of humanity might have brought trouble on them."—(*B. St. John's translation.*)

To finish with the Russian police officer, we will say that he is an authorised robber, and that every one knows it—every one being aware that he "spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day," or, to be nearer the truth, in the ratio of five shillings out of threepence. We once saw an *isvostchik* almost in tears because a *kvartalny* (commissary of the quarter) had caused himself to be driven all over Moscow, and then tendered *twopence* (it reminds one of the good Samaritan) in payment of the fare: of course the driver had no remedy. But the *kvartalny* does not content himself with cheating poor *isvostchiks* (he usually contrives to keep his own equipage—to say nothing of a couple of clerks to do his work—out of 40*l.* a-year), he extorts money from every householder, at all events from every trader, in his district. He will take a present of five or ten roubles because it is his birthday, or because it is your birthday, or because you have a sign over your shop, or because you have a shop without any sign over it. He will let you alone, however, if you happen to be a noble, for nobility in Russia means the privilege of being treated like a human being of intelligence and feeling, and of treating others as if they were nothing of the kind.*

Less obnoxious to the community, but equally base with the police, are those officials, military and civil, who, even in the face of an invasion, have not sufficient patriotism to abstain from plundering their government. Thus we hear of captains of steamers

* Nevertheless we do not believe that this latter privilege is much abused. The nobles are the only highly-educated class in the empire, and naturally all the men of genius that Russia has produced (with the exception of Kaltzoff the peasant poet) have been nobles. The eminent writers who contribute to the Russian reviews articles on legal and administrative reforms, and on the emancipation of the serfs, are nobles. They have serfs of their own, but they did not wait for the emperor's *oukaz* to proclaim the evils and miseries of serfdom.

charging so much a-day for coals, while the vessels were in harbour with the fires out. The bombardment of Sweaborg is said to have been quite a *fête* for certain storekeepers, who obtained indemnities for stores that *might* have been destroyed, but which, in fact, had never been laid in. Some of the Crimean commissaries are accused of having sold their hospital lint to the allied armies—an accusation which is probably untrue, but of which the mere circulation from mouth to mouth is sufficiently discreditable, proving, as it does, that the act is considered to come within the limits of possibility.

This corruption of the officials was known long since to be the great malady of Russia—we were about to call it a cancer, but it is spread over the whole body; let us rather call it a leprosy, for, like a leprosy, it has been pronounced incurable. Under Nicholas, who never showed much energy on the side of good, no serious attempt seems to have been made to treat the disease, though we must remember that it was under his reign that its diagnosis was first drawn up by the Doctor in Literature, Nicolas Gogol. Fancy what a task the exhibition of Russian official corruption must have been! Every form of extortion and baseness crammed together within the limits of a five-act comedy! The cleansing of the Augean stables was nothing to it: this was a far dirtier work, for it was the collection of Augean filth into one heap; nor until the advent of the present emperor was the river of reform ever fairly opened upon it.

Of the history of the Russian stage—it dates only from the middle of the last century—we shall speak in our next article; at present we wish only to call attention to the two most remarkable comedies that Russia has produced; viz. *The General Inspector* (*Revizor*), by Gogol; and *Grief from Wit* (*Gore ot Ouma*), by Griboiedoff. These comedies, though entirely different in conception and execution, have the same groundwork—the vices of the Russian official system; and both are written with a serious definite object, such as can be found in no other comedies, except, perhaps, Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro*, which is, in fact, a pamphlet in the dramatic form. In most countries the press, as an organ of criticism, is in advance of the stage; but in Russia, until the present reign, the stage has been in advance of the press.

Revizor is in prose, and essentially dramatic; *Gore ot Ouma* is in verse, and essentially lyrical. The prose writer, pursuing a strictly objective method, shows us his officials stealing, cringing, and tyrannising, without indulging in one cry of indignation, without introducing one honest character into his piece, to tell the others how contemptible they are. "I have laughed with my bitter laugh," says the inscription on Gogol's tomb in the Daniloffsky cemetery, near Moscow; but, after the representation of *Revizor*, the public thought the piece so amusing, that the author felt called upon to explain in a preface, that "behind this laughter there were burning tears." In our edition of the play the only preface is this proverb, which is printed on the title-page, "You must not blame the looking-glass if your face is crooked."

On the other hand, the poet Griboiedoff, though possessing many dramatic qualities, treats his subject, as we have said, quite in the lyrical manner. His personages do not act, they discuss; and in the one good character, who declaims against all the rest, we see the author himself, as in the base and stupid ones we see the author again, only he is speaking ironically.

The only *moral* gratification the spectator derives from the representation of *Revizor* is that of seeing a host of greedy, fraudulent officials taken in through their very anxiety to cheat or bribe into collusion a general inspector, who ultimately turns out to be no general inspector at all. In *Gore ot Ouma*, in which we see the effect of the official system on a single independent, noble-minded young man, who declines to enter "the service," the hero lashes every vice as he points it out.

But, in *Revizor*, the author does not breathe a syllable against cheating and bribery; he contents himself with *showing* us how terribly every official cheats, and bribes, and takes bribes. We see the villains at their work, and the work is so nefarious that we feel that, after all, Gogol is right: there is nothing to be said. He has exposed a huge social sore, but he is not a dealer in platitudes, to tell you that he objects to sores. There it is, such as it is, and it is for the state surgeon to cauterise it at any risk, or it will destroy the patient.

The plot of Gogol's piece may be told in a few words. Khlestakoff, a young man in the government service at St. Petersburg, in travelling from the capital to his father's estate, has spent all his money, and, from want of funds, is forced to remain in the distant provincial town in which the scene of the comedy is laid. He is in a miserable inn (of which the interior is represented faithfully enough on the Russian stage); he has no money; and the innkeeper not only refuses to give him credit, but even threatens to complain to the police that he has remained several days at his hostelry without paying a *copick*. Now it happens that, in this little town, where each official has his own particular kind of knavery, the postmaster reads all the letters, as a matter of course—their contents, in fact, form the staple of his conversation, which, as may be expected, is varied and interesting. He even carries the letters about with him, and says to his friends, "Here is a letter from a young man who gives an account of a magnificent ball; I think his description will please you," and so on. This postmaster has ascertained that a general inspector from St. Petersburg is about to visit them; that he is the bearer of secret instructions; and that he is travelling *incognito*. The governor of the town has also been warned of the advent of this terrible man, and all the officials of the place meet, in order to devise the best means of throwing dust—if necessary gold dust—in his eyes. "I dreamed of rats last night," says the chief; "I knew something fearful was about to happen."

In the first place, the governor recommends a few precautionary measures; for it is barely possible that the government inspector may not be a bribe-taker, but a strict disciplinarian. "If I were you," he says to the superintendent of the hospital, "I should give my patients clean night-caps. The inspector would, perhaps, not like to see them looking like sweeps, as they generally do. And I should have an inscription over each bed—in Latin, or any other language—saying when

the patient fell ill, or something of that kind. And I would have fewer patients in the hospital, or it will be imagined that they are not treated properly."

"As for the treatment," replies the superintendent, "I have arranged all that with the doctor. The simpler the treatment the better. If a man dies, he dies; if he gets well, he gets well. We imitate nature. Besides, how can the doctor speak to the patients about their illnesses when he does not understand a word of Russian?"

Here the German doctor utters an unintelligible sound.

"And you," continues the governor, addressing the judge, "would it not be a good idea to get your court put in order? You keep poultry in your rooms. The rearing of poultry is certainly a very meritorious occupation; but—I don't know —I think—a law-court, you understand, is not the place. Then in the audience-room there is a hunting-whip on the desk among the papers. I know you are fond of hunting, and you are quite right; but you might as well remove the hunting-whip, and you can put it back on the desk when the inspector has gone. You have other faults, too; of course every one has; Providence has so ordained it, whatever the Voltairians may say; but really you receive too many presents of hounds!"

"Hounds!" replies the judge. "Now, really, what are a few dogs? If a man accepts a fur cloak, worth five hundred roubles, or a cashmere shawl for his wife, it is a different thing!"

"Is it?" rejoins the governor, angrily. "Well! shall I tell you why you accept presents of dogs? It 's because you don't believe in God. Whatever I may be, I have a religion; but you, when you talk about the formation of the world, you make my hair stand on end."

The local college is about as well attended to as the hospital and the law-court; the roads are out of order; the streets are not paved; the shopkeepers have been, for years past, forced to make unheard of presents to the governor on his name's-day (and he contrives to have two name-days every year); and recently a soldier's wife, who, as a free woman, is not liable to corporal punishment, has been flogged. The officials are trembling, quarrelling, and reproaching one another,—"You take so much; I only take so much; you steal too much for your place;" and so on, when suddenly a provincial gossip enters with the information that there is a gentleman at the hotel who pays nobody.

"Then he must be a government officer of high rank," is the general conviction, and at once a deputation is sent to the inn where Khlestakoff and his servant are staying.

Khlestakoff, hearing the governor of the town announced, concludes that he is about to send him to prison for swindling the hotel-keeper; and here a good scene of equivoque occurs. Khlestakoff begins by accusing his host. He has given him a bad room, infamous dinners, detestable tea.

The governor is very sorry, and suggests that Khlestakoff shall change his residence.

"I understand," says Khlestakoff, indignantly, "you would have me sent to prison. Do you know who I am, sir? Do you know that I am a government officer?"

"He is determined to do his duty," reflects the governor, "and fears that any neglect on his part will be visited with imprisonment. But how angry he is! Some one must have told him that I flogged the soldier's wife, and that I take bribes." And thereupon he explains that he didn't flog the soldier's wife; and that, as for presents, he has never taken any of much value; besides which, his salary really doesn't suffice to pay his expenses.

The astonished Khlestakoff assures the governor that he does not wish to interfere in his private affairs, and that he is only waiting in the town until he receives money from home.

"How cunning!" says the governor to himself; but he is determined not to be outwitted. "If you want money," he observes, "it is my duty to oblige travellers. Let me lend you two hundred roubles."

"Willingly," replies Khlestakoff.

The governor gives him a roll of notes; and when the young traveller has consented to pocket them without counting them, exclaims aside, "I have done it beautifully! I see that we shall agree. Instead of two hundred roubles I have given him four!"

Ultimately Khlestakoff goes off to the governor's house, where he is fêted, and not only fêted but bribed by every official in the town. He makes love to the governor's wife, and then proposes to the daughter, upon which the governor himself goes nearly mad, and has visions of becoming a general. Henri Monnier's M. Prudhomme, when he fancies he has been promoted to a seat in the cabinet, and sends his wife out to buy a "*porte-feuille de ministre*," is nothing to him.

After all the officials have visited the supposed inspector, the merchants of the town contrive to see him. They bring with them loaves of sugar and bottles of brandy, wherewith to propitiate "his most excellent highness the chief of the finances," as they style him. One complains that the governor not only exacts from him clothes for himself and all his family, but that he thinks nothing of taking entire pieces of cloth, of five and twenty yards or more, into the bargain. Another merchant complains that, unless he gives various presents to the governor, he is threatened with having a regiment of soldiers billeted upon him. "I cannot beat you," the governor says to him, "because the law does not allow it; but I will pay you out my own way." However, there is nothing pathetic in the grief of these victims of the officials. They have become utterly degraded through endless persecution, and the example of their superiors; and when they come to complain of the local officials to the official who has arrived from the capital—to the supposed general inspector—they beat their foreheads on the ground and offer him bribes, that he may punish their tormentor.

Then a poor woman comes in, whose husband has been taken for a soldier. "It was against the law," she says, "for they have no right to take a married man; and, besides, it was the turn of the tailor's son, but his mother gave some money. Then it was another one's turn, but his mother took three pieces of cloth to the governor's wife; so at last they fell upon my unfortunate husband."

Here Khlestakoff can do nothing. He can accept presents, but he cannot redress injuries. Then other petitioners arrive; and at last the very patients in the

hospital have risen from their beds to complain of their ill-treatment and neglect, and actually make their appearance at the wing! But here the scene closes, for the horrible is not admitted even into tragedies—and *Revizor*, it must be remembered, is a comedy.

When Khlestakoff has left the town (promising to return in a few days) the director of the post office comes in with a letter, which, according to custom, he has opened. It is a letter from Khlestakoff himself to a friend in St. Petersburg, and the postmaster is naturally anxious to see what the inspector-general says of himself and his friends. They all assemble, as in the first act, and the letter is produced.

"How could he dare to open the letter of such an important personage?" say the other officials, admiringly.

"Personage? He is no personage at all," replies the postmaster; "the deuce knows what he is!"

Here the governor becomes indignant. "Do you know that he is my future son-in-law?" he exclaims; "and that I am going to be a general? and that I will send you to Siberia if you speak in that manner?"

"Siberia is a long way off," returns the postmaster, calmly. "Read for yourself."

The next scene, imitated in form from the *Misanthrope*, is admirably comic. The letter contains an insulting phrase for every one. The governor, finding that he is exposed, is skipping a sentence, when the postmaster takes the letter from him and reads. Then, when the latter appears to be showing a similar leniency to himself, the document is taken from him by the superintendent of the hospital, who stops, however, when *his* name is mentioned; and so on through the entire assembly.

"To think that *I* should have been taken in!" exclaims the governor, with charming *naïveté*. "I, who have been thirty years in the service, and have had to deal with the cunningest scoundrels in the world! Why, I have done three intendants in *my* time—yes, three intendants; and to do an intendant is something!"

Then the question arises, "Who first said that this swindler was a general inspector?" "It was you." "No; it was Bobtchinski." "No; it was Dobtchinski." And an unfortunate man named Dobtchinski is being blamed for the whole disaster, when suddenly a courier appears, and announces the arrival of the real inspector, who wishes to see the officials forthwith. The effect of this message may be imagined, and the curtain falls upon the general consternation.

Does it not appear strange that such a comedy should be licensed by the censor? To those who think that the Russian government looks with favour upon vice and corruption, it must appear strange indeed; but it is a fact that dramatic writers have more liberty in Russia than in any other country in Europe, and that all the great satirists the country has produced have been countenanced and encouraged by the state.

But let us now turn to Griboiedoff's *Gore ot Ouma*, of which an English translation, by Nicolas Bernardaky, has lately been published.

Gore ot Ouma, being interpreted, means *Grief from Wit*—not, exclusively, the wit which shines in epigrams, but "wit" as the word was understood in the eighteenth century; and the play, while exhibiting an animated satirical picture of Moscow fashionable life in 1823, points out the fate which inevitably awaits a man of honesty and perception who is surrounded by a society of rogues and fools. Tchatsky, the hero, is a misanthrope, but, at the same time, an ardent, enthusiastic young man, who perhaps, under more favourable circumstances, would not have been a misanthrope at all; though we suspect that, as Sophia, the heroine of the piece, observes, "he is happiest where men are most ridiculous." He has very little in common with Molière's *Misanthrope*, who, compared with Griboiedoff's hero, is a model of patience. Alceste moralises, and delivers lengthened disquisitions, while Tchatsky is a bitter satirist, and declaims the most elaborate tirades. They, however, resemble one another in this point, that each of them tires his mistress—in the case of the Frenchman, by continual sermonising; in that of the Russian, by unceasing raillery. There is one very fine idea in the Russian comedy. The intellectual, warm-hearted Tchatsky is at length declared to be mad by the company of dolts and knaves against whose vices and meannesses he has in vain directed his satire—just as the patients of the Colney Hatch asylum might resolve unanimously that their visiting physician was a lunatic.

The plot of *Gore ot Ouma* is very simple. Tchatsky, returning from his travels, finds, after three years' absence from Moscow, that Sophia, whose affection he had once enjoyed, no longer cares for him. The high-minded but unpleasantly satirical young traveller, who has too much independence to enter the government service, where cringing and flattery alone can procure him advancement, is supplanted by a model functionary named Moltchaline, who is silent before his superiors, lest by too much talking he may chance to utter some unbecoming remarks; who fawns systematically upon those above him, and makes love to the daughter of the chief of his department, merely as a matter of business. "My father, on his death-bed," says the cold-blooded secretary, "counselled me to ingratiate myself with all I came in contact with—with the owner of the house where I lodged, with my superiors in the service, with the servant who brushed my clothes, with the porter who opened the door, and with the very dog of the porter, that it might not snarl at my heels." Sophia really loves Moltchaline, while Moltchaline loves Lisa, the *soubrette* of the piece; "and I," says Lisa, "fear love as I do the devil; yet how could any one help loving Petroushka the butler?"

Famoussoff, Sophia's father, is a servile functionary of high rank, who, in his best moments, utters commonplaces of a somewhat florid description; while the homely stupidities pronounced by his friend Skalozoub, a military pedant, are principally remarkable for their *naïveté*. Thus, on being asked whether Moscow is not a magnificent capital, the latter replies that it "really does cover an immense space of ground." Indeed, the play altogether belongs to satire rather than to comedy. There is a great deal that is terrible, but not much that is laughable, in Griboiedoff's picture of Moscow society thirty-five years since. As a specimen of the two styles combined, we may give the following speech by Famoussoff, the *laudator temporis acti*, availing ourselves of M. Bernardaky's prose translation. After upbraiding Tchatsky for not enter-

ing the government service, the old functionary continues thus:—

"You young fellows are all proud alike; but you ought to ask how your fathers acted. It would be much better to learn from those who are older than yourselves—from me, for example, or my late uncle, Maxim Petrovitch. His meals were served not only on silver but on gold plate, with a hundred servants in waiting. He was covered with decorations, and always drove a carriage and four. He passed his whole life at court,—and such a court! How different from the present one! It was the court of the Empress Catherine. At that time all the courtiers weighed at least forty poods. Even if you bowed to the earth, they never honoured you with a recognition. . . . . As for my uncle, he had a serious aspect and a haughty bearing; but in the presence of his superiors he could bend his body into a circle. Once, at a great ball at the palace, he slipped, and fell so effectually as nearly to break his neck. The old man groaned deeply, and was honoured with an imperial smile. The Empress deigned to laugh,—what do you think he did? He rose, shook himself, made an effort to bow, and fell again—but this time intentionally. The laughter was continued! A third time he performed the same feat. What is your opinion of that? We considered it ingenious, for by those falls he rose. . . . On account of exploits of this kind, who was always invited to the imperial card-tables, and favoured with the most gracious words? Maxim Petrovitch! Who was always treated with the greatest respect? Maxim Petrovitch! I am not joking. Who used to scatter titles and pensions? Maxim Petrovitch! Yes! and who among you young fellows could have held a candle to him?

"*Tchatsky.* You speak the truth. . . . That was, indeed, a century of fear and servility. All was done under the mask of zeal for the sovereign. (I make no allusion to your uncle; we will leave his ashes to repose in peace.) However, now we find few amateurs ready to break their necks for the amusement of the public; and although there are always men prone to baseness, yet in our days the fear of ridicule deters them, and takes the place of honest shame. That is why advancement is so slow in the service.

"*Fa.* Good Lord! He is a Carbonaro!"

Such satire, which in the original is given in ringing verse, would be tolerated in no other country in Europe except England. Certainly no one who has witnessed the performance of Beaumarchais' masterpiece at the Théâtre Français, since the re-establishment of "order" in Paris, and who remembers how Figaro's celebrated soliloquy is mutilated, can suppose that such scenes or such speeches would be permitted on the stage in France.

Here is another significant extract from an admirable scene in the third act:—

"*Skalozoub.* Shall I tell you a piece of good news? There is a general rumour that in all lyceums, schools, and gymnasiums, nothing save military exercises will be taught, and that books will be reserved for great occasions.

"*Famoussoff.* No, Sergei Sergeitch! If we mean to reach the evil at its root, we must throw all the books into the fire.

"*Ska.* Not at all! There are different kinds of books; but if I were appointed censor, I should certainly be inexorable with regard to fables. I should dread them as the evil one. They are full of jests about lions and eagles. Say what you will, though animals, still they are potentates."

The original has it, "Though animals, they are still *Tsars;*" and it is a fact, that in Kriloff's fables nearly every abuse in Russia is attacked in some shape or other.

After making use of M. Bernardaky's translation, it may appear ungracious to find fault with it; but there is no concealing the fact that it needs correcting, and it is sufficiently good to be worth the trouble. It certainly conveys an idea of the substance of the original, though the style all but perishes in the double translation from Russian into English, and from verse into prose. As a general rule, M. Bernardaky endeavours to render his author literally; but in the low-comic portions of the piece, he appears to aim at Anglicising the dialogue, after the manner of our "adapters" from the French: thus Lisa declares that she is "in a nice mess," and Tchatsky is said to be "as mad as a March hare."

Independently of its other qualities, *Gore ot Ouma* possesses great merit in a theatrical or spectacular point of view. There is a scene in the last act, where the company at a ball cross the stage in groups as their carriages are announced, which is full of animation, and which is always highly successful in representation. "In general," says a Russian critic, "we think very little about enlivening the action, and of impressions from the stage, forgetting that it is not for nothing that a drama is called a spectacle, and that it has to be shown to the audience. Hence many of our comedies are kinds of 'dialogues of the dead.' You have not the real world or living beings before you, but shadows with neither face nor body."

The end of the second act is also very novel and effective. Tchatsky is declaiming one of his long tirades against the imitation of foreign manners. His audience disappear one by one, until, after an unusually violent outburst, he suddenly turns round and finds himself without a listener. The men and women he would reform are seen waltzing in the background, and the curtain falls.

We may add that these scenes, like most of the characters, are quite episodical. "They can be taken out, changed, or added to," says the Russian critic from whom we have already quoted, "and you will not detect a gap or an addition." In this respect the piece resembles the comedies of Von Vesen; and it has been remarked that, in the hero himself, there is a likeness to Von Vesen's Staradoum. Tchatsky is, in fact, one of the variations of a type that is constantly re-appearing in Russian literature—the independent man struggling against the net-work of officialism that envelopes him. Among the purely episodical scenes alluded to, we may mention that there are several in which the imitation of the French is ridiculed, and one which contains an amusing account of a midnight club, established for the discussion of English poetry and English politics.

The dialogue is full of epigrams, written in metre of the most varied description. In fact, there are as many different forms of verse in *Gore ot Ouma* as there are airs in an opera. Two of the numerous amusing conceits are easily turned into English rhyme. Famoussoff, hearing that Sophia sits up all night reading French novels, exclaims:—

"Thanks to French books, her eyes she seldom closes,
While I o'er Russian ones have frequent dozes."

Lisa, speaking of an old maid who had been driven to despair by the departure of a young Frenchman, remarks:—



GIRLS GATHERING WATER-LILIES—CASHMERE. BY W. CARPENTER, JUN.

We believe it was Tom Moore who first started the *quasi* poetical notion that it was the common amusement of the young ladies of Cashmere to go out in boats, and, gathering water-lilies, decorate their hair with them profusely. Of course Tom Moore, if it was he who originated with us this fancy, borrowed the notion from some Eastern hyperbolical expression in poetry; we may be quite sure that it is no more the common custom for the sentimental damsels of Cashmere to amuse themselves in this way than it is for English girls to gather mushrooms. According to the tale, however, Mr. Carpenter represents the theme before us in a boat drifting idly down some still Cashmerian stream—stream so still that lilies grow largely in it, and open their star-flowers to the sun in all the magnificent beauty of their nature. The one damsel, the rower, sits pensively holding her paddle, cheek on hand; one stands up in the boat, fitting above her ear the bloom of a lily, but does not appear to avail herself of the bright surface of the stream as a mirror in this operation of the toilette; to her clings a child, whose primitive costume indicates a half-civilised stage of society. The third girl is selecting another bloom to cull, in addition to two weighty and perfect ones she already holds in her hand. The background shows a bridge traversing the stream, such as is common in these countries of Asia—a single plank with a hand-rail. In a land so commonly intersected with rivers as Cashmere there can be none of magnitude, and the most economical and simple means of crossing them is therefore adopted.

"When the young Frenchman went away,
In vain her grief she strove to hide;
In three short days her hair turned gray,
—She 'd quite forgot to have it dyed."

As the lives of Russian literary men have, for the most part, been made known to us by authors who have had special reasons for detesting the Russian government, some account of the career of an eminent poet like Griboiedoff would have been very acceptable, coming from the pen of an impartial writer like M. Bernardaky. M. Herzen, in his work *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, after stating that in Russia "a dark and terrible fate is reserved for any one who dares to raise his head above the level traced by the imperial sceptre," proceeds to give a list of authors whom "an inexorable fatality has thrust into the tomb." In company with Poushkin and Lermontoff, who fell in duels of their own seeking, with Venevetinoff "killed by society," Koltzoff "killed by his family," Belinsky "killed by hunger and misery," and Ryleieff "hung by Nicolas,* we find Griboiedoff "assassinated at Teheran." The reader naturally imagines that the assassination of Griboiedoff was somehow or other connected with his intellectual superiority; and the reader is right. Griboiedoff, the brilliant poet and satirist, having already served with distinction in Persia, under Paskievitch, was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Teheran, where he was killed during an insurrection; so that it may be asserted, without positively transgressing the bounds of truth, that Griboiedoff would not have been murdered unless he had written the best comedy in the Russian language.

Poushkin has left an account of his meeting with the remains of his brother poet, as they were being conveyed through Armenia to the capital of Georgia:—

* Victor Hugo and Lamartine have fought duels, and might have been shot; so might Byron and Moore, and nearly all the writers of the last generation. Armand Carrel *was* killed in a duel. Gilbert and Hippolyte Moreau died of hunger. Gérard de Nerval, in the deepest poverty, hanged himself. Gros, the painter, cut his throat. So did Léopold Robert. So did our Haydon. Such instances (which might easily be multiplied) prove nothing against the government of a country. As for Ryleieff, he was hanged, not as a poet, but as a conspirator and a shedder of blood.

"Two oxen yoked to an *araba*," says the author of *Oneygin*, "ascended the steep road; several Georgians were accompanying it. 'Where do you come from?' I asked them. 'From Teheran.' 'What are you conveying?' 'Griboiedoff.' It was the corpse of the murdered Griboiedoff which they were taking to Tiflis. I never thought to have met our Griboiedoff thus. I had parted from him the year before in St. Petersburg, when he was about to set off for Persia. He was melancholy, and troubled with a strange presentiment. I endeavoured to tranquillise him, but he said to me, '*Vous ne connaissez pas ces gens-là: vous verrez qu'il faudra jouer des couteaux.*' He thought the cause of the bloodshed would be the death of the Shah, and the breaking out of a civil war among his seventy sons; but the aged Shah is still living, and the prophetic words of Griboiedoff have nevertheless been fulfilled. He perished beneath the Persian daggers, the victim of ignorance and perfidy; and his mutilated corpse, after having been for three days the plaything of the mob, could only be recognised by one of the hands which bore the mark of a pistol-shot. I made the acquaintance of Griboiedoff in 1817. His melancholy disposition, his keen wit, his good heart, his very weaknesses and vices—the inevitable attendants of our poor human nature—everything about him was singularly fascinating. Born with ambition equal to his genius, he was for a long time entangled in the meshes of petty wants. His abilities as a statesman were never brought into play; his poetic talent was not recognised; even his cool, dazzling bravery remained for some time under suspicion. Some of his friends knew his worth, though they saw the smile of distrust—that silly, intolerable smile which is assumed when the name of a very remarkable man happens to be mentioned. People believe only in fame, and do not understand that among them there may be some Napoleon who has not even the command of a light-infantry company, or a second Descartes, who has not yet published even a line in the *Moscow Telegraph*. Perhaps our respect for fame has its origin in self-love, as we assist with our own voices in creating it. The life of Griboiedoff was sometimes overclouded—the result of his fiery passions and of imperious circumstances. But he felt the necessity of making up accounts with his youth once and for ever. He suddenly changed his mode of life, bade farewell to St. Petersburg, and with it to his holiday existence, and went off to Georgia, where he remained eight years in great retirement and incessant study."

It was during his residence in Georgia that Griboiedoff gained that knowledge of the Oriental languages which afterwards distinguished him. There, too, he wrote his *Gore ot Ouma*—at Tiflis in 1822. It was produced about a year afterwards, and the author at once took his rank among the first poets of Russia. After the great success of his comedy, Griboiedoff appears to have remained some time in Moscow and St. Petersburg, contributing to various periodicals, and among others to Ryleieff's *Polar Star*, which has lately been revived in London by M. Herzen. It was in the *Polar Star* that the author of *Gore ot Ouma* first published his translation of Göthe's *Prologue to Faust*. Shortly before the insurrection of 1825 (after which Ryleieff, who was one of the five leaders, was executed) Griboiedoff visited Georgia for the second time, and soon after his arrival in Tiflis married the sister of Prince Chavchavadzey, the Georgian nobleman whose family were carried off a few years since by Shamil's mountaineers, and detained for nearly eight months in the Caucasian chief's seraglio.* After conducting the negotiations with the Persians at the close of the war of 1827, Griboiedoff was chosen by Paskievitch to present the treaty of peace to the emperor, on which occasion he received four thousand pieces of gold, the Order of St. Anne, and the rank of councillor of state (corresponding to that of colonel in the army). Exactly one year had elapsed since Griboiedoff's presentation of the treaty to the emperor, when the news was received in St. Petersburg of his assassination at Teheran. He perished in the thirty-fifth year of his age, leaving behind him, together with several dramatic productions that are now nearly forgotten, one masterpiece, which still fills the Moscow and St. Petersburg theatres whenever it is performed, though the state of society which it depicts has, happily, in a great measure passed away.

* See *National Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 162. It appears from the Princess's published account, that Griboiedoff's widow, who had been staying with the Chavchavadzey family, only escaped captivity by a fortunate accident.

THE APPARITOR OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

(ALBERT DURER'S AGE.)

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I STOLE into the armourer's forge,
  He could not hear me for the beat
Of his strong hammer rivetting
The gold that needs but burnishing.
  (I trod with stealthy velvet feet.)
The gilded gorget all but done,
One furbish of the blazoned sun—
Of the keen biting file, one rasp—
Of the close pincers, just a grasp.
He roused the furnace; fierce, though slow,
The fading coals began to glow;
The dark and light in pulses came.
I dropped the roll, and when the flame
Came roaring back—I was away.
We meet again—perhaps to-day.

The painter stood with brush in hand,
  Beside his work of twenty years;
His pallette cracked and under foot,
  His canvas wet with passion's tears.
Behind a screen I stood to mark
  The sequel of his hopes and fears.
The skeleton, hung in a frame,
Grinned at his master's lust for fame.
The Titian Venuses laughed round
From painted ceiling, where they 're bound.
He fell asleep. I thrust the band
That tied the roll into his hand.

The statesman at his levée sat,
  A pimp was whisp'ring in his ear;
The Seven deadly Sins stood round,
  His mistress and his monk were near.
He spurned a peasant with his foot,
And all the courtiers laughed to see.
I smiled, but longed to show the scroll
Would spoil their grinning revelry.
Then with the crowd I knelt to kiss
The great man's robe, and in his sleeve
I slipped the thing. I saw him start,
A coward, smitten to the heart.
(We meet before to-morrow eve.)
But I was gone ere he could cry,
"Ho! Switzers! stop that villain spy!"

I found the abbot at his shrine,
Aflame with candles, line on line;
The incense hid him; crossed with gold
His vestments were. I groped my way
Through mists of myrrh, to kiss his hand,
The foremost of the kneeling band;
And while the holy father turned
To where the lighted tapers burned
To bless the people, in the pix
I slipped the letter sealed with red—
I laughed to see his solemn tread,
His silver bell, his cross of gems,
His bows, and all his holy tricks,
His gold and ivory crucifix.
I stayed, under my hood to see
The end of all that mummery,
And just as belfries knelled the noon,
I saw the good man reel and swoon.

The chemist's spell was at its height,
A triumph filled his fading eye;
Upon one hand there fell a light,
He knew not that a friend was nigh,
A golden scum was rising fast
Within his urn of tepid glass:
A crucible with crimson oil
Began to seethe, and hiss, and boil.
He now was lord of earth and heaven,
He trod on kings—(a juggler's dream);
He saw the vassal monarchs pass,
Hailing him sage and lord (the ass)!
I threw the warning letter in,
And left the fool to guess his sin.

The page was singing by the wall
Of the park terrace, blithe as May.
The mole creeped out to hear the boy;
The hawk beside him dropped his prey;
The bees grew silent in the flower;
The thorn-bush shook its snowy shower
For pleasure; rabbits came to feed
Around him, on the crop-eared mead.
I tied the notice to his hook
While he was poring o'er his book,
Heedless of float and rod—in dreams
Of Luther and his devil schemes.

The baron chattered to his hawk,
The jester teazed the kingly bird;
The children, on the terrace walk,
Were playing with a giant sword.
The baron smote his tardy grooms,
Cursed the old steward, called for wines,
And frowned—when red upon the wall,
As red as blood, the sunset shines.
It passed—night sponged it out—ah, would
Time could erase a stain of blood!
I bribed the jester with a gaud,
To hand my letter to his lord.

The merchant sat beside his bales,
Waiting for news from Helvoetsluys,
To say his ship, in spite of gales,
Had reached the port without a bruise.
Each moment turned his bloodshot eyes
Unto the doorway, where his clerks
Were weighing treasure saved from sharks,
From reef and galley, Turk and Jew,
From tempest, leak, and whirlpool blue,
Just as the windows darkened there,
I set my foot upon the stair.
"Arrived from Holland—safe—a prize,
Good tidings of the two Allies."
I push the letter underneath
The cheating villain's chattering teeth,
He calls, impatiently, "A light!"
It comes—but I am out of sight.

I sought the leper in his hut,
Darkened with nettles—he, the boor,
The poorest of the vilest poor,
Stood groping in the slimy fen
For leeches for the fevered men
He dwelt with—doling out a hymn.
He stooped and toiled—good Lord! to see
One happy in his misery.
Such fools and slaves this heresy
Beguiles. I slipped into his creel
The warning of the rope and steel.

So spreads the net, and such the haul
That one night's summonses will bring.
It 's thus we catch the toad and eft,
And clear Religion's tainted spring,
Purging the air with fires and fires,
Till, beacon-like, these ceaseless pyres
Shall burn away the Lutheran mist,
And show man heaven. Peace has kist
Righteousness long enough, I wist.

To-night we meet the painter-fool,
The brutal baron, and the sage—
His gold dissolved;—the armourer—
His work all done—upon one stage
The merchant and the alchemist—
Gold-winner and gold-maker. See
The men in black—the rope and steel,
The straining rack, the bruising wheel,
The torture-water, and the vaults
Where fools throw bloody somersaults;
So deep, no tell-tale groan can rise
To God, who watches in the skies,
With smiles, these scourged heresies!

To-night a pleasant company
All shaking in a row, before
The three, the ten, the six, the four,
The cross-swords, angle, star, and eye,
The open book, the mystery.
We meet—they come this very eve;
But when go hence?—nay, by your leave.

BOB BLACK'S ILLUSION.

THE season was dying of sheer exhaustion. Very serious symptoms had set in. Family men were packing up their carpet-bags to start forthwith, renew their autumnal acquaintance with the sea, and secure apartments for their wives and progeny. Tourists were trying on felt hats and having the straps of their knapsacks repaired. The opera-house had announced the last few nights of the subscription.

Now it happened that a friend who had already

departed on a continental tour, of plan so elaborate that it was certain he would deviate from it before he had been twelve hours from home, had bequeathed me his opera-stall for the few remaining evenings of performance. So, on a night in August a few years back, the *affiche* announcing *Les Huguenots*, I found myself the tenant of a very comfortable seat, and awaiting the first bars of the prelude.

"You here, of all people in the world!" said a friendly voice close to me.

I turned, and found occupying the next seat my friend Fox Plimpton, of the Foreign Office. He was attired with the surpassing neatness which had earned for him the title of Bandbox Plimpton, and was smiling with his wonted radiant amiability. For no matter whether days or years elapsed between my meetings with this distinguished member of the Civil Service, it seemed that we always resumed our acquaintance exactly on the friendly and intimate footing on which we had quitted it. Fox Plimpton's nature was too sunny and genial to permit of any ice congealing round his friendships. For this reason, if for no other, and to say nothing of his being the best-dressed *employé* of the Government, I hope he may one day become Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or receive some similar lucrative appointment. I should mention that he was about five feet three inches in height, and, like all five-feet-three men, was on very good terms with himself; but then, to do him justice, it must be added that he was on equally good terms with everybody else.

"I didn't know you ever did this sort of thing," he continued. "You 've seen the opera before, of course? Not a bad house, is it, for the time of year? The papers will call it 'fully and fashionably attended.' It isn't that, you know. Still it 's not bad. People are going out of town at a great pace. *I* hope to go soon. There 's a queer lot got into Lord Belvidere's box! He started for Spitzbergen yesterday. By the way, how did you come into that stall?"

I explained.

"Ah! I see. I 'm not here every night. There are four of us go shares in this stall: Tom Nicholls—you know Nicholls, Lester of the Treasury, Hylton Wynne, and myself. We 're a sort of company—limited liability—that sort of thing—for being *swell* on moderate terms. Union is strength, you know. We keep a cab and a tiger, and take turns in driving about the park; also a party in livery, with a cockade in his hat, to sow cards and brush clothes—that 's all he has to do. We occupy fashionable apartments, and have this stall. We couldn't, of course, do all this individually. We divide the operas. Lester 's musical, scientific, and that—plays requiems, concertos, and symphonies, no end, so we give him Beethoven, Spohr, and Mozart—the musical heavies, in fact. Tom Nicholls is of the young Italy school, so he has Verdi. Wynne isn't particular, and never knows the names of the composers, so he takes anything we don't care about, and we tell him it 's first rate. He always goes to sleep, so it don't matter. I generally get Auber and Donizetti. Meyerbeer we look upon as an open question—a sort of combination of styles—we toss up for him. I won to-night. That 's a pretty girl up there, with the black eyes, and the scarlet and gold fuchsias in her hair. What do you say? The one on the right side here, with the blonde plait and blue velvet and pearls over her head? Yes; she 's pretty. Well, beautiful if you like. She 's often here, and I 've looked at her until my eyes ache. Fine arm, hasn't she? I forget her name, though I did hear it the other night. She 's an heiress—worth no end of money, they say. Clever, but eccentric. That 's Lord Blumber over there. How fat he grows! They really ought to give him a peerage. This is a fine opera, isn't it? Chivalrous, you know. Grisi 's rather hoarse. Yes, she 's a wonderful woman. I say, you know Bob Black?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, there he is, look, at the left side entrance to the stalls, standing up, with a white tie, cream-coloured gloves, and a black opera-glass."

"That Bob Black! Why——"

"Yes. It 's rather a change. I don't know what to make of it. He 's here often now. Quite a reformed character. You know how he used to talk—how he used to live."

"Yes, he gave out that he waged war with shams, and denounced society as a falsehood. Declared the world was genuine oak, veneered with imitation rosewood, French polished, and wanted to tear away the veneer and come to the original wood. Prided himself on his savageness, and advocated enlightened barbarism."

"Yes; didn't brush his hair, wore red woollen shirts, smoked fearful tobacco, and lived in his studio, sleeping on a wild beast's skin—a lion he shot in Africa—and was always redolent of turps and oil paint. What a democrat! By Jove, almost a *sans culottes!* Why, he once in a rage cut up a dress suit into strips, as a protest, he said, against the knavery of society, and to prevent his being ever again lured within its influence."

"But why——"

"I can't understand it. He 's broken out into a swell, and looks quite a Regent Street Samson. He 's got his feet into lacquered boots—his hands into the tightest fitting gloves; clothed his large-boned frame in superfine Saxony, and put a lace shirt-front over his bull chest; parted his tawny hair down the middle, and black-waxed his moustache till it 's quite a bronze colour. The effect is grand, but inexplicable."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"Yes—the other night—last Tuesday—they played the *Lucrezia*. I went up to him. He was affable, but absent, and didn't seem to want to talk. He was so tremendous in his manner and appearance altogether, I didn't dare to chaff him. He has all his old muscular strong way, and seems quite as much in earnest in his new line of conduct as he was in his old."

"Is he painting now?"

"I don't know. It seemed a profanation to speak of the shop to a party of his appearance."

"He must have had a legacy left him!"

"Perhaps so."

"And yet money would hardly have changed him."

"What, then?"

"Is he in love?"

"Bob Black in love!"

"Have you observed him while he remains here?"

"Yes, but I can make nothing of him. It does

sometimes happen that unfortunate bachelors in the pit fall in love with some of the goddesses above in the grand tier. I once thought Bob Black might be suffering from some such malady, and I 've watched him accordingly. But, if it be so, he 's very careful, and doesn't betray himself. He doesn't remain still and gaze in one direction. He 's always moving about—sometimes in the theatre, and sometimes out—now on the right hand side, now on the left. He generally attends to what is passing on the stage, but in an abstracted sort of way,—and he never applauds."

Meanwhile the unconscious object of our remarks retained his station at the entrance to the stalls. He was a fine-looking fellow, considerably above the average height, and about thirty years of age. I had known him for some six years, but of late had not been in the habit of meeting him very frequently. He had led rather an erratic career. Had begun life in the army, and had served with distinction in the Kaffir war. Suddenly, however, no one knew precisely why, he had thrown up his commission, come back to England, and commenced to study as an artist. He possessed considerable talent, worked with great industry, and was gradually achieving for himself a very fair reputation. His style was undoubtedly clever, though peculiar. He was, in a measure, injuring his success, however, by the eccentric manner of life he affected. He lived alone, in a barren, uncomfortable studio, and in a way so strange, rough, and primitive, as to be utterly at variance with all social usages. Our astonishment at seeing him at the opera, therefore, was something considerable.

"How do you like it?" Plimpton began again. "What a difference Italian singing makes in the effect of these French operas!—improving in most places, but damaging sometimes. The French voice is nasal,—the result of the language, sharp, ringing, metallic,—singularly adapted to the military music of this third act. Of course, in the sentimental passages, nothing can equal the luscious, glowing, dulcet tones of the Italians. I am not sure that that critical remark doesn't belong of right to Lester. Here we are at the fourth act! Now for the grand duet! This is a soul-moving thing! Nothing like it for warming up an audience! I do think it is the finest stage love-scene to be found anywhere!"

I looked round for Bob Black, but he had gone.

"Isn't it fine—real—grand!" cried Fox, enthusiastically. "Hear Mario; his voice seems to throb with passion!"

I glanced around me. It is a curious sight to see a whole theatre spell-bound by the actor's art. Every sound hushed—all eyes and ears straining towards the stage. I was taking mental note of this strange spectacle, when suddenly I perceived our friend again; he had moved round to the opposite side of the theatre.

"*Tu m'ami—tu m'ami!*" The exquisite voice of the singer rang through the house, and seemed to touch the hearts of all. I turned towards Bob Black. If it were true that he loved, would he not betray something of his secret now?

The ears of the audience drank in, thirstily, the faintest echoes of the love-music. A murmur of applause arose—flowers were thrown upon the stage. Was it by accident or design?—a flower from a box above fell down close to Bob Black. He stopped it as it fell, and hastily gathered it into his breast. The circumstance seemed to me, in the excitement of the moment, to have escaped observation. I looked up to the box from which the flower had fallen, but the curtains were drawn rather forward, and I could not see the persons sitting within; a small, gloved hand, however, rested on the damask cushion. I remembered then that it was the box in which Fox Plimpton and myself had admired the lady with the blonde hair and the pearl bands.

At the conclusion of the act Bob Black quitted the house, and I did not see him again. The lady in the box came forward no more; if, indeed, she remained in the theatre. The opera over, I parted with Fox Plimpton at the door.

A few days afterwards, in walking along the Strand, I noticed a figure in a Hansom cab gesticulating violently. The cab stopped, and little Fox leaped out, attired in a wonderful suit of rough check-tweed.

"I 'm going out of town," he said,—"I 've got my leave."

"Where are you off to?"

"I don't know exactly. I 'm going now to meet Nicholls, Lester, and Wynne. We all want to go together, but we all want to go different ways. I suppose we shall decide by tossing. I don't much care whether we go north, south, east, or west, only—I don't mind telling you—I do *not* like the sea, and Wynne wants to go yachting! Good bye—thank you—I 'm sure to enjoy myself! Good bye!"

He got into the cab, and was just starting off again, when he asked, "Have you seen Bob Black?"

"No."

"Go and see him."

"What 's the matter?"

"Something queer. Good bye!"

Bob Black resided in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. My interest in him was considerably excited, and I went at once to see him.

"He 's in his painting room; go up," said a gruff old woman who opened the door. It was not a ceremonious household.

I went upstairs to the first floor, and knocked at the studio door. There was no answer, so I turned the handle and went in. I found Bob Black seated on a low stool, and gazing earnestly at a small picture on his easel. By his side was a portmanteau, half packed, and all about the room were strewed various articles of dress, books, papers, materials, and instruments of art. He was pale, looked worn and thoughtful, and was for some moments quite unconscious of my presence. At last he turned, perceived me, and hurriedly throwing a cloth over the picture on the easel, rose and came forward. "This is kind," he said, in a low voice. "You have heard of my going away, and have come to say good bye."

He shook me warmly by the hand. There was a strange hushed sorrow about his manner. I noticed he had resumed his red woollen shirt, and his old worn velvet painting jacket. His thick hair had tumbled over his forehead, and his beard was tangled and uncared for. There was a grand and noble look

about him, though he did seem to have done all he could to appear graceless and dishevelled. He hardly looked the same man as the lounger at the opera.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know. I mean—I 'm going to Spain," he answered confusedly, and his hand trembled.

"What 's the matter, Bob?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I 'm a little knocked over, that 's all—late hours, and that sort of thing. I shall soon be all right again," he answered, in a pitiable tone—the more pitiable from the false cheerfulness about it.

"Why not go for a month into Warwickshire?"

"Home? No; I must get away farther than that—much farther. I must go abroad. I think Spain will do."

What an absent, shaken manner! How different to the old rough abruptness!

"Bob, I don't seek to pry into matters which don't concern me. But we are old friends. Something has gone wrong with you. I think we can trust each other—help each other, if need be."

He hid his face in his hands. Without removing them, he said, "You mean kindly, I know; but nothing can help me now—nothing save Time and Death. I 'm past cure, I think."

He paused for a few moments.

"I 've been a fool, that 's all! I 've been dreaming happily, and don't like waking to a dreary reality. I have had a glimpse of heaven, and earth seems rather a wretched affair after it! This sounds mad, doesn't it? Sometimes I think I am mad. Sometimes I hope I am. Stop a minute."

He took his hands from his face and stood up. With a toss of his head he whirled his thick hair off his forehead as he leant upon a long mahl-stick.

"Let me tell you something. Women find that crying and talking relieve their sorrow. I 'd cry if I could. At least I can talk. But don't laugh—don't wonder. Look on the ground and listen.

"You know what a savage I 've been—what a rude, rough life I 've led. How I 've talked—cried down men—libelled women. Well, I 've been punished, as I deserved to be. *I 've been in love.* Madly—furiously—as a school-boy—worse, a great deal, for his is only play—mine was real, downright earnest; and even now this love is moving and burning about in my heart like hot lava. I don't want to talk foolishly: for many reasons I will not give names. We 'll call her *Astræa.* I might as well have worshipped a star, for all the chance I had of winning her.

"One day, you must know, not long since, a lady—Astræa—came to this studio. She said she had heard of me—had seen my works—and desired that I should paint her portrait—on my own terms. A she-dragon, in a brown wig and black satin—her aunt, I think, she said—accompanied her. I didn't care about the thing; but—I am always hard-up, as you know—I agreed to undertake it. I proposed, however, that the sittings should be given at her house. You see I was ashamed rather that she should come to such a rough place as this. But she said it would be more convenient to her to come here, so there was an end of it. She came, with the she-dragon in her wake.

"She was very beautiful—any other artist would have rejoiced to have had such a subject to paint; but I didn't like it. I was sulky about it. It seemed an invasion of my savage prerogatives to have a fine lady coming here to sit. I had to get the place cleaned, you know, and put tidy. I had to give over smoking at my work, and to rub up my genteel manners. I didn't like all the bother of it, and was half for throwing up the job, even after I 'd commenced it, and though I did want the money. But somehow I knocked under to her beauty, and her calm, queenly way, and her kind tenderness, as it were, of my queer, crude prejudices. I hadn't the heart to thwart her. So I worked away to get the nuisance over and done with. And then, when I found her charming head coming to life under my hand on the canvas,—her pale marble face, her delicate features, and her long waving golden hair,—I began to warm to my work. I began to think differently upon many subjects. Soon, when she spoke (she had the most musical voice in the world), I found a delicious trembling come over me; and when she turned her wonderful eyes upon me,—such liquid, luminous, deep violet-colour you never saw,—they seemed to melt through to my heart, as sun-rays drill through the snow. And I got confused and nervous when I spoke, and more than ever upset when the dragon was present; but soon she gave up coming almost altogether. So the portrait went on slowly, for I began to linger fondly over it, and to dread the day when it would be completed, and Astræa would go away from me for ever, and I was tempted to undo in the evening the work of the morning, to postpone as long as possible the day of completion. And I grew to be proud,—yes, proud of her coming here, and to look forward tremblingly to the hour of her arrival, and to dread bitterly the time of her leaving. How happy I was when she sat there—her calm grace, her matchless beauty, shedding a glory about the place it had never known before,—and I painted her, looking at her and loving her with my whole soul! For I did love her. I found that out at last. I could paint nothing but her; I could think of nothing but her. From my rising in the morning to my lying down at night she, Astræa, was ever in my thoughts. Love for her was glowing within me, and sending up its fumes into my brain to intoxicate and madden me. Out of her presence I grew to be the most wretched of men. Then I gathered from her her places of resort, her habits of life, and went to every place where the least chance of seeing her existed. I could hope for little recognition beyond a bow, a smile; but oh, how priceless were these! I gave up my old roughness. I became a "swell," as you 'd call it. I pounded along on horseback in Rotten Row. I frequented balls, concerts, operas, fêtes. My passion absorbed my whole being—became the theme of my life. Sometimes I seemed urged to fling myself at her feet and avow all, and beg for her pity and her forgiveness. For I felt as though it were a crime to love her, so pure and grand as she was, in every way so far above me; that it was an abuse of the trust and confidence she had reposed in me. Shame and doubt and love beset me till my mind reeled—till my hand trembled so I could scarcely hold my brush—till my eyes dimmed so I could see nothing but a white mist upon my canvas."

"Did she not perceive all this?"

"Sometimes I think she did. Sometimes it seemed —oh! it was madness—that she returned my love. Let me proceed. The portrait was finished; by no amount of plausible pretext could I prolong the sittings. By chance I learnt she would be at the opera one evening. It was something to be near her—to be under the same roof with her. So I went also, as I had frequently gone before for the same reason. The opera was *Les Huguenots*. I stood opposite her box. I looked towards her but seldom, for I feared to offend her—I feared to betray my secret. Half-way through the opera it seemed to me that she perceived me, and motioned to me to move to the opposite side. It might have been fancy, the gesture was so slight. However, I went over—I would have gone to the end of the world at her bidding. It was during the fourth act of the opera——"

"A flower fell from her box down to you," I said.

"You know this?" he cried, almost fiercely.

"I was at the opera on that evening. I saw you there. I observed the flower fall, and you receive it."

"How strange! It seemed to me impossible that any one could have seen that. No matter. It drove me mad, that flower! She loves me, I thought. She loves me! I went home, tottering, delirious. I wrote to her. I am not a good hand at letter-writing, generally. But I never stayed then to think of the form in which I should address her. I hardly know what I wrote, only that I poured out my whole heart into the letter. Told her I loved her, and that my love was urging me on past all bounds.

"The next morning she came. She looked very very pale and sad. She strove to appear calm and composed, but she was trembling all over. I glanced up once into her sorrowful eyes. It was enough: I read my doom. I saw all the mad folly of which I had been guilty. The consciousness of it came upon me all at once, and wrapped me round, as it were, in a cold, wet winding-sheet. I bowed my head, and sank down before her. She advanced slowly towards me, and I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. She wore a silver-gray silk, very broad and ample in its folds, and long in the skirt, which floated behind her in a regal train. It was exquisite colour, with the most wonderful reflections in it. I could not help noticing that in the midst of all my trouble. She wore no jewels or ornaments of any kind, except a thin thread of a gold chain, which glistened upon the white of her neck, and then was lost among the plaits of lace upon her bosom. She held my letter in her hand.—

"'Why, why have you written to me thus?'

"Oh, such a low, sweet, sad voice!

"'Was there no other end but this? was this inevitable? Yet—no, no; it is not thus I should speak. It was not to complain I came here. I have to beg forgiveness. I have been foolish. I have done wrong. Pardon me.'

"I sought to say something; but my mouth seemed dried up, my tongue dead,—I couldn't speak. To think of an angel like that suing to me for pardon!

"She went on in a hushed, broken tone:—

"'I had heard of you, and the doctrines of life that you professed. I became curious, interested. I was young, rich, idle; and it seemed to me a pleasant task to visit you here, against your will, and tame and convert you. It was foolish—it was something worse; and I have suffered for it: perhaps more severely than you can believe.'

"I tried to murmur out some avowal of my love.

"'No, no!' she said, in a hurried, pained manner; 'it cannot be. You know—we both know—that it cannot be. We have each duties to perform—not merely to ourselves, but to others—to the position in life to which Heaven has called us. It cannot be. I should have thought of this before. I should have foreseen the difficulties we are now placed in—both of us. Forgive me that I have failed to do this.' She paused. 'Don't think me cruel, don't think I undervalue the—the regard you say here you entertain for me. But take back the letter. I may not keep it, and we must not meet again. I think we have been like children playing with fire, and are both burnt a little.' She said this with the saddest of smiles. 'If I have struck you, it has been with a two-edged blade, which has recoiled and wounded me also.'

"She stretched out her right hand. I pressed it to my lips,—a thrill went through me, and the tears came into my eyes. She placed her other hand upon my forehead. There it rested, warm and soft as a white dove.

"'How your head burns! Take heart! Stand up against your grief in your old manly way, and you will conquer. Good bye! Think of me kindly, if you can; if you cannot, forget me!'

"I said I would think of her always,—and always with kindness, with gratitude.

"'And you have great objects in life. You have your art. You can put your whole soul into that. What have *we* to do when we suffer, but to be still, and patient, and so foster our suffering?'

"She bowed her head over me. A tear fell down like a warm rain-drop on my forehead.

"'Good bye!'

"I seemed to be swooning in my sorrow. Slowly, like the moving of a mist, she glided from the room. The door closed with a jarring noise, and parted us for ever.

"I sent away the picture. But I could not *sell* it to her. I wrote and entreated her to accept it. She sent no reply but this." He took from his breast a gold-thread chain. "Secretly, I must avow, I had made a copy of the picture. I may show it to you now, knowing what you do. See here!"

He threw off the cloth from the canvas on the easel. The painting was of a face of exquisite beauty. It was the lady I had seen at the opera.

"And now," he said, "my story 's ended, my illusion 's over. I 'm tamed, and heartbroken, and wretched altogether. But she was right. There is a wide gulf separating Astræa from such a fellow as I am. I was an idiot for one moment to forget it. We may hope to meet such angels for a few minutes only in our lives—not to make them ours for ever. It is like a sunbeam stealing across the page we are reading,—move an inch, wait a minute, and it is gone, never to return. And so—and so I 'm off. I can't stay here. I must

get away, and work like a madman. I shall get better soon; and, you see, I 'll do something yet. Here 's my passport, and here 's *Bradshaw*, and here 's *Murray*, and here 's copal and brushes, and—good bye, old fellow! God bless you!" He leant on my shoulder, and hid his face, sobbing and quite overcome.

"Good bye, my dear old Bob!"

I have never seen or heard from him since. But a picture sent home from Barbary, and exhibited in the last exhibition of the Academy, created a marked sensation, and great expectation has been raised concerning Bob Black's future as an artist. I am beginning to hope that he has got the better of his illusion.

WAITING FOR FISH.

By W. UNDERHILL.

The Fisherman's family here have come down to the beach, and await the return of the boat with the day's capture from the green fields of ocean, that render harvest without a seed-time and without culture, and whose productions are given to those who can come and claim them with the skilled hand and the stout heart. Therefore they go, these hardy sons of the English land; and whenever a craft can live in the rough sea, or wherever a keel can float amongst the rocks and the sand-banks, there are the descendants of the Norseman and the Dane. When the morning "drives her prow of furrowing pearl," at dawn of day, changing gray sadness to soft silver or burning gold; when the fierce light of noon concentrates itself upon the sea; or when gorgeous evening vanishes to follow flying day to ever-new victories, bearing his wide banners of fire, his streamers of crimson and purple, his burning chariots of orange light seeming to run down roads of golden mist into unfathomable lakes of azure and green; and when, instead of all this, a sombre gray haze hides land and sea, or the waves, foam-tipped by the breeze, roll in masses that would strike terror into the landsman's heart; still the fisherman pursues his arduous employment. Spectrally crossing the moon's bright track, you may see his boat from the firm cliff; or if yourself afloat, when the night is at the darkest, and your own ship staggers heavily through the sea, the wind loud in her screaming rigging, and the decks wet and slippery, ever and anon you may see a tiny light glance suddenly out of utter darkness, waved athwart once or twice, and then extinguished. This is the fisherman's light, just shown for a moment, and his only safeguard from dreadful death beneath the keel of your monstrous vessel, whose black sides and glancing copper reel past him in the dark, just caught by the flash, which shows how the mounting waves slide past her hull to disappear hissing abaft. Thus seen, these black timbers and bright metal look monstrously huge, threatening, and portentous; fearful to the unaccustomed mind; yet, such is custom, the fisherman sleeps at sea with no other safeguard than that vigilance which should on the one side display the light, and on the other perceive the same.

The fisherman's son, who has been accustoming himself to this arduous life, now stands before us, holding the staffs of the net,—he has come down, with his pretty sisters, to the beach, to receive the fish, and convey it to the neighbouring markets. The little boy who leans against his sister's knee has not come to the way of life yet; but, getting a treat of a sail now and then, talks hugely of what he will do when he becomes a sailor. Now his energies are concentrated on the manufacture of boats, and sailing them in the salt pools amongst the rocks left by the receding tide.

This picture was chosen by one of the prize-holders of the London Art-Union, and shown at the exhibition of that association which has just closed. L. L.

THE UNITIES OF NATURE.

The sentiment of unity or oneness in the laws of nature has always existed in the world. When the old adepts and alchemists searched for their Philosopher's Stone—their Universal Elixir—their mysterious Alkahest—they were on the track of this great truth, and aiding, unconsciously, in some of the greatest discoveries of modern science. What to them was a special search and an isolated delusion has since been shown to be the tendency of all positive science, and the archetypal law of creation, namely, the oneness or homogeneity of all things in the beginning, while differences and specialities are after-growths and progressions,—as leaves are modifications of the stem, which itself sprang from the homogeneous seed; and flowers, again, are modifications of the leaves. But the ancient experimentalisers went on a wrong system. They worked from the apex to the base, and their work came to nought midway. They endeavoured, not so much to resolve the concrete into the abstract—to decompose the compound into the simple—as to create that compound at a moment's notice; witness their thought of being able to supersede the slow workings of nature by a magical solvent that should do in an hour the work of the forming ages. Modern science does exactly the reverse. The chemist does not now attempt to create, but to decompose. He analyses and he combines; no longer attempting to transmute. Thus, he has given up trying to convert lead into its king and ultimate perfection, gold; and has, instead, increased his simple substances from the four elements of olden nomenclature to sixty-one of the modern laboratory. And of these simple substances lead is one, equally with gold; undecomposable and concrete, of which nothing is known but its properties and its affinities or combinations. But at the same time he has found marks and signs of a hidden law of unity, or rather of unification, which, when fairly discovered, will place the whole metallic world within his grasp, and perhaps enable him to do, by the combination learnt from previous decomposition, that which the adepts spent their lives in attempting simply by hypothetical experiments. True or not, the theory of the progressive generation of metals is one of the most captivating of all modern theories. "It has been observed," says Mrs. Somerville, "that when metallic solutions are subjected to galvanic action, a deposition of metal, sometimes in the form of minute crystals, takes place on the negative wire. By extending this principle, and employing a very feeble voltaic action, M. Becquerel succeeded in forming crystals of a great proportion of the mineral substances, precisely similar to those produced by nature." Crystals formed rapidly are generally soft and imperfect; and Mr. Crosse, and afterwards M. Becquerel, found it necessary to keep up a constant voltaic action for years, before some of the harder substances could be crystallised. "If this law be general, how many ages may be required for the formation of a diamond?" And if the hypothesis founded on this law be true, how many ages may be required for the gradual growth of the baser metals into the higher—for the generation of gold from the "root of all metals, iron?"—"the first transition of the earthy into the metallic," as Oken calls it. Verily,



WAITING FOR FISH. BY W. UNDERHILL.

the adept's creations by synthesis did not carry him so far, nor so true to his aim, as the modern chemist's discoveries by analysis carry him. For that analysis, while increasing the number of simple or undecomposable substances, is also pointing to one sole, underlying law,—one great homogeneous principle of life and nature,—from which spring out and radiate all the "differentiations" we see about us.

If, too, the nebular hypothesis be true, and our system and every other system be but formed of condensed nebulæ, as Laplace and others say,—if our earth and all the planets are but "differentiations" of the sun,—the sun multiplying itself and flinging off worlds as the seed gives out the plant,—this tremendous view of solar generation accords with the law of unity of which we are writing. If this be true, then in like manner have the satellites been flung off by their respective globes,—each at one time fusing, incandescent masses, "without form and void," but now shaped and ordered by the same law which has shaped, and ordered, and vivified our earth. For the earth itself was once but a wild, bubbling, incandescent mass, homogeneous throughout, in truth—of the same substance, temperature, and condition from pole to pole,—a rotatory fluid mass of fire, without life or circumstance. The cooling of the crust was the first change from this chaotic unity; by-and-by, as the crust cooled more, it wrinkled and corrugated over the contracting mass; and then, they say, the oldest and lowest mountains were formed; for it is a fact that the immense tropical hills—the Himalayas and Andes, &c.—are geologically younger than the low granite mountains of Cumberland and Wales, which, indeed, rank among the eldest born of all the mountain systems. By this cooling the air changed, and with it the chemical conditions of the globe. In its incandescent state there were no chemical combinations at all; for at an extreme heat the elements cannot combine. But as the earth cooled slowly and gradually—beginning at the poles—the chemical compounds were of consequence generated; and these generating other compounds,—as from the protoxides spring the deutoxides, from these the tritoxides, peroxides, and so on,—a multiplication of conditions was obtained, which resulted in a reactive change of circumstance, and the production of a wider and wider heterogeneity. Resulting at last in the first form of vegetable life—the lowest scarce-defined form, the hinge between chemistry and vegetation—which later grew out into such wealth and prodigality of luxuriance under the hot, rank, steaming atmosphere found at that time under the poles and equator alike; which, later still, separated and divided and multiplied itself into the marvellous world of vegetation known to us—that complex, highly-organised world, which no system has yet compassed, and which is every day developing new peculiarities, new differentiations from its primitive unity, for which we must likewise make new laws of generalisation. Then, after the production of vegetation, when, by this very production, a new order of circumstance and condition was obtained, came forth the first animal life, the minute microscopic animalcule, from whose tiny germ grew gradually to its full stature the wonderful world of sentient life. All first of low and simple types, but slowly working up to the highest that we know of now,—the civilised MAN; as the earth itself gradually progressed from its simple form of incandescence to the complex geological and chemical condition of its present form. We do not mean to say that man is a highly developed ichthyosaur, or that he ever grew out of a mammoth or a megatherium. But though there may not have been an actual progression of generation, we may fairly assume one of idea; and if the links binding the universe have not been directly woven from being to being, they have at least been the natural consequences one of the other,—the differentiations of the original unit, the multiplication of forces, the embodiments of the law of progress.

One of the most curious facts connected with embryonic life and growth is, that "in its primary stage, every germ consists of a substance uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition," yet governed by a mysterious power of growth and likeness, by which this homogeneous germ, "of uniform texture and composition," becomes a highly organised animal, with its wonderful system of nerves, muscles, veins, and brains; or a plant completing the cycle of its being in the seed—its final evolution, as it was its primary germ. Nothing in nature is more interesting than to watch the progress of growth and development,—say in a plant. How the uniform substance of the seed multiplies itself into a simple filament; how the cells of that filament increase, develope in force, and change in character, till they assume the form of a stem; how, again, from that stem shoot forth the rudimentary leaves, the cotyledons, which in general are different from the true leaves, and of simpler form and structure; how then the true stalk-leaves unfold themselves, still from the substance of the stalk, which yet has changed in its own nature and in its power and direction of development; and how from the leaves comes the flower, this again modifying and transmuting its life into a fruit, within which lies the homogeneous germ, the seed, which will repeat the whole marvellous story without let or hindrance. "The perfect seed is the whole plant in miniature, with root, stalk, and leaf;" while "the flower is the synthesis of the entire plant—the highest formative consummation of the plant." Now, what is that power of growth,—that force of what physiologists call differentiation,—that innate self-subdivision, lying in the germ? We may call it growth, development, life; but we are then only nearer by a word. The substance of the truth is as far off as ever; but will one day be brought nearer.

As singular a fact, too, is it, that all life seems to pass through the lower or rudimentary forms before attaining the higher. In ancient times, the huge, unwieldy creatures who crushed down the monstrous grasses, were but types of more perfect forms. The ideas which each race then embodied have since expressed themselves much more clearly and harmoniously in connate, but more perfectly organised, and more specially adapted, creations. And with each perfecting of a class has arisen a still more perfect race—a race allied, but different, and a round higher in the ladder. The author of the *Vestiges* held one end of the truth. Life has been a series of developments, beginning with the lowest, and now culminating in the highest that we

know of. But of the Future Man what do we know, and how wildly may we not predicate! Going back to what we said of the higher forms of life, and their transitions through the lower, it is curious to mark the likeness of the immature young of a higher class to the perfected adult of a lower type. Take a human infant of civilised parents,—how like in many particulars is it to the low class savage! It has the same disproportionately small limbs and over-large abdomen; the same flat nose, protruding lips, flat, spreading, and forward nostrils; the same width between the eyes, and want of the frontal sinus, which characterise the savage, the archetypal man, from whom the civilised races are differentiations and progressions. But this human infant, in its progress up to intelligence and manhood, loses all those marks and bands of unity or homogeneity, and developes into something as different to that original type as the fruit-bearing apple is different to the acrogeneous lichen, from which, however, it may he traced,—and lower still. It is said, that the highest class of civilised man is farther removed from the lowest type, than the lowest type is from the highest class of brute animals. For ourselves, we leave the settlement of the question to those who like thorny discussions, and knots which may not be easily untied.

Passing from the differences of life, as all springing from an original unity, we find the same law of complication by progress repeated in all human arts, in the construction of society, in the framing of laws, and in the building up of moral and religious systems. In the earliest or archaic form of society, the primitive savage knows nothing of the division of labour, of a law greater than that of might, of a morality higher than vengeance and hospitality,—both of these, by the way, forms of self-defence. The first departure from this social germ is a division of labour. Some men are named warriors, others counsellors, others, again, hunters; and higher still in the scale come priests, and kings or chiefs. The patriarchal form next consolidates the first division of the counsellor from the "brave," and the monarchical is but its further development. The pure theocracy, wherein the priest and the god are identical in power, if not in name, is a more complex rendering of the original medicine-man of the savage; and then, by degrees, the monarchy, or the absolute rule of one, into which the patriarchal system has differentiated, developes itself into that elaborate complication of social forces known as a constitutional monarchy, with its aristocracy appended; and the simple theocracy blossoms out into a state Church, with bishops and archbishops, deans, minor canons, precentors, clerks, and sextons, with obsolete statutes and intricate action, with laws which no man comprehends, and observances which no man follows. So, too, that original law of might, by slow degrees, generates the Court of Chancery and the Courts of Equity, where evidence is split into its minutest shreds, and where the very desire to deal justly, and portion out to each his rightful fraction, has led to the abuses we all know of. But the original germ of the hair-splitting, tedious, form-encumbered, and casuistic Chancery law lay in the savage rule of might, which stole, seized, and slew, according to its will and according to its power. Take the complexity of English law, as the differentiation of mine and thine; the intricate ordering of Chinese society, as the growth from the rude simplicity of savage life; the castes of the Hindù, as born of that stagnant level, wherein all are low, and no man nobler than his fellow; take the French army, as the result wrought out from the impulse of the first "brave" who painted his face and went out with war-whoop and yell to meet his enemy; take the English man-of-war, as the idea lying in the bark canoe sewed up with moose-deer sinews; and the languages of Milton and Shakspeare, of Sophocles and of Cicero, as contained in the guttural monosyllable with which savage calls to savage; and we see as much to move and enthrall us in the study of human progress as in that of natural evolution—as much "differentiation" in man as there is in life and nature.

Nothing belonging to us rose up full-grown. No Minerva ever sprang out full-armed from Jove's brow; no thought leaped to maturity without its previous passage through long lines of failure and imperfection. Not an art that now stands alone, but once was bound up with something else. Architecture, sculpture, and painting, now so distinct, were once concrete and united; the severance effected but slowly and hesitatingly; each step taken amid the clamours of the conservatives of those times, and the threats of downfall and degradation held over the innovators. First came architecture; rising gradually from the cover of matted boughs, through the tent, the mud mound, the house, and the temple. The earliest architecture was plain: no attempt at ornamentation, no knowledge of sculpture. By-and-by some one carved a bas-relief, a pilaster, perhaps, or a wall band; others acted on the idea and engraved a figure, until, by degrees, architecture passed up to that period when bas-reliefs were part of it, and statues, bound to the building as pilasters, were as necessary ornamentations as now are door-jambs and window-sills. Then some one coloured the bas-reliefs; and, later still, some daring hand severed the connecting band, and the statue stood out free and separate—but still coloured, and so not yet distinct from painting. This came at last. But as all these things grew only in the beginnings of society, and as the beginnings of society are universally theocratic, painting was, like architecture and sculpture, simply another servant and handmaiden to the temple. Thus nothing was known but religious painting—altar-pieces and the like. Then from this artistic unity spread out the present wide artistic growth; and the one perpetually repeated altar-piece "differentiated" into the historical picture, the landscape, the portrait, the seascape, the *genre* picture, the miniature, and, later still, the highly-finished caricature—the caricature without grossness and full of elegance, which has been the special growth of this present century. Thus Leech and Gavarni have come by regular progression from that forgotten man who first daubed the hideous graven image on the temple with red ochre and pitch; as Raffaelle was the son, by time, of him who first built up the baked-brick wall, and enlarged the idea of the mud mound into an aboriginal hut. But architecture was not only allied to sculpture and painting, but also to literature. Egypt, Mexico, India, and other nations, all had their beginnings of literature in their graven and emblazoned architecture.



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"So that," says Herbert Spencer, from whom this paper has been condensed, "strange as it seems, we find it no less true, that all forms of written language, of painting, and of sculpture, have a common root in the politico-religious decorations of ancient temples and palaces. Little resemblance as they now have," he goes on to say, "the bust that stands on the *console*, the landscape that hangs against the wall, and the copy of *The Times* lying upon the table, are remotely akin, not only in nature but by extraction. The brazen face of the knocker, which the postman has just lifted, is related, not only to the woodcuts of *The Illustrated London News*, which he is delivering, but to the characters of the *billet-doux* which accompanies it. Between the painted window, the Prayer-Book on which its light falls, and the adjacent monument, there is consanguinity. The effigies on our coins, the figures that fill every ledger, the coat of arms outside the carriage panel, and the placards inside the omnibus, are, in common with dolls, blue-books, paper-hangings, lineally descended from the rude sculpture-paintings in which the Egyptians represented the triumphs and worship of their king-gods."

Certainly it would be hard to frame a list of descendants with less apparent connexion among themselves or to their common progenitor. The connexion between music, poetry, and dancing is much more apparent. It can well be seen how the savage's sacred dances (all savages dance—first the war-dance, then the sacred dance, last of all the dance of joy) would be accompanied with songs and music; but hard to believe that Fanny Elssler and Taglioni were the products of the slow, stamping, monotonous movement, by which the archaic man expressed his intention to go to war, or his wish to worship Obi. And yet the one is the lineal and literal cause of the other; and the modern ballet, with its marvellous *tours de force*, its conventional dumb-show, which needs a lengthy education to understand, with its special music and its special art, its stars, *coryphées*, spangles, and gauze, is the result of the first circle of skin-clothed savages that formed itself round the fire, and strode through a series of uncouth steps with yells and hideous cries.

It were impossible to enumerate every instance of this same kind of "differentiation," or to indicate what archaic type it was, what germ, what social seed-vessel, from which was educed the perfected and independent art, custom, state, or law, such as we have at the present time. But though a theory, and, of course, imperfect in parts as all theories are, this view of the original unities of nature and of life seems more satisfying to the intellect than any other theory or hypothesis we have yet had. It opens, too, a wider future than does any other, and gives an answer to the melancholy grumbler who is for ever harping on the past virtues that died out with the dead ages, and on the present degeneracy and delinquency of modern man. Believing, as we do, in the divinity of the law of progress, however it may be evidenced, and by what specious theories soever it may be clouded over or supported, we gladly accept any view which may be held to bear on our belief, as at least indicative of direction, if not comprising all truth. If Laplace, Oken, the author of the *Vestiges*, and other philosophers, be right, then is the whole universe one broad graduated scale of progressive improvements, and the underlying law of life is not a law of various creations, but of an innate force of multiplication and differentiation in the germ—the unit—to which all nature may be successively resolved.

E. L. L.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

COMMEMORATED ON A COTEMPORARY COIN OF VESPASIAN.

By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

THE custom adopted by the Roman Senate of commemorating the victories and other remarkable deeds of the emperors on the national coinage, has furnished us with a very interesting and important series of authentic and contemporaneous monuments of great events, from the reign of Augustus down to the decline of the empire. Among these none have attracted more attention than those connected with the destruction of Jerusalem. When Vespasian, who was in command of the legions in Judæa prosecuting the Jewish war at the time of the death of Vitellius, became emperor, he deputed his son Titus, whom he associated in the government, to continue the siege of Jerusalem; and the young commander fulfilled the high opinion his father entertained of his military skill, bringing the siege and the war to a speedy conclusion by the utter destruction of the devoted city. On his return to Rome Titus triumphed along with his father; and the triumphal arch erected on the occasion over the Via Triumphalis now forms one of the most conspicuous and beautiful ruins of the ancient Forum Romanum. Among the remarkable sculptures with which this structure is enriched are the seven-branched candlestick and other ornaments of the tabernacle; the spoils themselves were deposited in the Temple of Peace, soon afterwards erected, and remained there till eventually destroyed by a conflagration in a subsequent reign.

But of the monuments relating to the final subjugation of Judæa to the power of Rome, none are so interesting as the various coins, bearing appropriate devices, which were struck by the Senate in compliment to the emperor and his son after their victories in the East. The best known, and perhaps the most remarkable of these, is one the reverse of which is reproduced in our engraving, fig. 1. The device represents a palm-tree, rising in the centre, as an emblem of

the country in which it was known to thrive so luxuriantly, a fact which is alluded to by Pliny in the passage, "Judæa vero inclyta est vel magis palmis." If any doubt existed as to the true emblematic character of the palm in this device, it would be at once removed by reference to a coin of Hadrian, struck to commemorate his arrival in Judæa, on which a palm is used, in a precisely similar manner, as the emblem of the country. On the right of the tree sits a woman, as a personification of Judæa, leaning her head dejectedly upon her left hand, in expression of grief and captivity. On the left is a figure of Titus, to whom the chief glory of the capture of the city was assigned, wearing the military habit of the time, with the addition of the imperial mantle, and holding a parazonium and a lance, his left foot placed upon a helmet, in the attitude of a victor. The superscription, JUDAEA CAPTA (Judæa subdued), completes the device. The figure last described has been considered by some numismatists to represent the emperor; but as the head of Vespasian appears on the obverse of the coin (fig. 2), the marked features of which are unmistakable, while those of this figure are not only much younger, but also remarkably similar to those of Titus, as exhibited in all the portraits on his own coins, I am induced to consider it that of the emperor's son, who was at the time associated, as "Cæsar," in the government of the empire; and the introduction of his portrait on the reverse would therefore have been highly appropriate, and quite in accordance with Roman custom in analogous cases. Beneath the device are the letters S. C., for Senatus Consultu; that is to say, "by decree of the Senate."

The portrait of the emperor on the obverse of this coin is not without interest, perpetuating the features of a man who rose from a very humble rank to wield the sceptre of the world with so much wisdom and success, that the empire was insured a considerable period of triumphant prosperity; and the advantages of such a reign were so fully appreciated that he was the first emperor since Augustus who died a natural death, and the first who transmitted the imperial power to his son. The legend or superscription is IMP. CAES. VESPASIAN. AUG. P.M. TR.P. P.P. COS. $\overline{III}$., which, supplying the abbreviations, reads, Imperator Cæsar Vespasianus, Augustus, Pontifex Maximus, Tribunitia Potestate, Pater Patriæ, Consul Tertium; that is, "The Emperor Cæsar Vespasian, Augustus, High Pontiff, holding the Tribunitian Power, Father of his Country, Consul for the third time;" from which it would appear that the coin was struck in the year 71 A.D.

The types of the reverse of this coin were varied in another issue, on which the figure of Titus, in an attitude of triumph, was replaced by that of a man with his hands tied behind him as a captive. This figure probably represents the ferocious Simon, one of the chiefs of the Jews, who was paraded in the ceremonial of the triumph at Rome, and, according to the cruel practice of the times, put to death the same day, his life having been so long spared only that his utter humiliation might form a feature in the great procession. The captive female who has "sat down and wept" is, in this instance, seated on a cuirass, which is thereby denoted to have become useless; and the bucklers scattered around recall the words, "the shield of the mighty is cast away," which was, no doubt, the spirit in which the Roman designer introduced them in his artistic and ingenious device.

In the reign of Titus coins of this last type were again issued, having the legend abbreviated as IVD. CAP., and having, of course, on the obverse the laureated head of Titus himself. It would appear that even in those Pagan times, the subjugation of the Jews was considered a very interesting event, and the cotemporary monuments I am speaking of were much more accurate in their illustrations than those of the Christian ages. For instance, when, in the year 1528, Wynkyn de Worde printed "*The Dystruccyon and Vengeaunce of Iherusalem*," *Vespazyan* is exhibited in one of the woodcuts surrounded by cannon on wooden carriages (!), and he is holding parley with Pilate (!) and Archelaus, who are seen standing on the city walls.

Another coin of the reign of Titus commemorates the completion of the vast amphitheatre which was built to celebrate the subjection of Judæa; and was erected principally by the labour of above 100,000 Jewish prisoners, who had been brought to Rome after the fall of Jerusalem for that purpose, many of whom sunk and died beneath the heavy burdens imposed upon them. The vast and magnificent structure known as the Flavian Amphitheatre, from the family name of Vespasian, was at last successfully completed, and on its dedication the ceremonial games lasted 100 days, and above 5000 wild animals were hunted and destroyed within its circuit, for the amusement of the Roman populace. The structure afterwards received the name of Colossæum, from its truly colossal dimensions,—a name corrupted in the dark ages into Coliseum, by which it is at present known. One of the coins struck on that occasion bears on the obverse the full figure of the emperor seated on a curule chair, placed on a globe among the spoils of war; in his right hand he holds an olive-branch, and in his left a roll or volume. The inscription is DIVO. AVG. T. DIVI. VESP. F. VESPASIAN·, which, the abbreviations being supplied, would read, "Divo Augusto Tito, Divi Vespasiani Filio, Vespasiano;" meaning that the coin was struck by Titus, in honour of his father, Vespasian, under whose auspices the great monument, the consecration of which was commemorated by the coin, had been commenced, and the works partly carried through. On the reverse, without inscription, is a curious representation of the amphitheatre itself (engraving, fig. 3). It is marked, though without much detail, by the exact number of stories or arcades by which that building is distinguished, and some of the rich sculpture, long since destroyed by time or barbarism, with which the exterior was decorated, is indicated by a few spirited touches in this miniature representation. The principal of these ornaments was a magnificent quadriga, or chariot drawn by four horses abreast, in which were, doubtless, the figures of Vespasian and Titus. This elaborate piece of sculpture appears to have been placed immediately above the principal entrance; and each of the other arcades, it would seem, formed a niche or frame for a statue, or some rich ornament.

It has been said that the ancients did not understand perspective, but in this design perspective of a very difficult kind has been attempted with a fair amount of success,—I allude to that kind termed isometrical, by means of which the internal as well as external view of an unroofed building can be partially shown, by taking the point of sight from above. Thus, in the present representation of the Coliseum, as designed from an imaginary stand-point far above the building, all the interior arrangements are shown, exhibiting the vast masses of the Roman populace crowding the seats to the very top of the upper galleries, round the cornices of which festoons of flowers are suspended. Far below, near what we should term the "grand tier," a kind of arched pavilion is indicated, which is probably the imperial "box;" and in that lower portion there are several main divisions plainly marked, possibly those assigned to different classes of aristocratic spectators. There is a variation of this type, in which the whole of the area is covered in with a vast awning, supported on short columns rising from the cornice of the upper gallery, and which was, no doubt, used at representations given during the heat of summer, when the rays of the Roman sun, plunging into such an area, must have been almost unbearable without some such protection. According to Captain Smyth, the eminent numismatist, the device of the amphitheatre, as above described, is placed—as it in fact stood—between the Meta Sudans and the Domus Aurea; but the objects represented, on either side of the building, appear to me rather to represent sacrificial instruments, such as it was usual, in Roman designs of this class, to place by the side of the principal object, when its consecration was the circumstance to be celebrated.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

To the British scientific public the records of our annual migratory gathering will of course present features of paramount importance. The meeting of the British Association at Leeds has been a very prosperous one in a financial point of view, but the papers read have hardly come up to the average stamp of excellence or importance. Nevertheless, if we mistake not, the *séance* of 1858 will hereafter be pointed at as inaugurating a new era in one important branch of experimental science. We advert to the consequences about to spring, in all probability, from the strictures of the chairman of the chemical section — Sir John Herschel — on the irregularity of chemical formularisation, in consequence of which the mathematician and the chemical philosopher could not go hand in hand. Berzelius was the first, we believe, at the very advent of the system of chemical symbolism, to indicate the necessity of forming these symbols in strict conformity with algebraical usage; but, since his time, chemists have taken a sort of perverse pride in setting at nought the admonitions of that great chemical luminary. Considering the vast strides which have been made of late years in the knowledge of the conservation of force, it seems likely enough that many of the facts of physico-chemistry would soon become amenable to the resources of the mathematician, if the formulæ in which they are expressed were more rational. It is rare, indeed, that a chemist is an adept mathematician, or, conversely, a mathematician an expert chemist. Sir J. Herschel combines in himself the two requisites more thoroughly, perhaps, than any man living. We trust, therefore, he will find time to carry into practice the idea he has so happily enunciated.

It would be foreign to the scope of our monthly scientific summary to present a meagre abstract of communicated papers; we shall best fulfil our proper functions by adverting to the salient aspects of the meeting,—the broad physiognomy of it, so to speak. Viewing the British Association in this manner, it is a great satisfaction to us, who remember the Society from its small beginnings, to perceive that year by year it steadily gains in social repute and popular prestige. There was a time when the British Association, though spoken respectfully and hopefully of by philosophers — its own immediate supporters — could only boast of scant recognition by the public, and the organs of the public. It is far otherwise now. To be strictly accordant with actualities, we should have commenced with the president's address. But, apart from the length and general bearing of that masterly synopsis, it was necessarily that which all presidential scientific addresses must be — an historical sketch of the progress of recent science, and a display of its present aspects; a result, indeed, which our monthly summary—if it fulfil the object aimed at—will have already supplied. Nevertheless, we cannot forbear making some quotations from the presidential speech, not merely for their scientific bearing, but for the singular felicity with which the thoughts are conveyed. Combating the idea of science being at variance with, or repugnant to, Holy Writ, Professor Owen spoke the following remarkable words:—"God has given to man a capacity to discover and comprehend the laws by which His universe is governed; and man is impelled by a healthy and natural impulse to exercise the faculties by which that knowledge can be acquired. Agreeably with the relations which have been instituted between our finite faculties and the phenomena which affect them, we arrive at demonstrations and convictions which are the most certain that our present state of being can have or act upon. Nor let any one against whose prepossessions a scientific truth may jar confound such demonstrations with the speculative philosophies condemned by the apostle, or ascribe to arrogant intellect, soaring to regions of forbidden mysteries, the acquisition of such truths as have been or may be established by patient and inductive research. For the most part, the discoverer has been so placed by circumstances, rather than by predetermined selection, as to have his work of investigation allotted to him as his daily duty, in the fulfilment of which he is brought face to face with phenomena into which he must inquire, and the result of which inquiry he must faithfully impart. The advance of natural as of moral truth has been and is progressive; but it has pleased the Author of all truth to vary the fashion of the imparting of such parcels thereof as He has allotted from time to time for the behoof and guidance of mankind. Those who are privileged with the faculties of discovery are, therefore, to be regarded as pre-ordained instruments in making known the power of God; without a knowledge of which, as well as of Scripture, we are told we shall err. Great and marvellous have been the manifestations of this power imparted to us of late times, not only in respect of the shape, motions, and solar relations of the earth, but also of its age and inhabitants. In regard to the period during which the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit, present evidence strains the mind to grasp such sum of past time, with an effort like that by which it tries to realise the space dividing that orbit from the fixed stars and remoter nebulæ."

Point by point the illustrious chairman adverted to each special branch of science, with greater command of the entire subject than might have been expected from a philosopher engaged in (comparatively speaking) a restricted scientific field, indicating the co-ordinations of nature by which each preceding development is made the basis of a present reality. "In the operations of nature," he said, "there is generally a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result: a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the creative Wisdom, this far-seeing and prevision of an ultimate result through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The farther a man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach—though the distance be still immeasurable—to the Divine Wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax, and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio; another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through foreseen consequences the revenue is improved. Water is the cheapest and most efficient transporter of excreta; but it should be remembered that the application of the water-supply, as a transporting power, is to be limited to all that comes from the interior of the abodes; this alone can be practically and successfully applied to agriculture. Whatever flows from the outside of houses, together with the general rainfall of the town area, should go to the nearest river by channels wholly distinct from the hydraulic excretory system. Agriculture has made, and is making, great and encouraging progress; but much yet remains to be done. Were agriculture adequately advanced, the great problem of the London sewage would be speedily solved. Can it be supposed, if the rural districts about the metropolis were in a condition to avail themselves of a daily supply of pipe-water, not more than equivalent to that which a heavy shower of rain throws down on 2000 acres of land, but a supply charged with thirty tons of nitrogenous ammoniacal principles, that such supply would not be forthcoming, and made capable of being distributed when called for within a radius of one hundred miles?" Following out this train of thought, the Professor commented on the absurdity of sending to Peru for guano, whilst such abundant stores of a manure better than guano were produced at our very doors. True; but the chairman's speculations impose the necessity of liquid sewage, whereas opinions are divided as to whether liquid sewage be eligible for agricultural purposes at all. Doubtless a wise co-ordination of nature points to the utilisa-

tion of animal excreta for agricultural purposes. Make this application, and the cycle of demand and supply, as between the pabula of vegetables and the excreta of animals, would be complete. But does it not seem that, granting this postulate, the excreta should never be turned into sewage channels and flooded with water at all? If chemical deodorisers be half so efficient as chemists affirm, why not bring them into operation?

We may note, amongst the minor points of interest, the communication of Mr. Crace Calvert in respect of aluminum. That strange metal does not seem adapted to purposes of domestic luxury, owing to its ready oxidation by water heated to 212° F., and oxidation in some degree by exposure to water at any temperature. This defect is, of course, fatal to its utility for such purposes.

Apropos of Donati's comet, which has been emulating the glories and the wine-producing benefits of his remarkable predecessor of 1811, we may just advert to the discussion which followed the paper on comets by Dr. Siljeström. A gentleman, who expressed himself dissatisfied with the published opinions, including Dr. Siljeström's, on the nature of cometary bodies, said that he could not believe such a velocity as had been ascribed to the comet now visible—more than a million miles an hour—could belong to any material solid body. The Astronomer Royal replied, that the comet's rate of travelling was deduced from the assumption, as a basis, that it was a material solid body, and that, therefore, no argument could be sound which opposed its materiality from its extremely swift velocity.

When we presented our last monthly summary, the transatlantic cable, though disabled, still monopolised a large share of popular and scientific attention, which has now almost ceased. As is usual, when science breaks down in a matter of practical application, much unpleasant crimination and recrimination takes place between capitalists and their advisers. This would be an unmitigated calamity if, out of the unpleasant discussion, truths were not usually evolved. We entertain no doubt whatever concerning the successful laying down of an efficient transatlantic cable; the model, however, probably will considerably differ from the present. Major Charles Oldershaw, who has had considerable experience in the matter of deep-sea cables, records his experience of two laid down in the Black Sea during the Crimean war. The cable laid between Varna and the Crimea was merely a single copper wire, insulated by gutta percha, the termini being protected by galvanised iron wire, while that connecting Varna with Constantinople was, from end to end, covered with galvanised iron wire. The manipulating power of the two cables respectively, as shown by Morse's instrument, was as 32 to 15 words per minute, being 17 words in favour of the former; evidently showing, the Major assumes, that the thin wire was approaching the correct principle. Major Oldershaw has patented a new description of deep-sea cable, the peculiarities of which are, that it never sinks more than one or two hundred feet, and is of small diameter. Suspended thus in the sea, the inventor imagines his cable can be underrun, if necessary, and that it may be submerged independently of banks.

We have been much gratified by the sight of a specimen of the *Sorghum saccharatum*, or Chinese sugar-cane, a plant which has been acclimatised some little time in France and Belgium. The specimen we examined was displayed in the shop of Mr. Kernan, of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and stood about ten feet high, each stalk being about half an inch in diameter. No determination has yet been completed, either of the percentage amount of juice in proportion to wood, or of sugar in proportion to juice; but, to the taste, the sweetness of the *Sorghum* juice is perceptibly not considerably less than that of ordinary cane juice, and far exceeds that of beet-root juice. Unlike the latter, the sweetness is not mingled with any unpalatable impurity; *Sorghum* sugar might be consumed in the yellow or muscovado state, while beet-root sugar is useless until refined. Independently of its sugar-producing qualities, the gigantic grass promises to be exceedingly valuable as fodder. Animals are remarkably partial to it, especially cows; and it does not, like turnips, impart a disagreeable taste and odour to milk and butter. Experiments will be made to ascertain if the *Sorghum saccharatum* can stand uninjured the inclemency of our winters,—the results of which spring will disclose.

Following up his labours at the British Association, Professor Owen delivered a lecture on the classification of animals, at the Kendal Literary and Scientific Institution. During the lecture he illustrated how science, abstract to-day, may expand into the practical to-morrow, by sketching the application of mineral phosphates to agricultural purposes. In the year 1838 Mr. Brown, of Stanway, near Colchester, brought him a fossil, of the most unpromising kind he ever held in his hand. It had been previously submitted to two or three other persons, and they could make nothing out of it. After thoroughly examining it, he made a transverse and a longitudinal cut, which showed him it was a petrified tooth of a species of animal like that of a spermaceti whale. Professor Henslow, in the same year, called upon him, and left him a bag of fossils which had been picked up on the same part of the south-eastern coast, and amongst them he recognised several evidences of two or three kinds of the whale that had these teeth. The specimens were by no means rare, but common enough in the red crags. Liebig soon afterwards proved those fossils to be rich in phosphate of lime. Next followed the plan of treating them with sulphuric acid, and generating superphosphate, a material which has subsequently gained so much and such merited repute as a manure. Professor Henslow then called together the men of Ipswich, gave them a lecture, in which he explained that these remains contained the same portion of phosphate as ordinary bone;—upon which one of the audience immediately got a few bushels, and set about the manufacture of superphosphate, by the use and sale of which he has subsequently realised a fortune!

The subject of anæsthetics is receiving a great deal of consideration just now. Unquestionably deaths have occurred from the use of chloroform, even when administered with every conceivable precaution by competent hands; but the direct saving of life due to it is greater out of all proportion than are the direct fatal effects of it, and many operations have been undertaken under its influence which otherwise would have been impracticable. In France the generalisation is attempted to be established, notably by M.M. Ozanane Favre and Paul Blondeau, that vapourous carbon is endowed functionally with anæsthetic properties. Influenced by this opinion, the effects of prussic acid are being tried; but surely no one already afraid of chloroform will flee for safety to an agent having such a terrific repute as the latter deadly poison.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has recently made a valuable acquisition. Professor Jacobi, so well known to the general public for his invention of Russian infernal machines, and better known to the scientific public as an electrician, has presented to his *alma mater* all the electro-telegraphic constructions which he has successfully invented during the course of his researches in this department of science, more especially subsequent to 1844.

M. Bouchut has communicated to the French Academy some observations relative to the increasing mortality from croup in Paris. Croup, it may be well to state, consists in the formation of a membrane inside the larynx, or air-passage, thus frequently causing suffocation; and of late the practice of trachæotomy, in other words, establishing an artificial communication with the lungs, has come much into vogue in Paris, under the auspices of M. Trousseau; but, if the statistics of M. Bouchut be correct, the remedy is worse than the disease,—not essentially, but owing to its too frequent performance,—since deaths from croup have been more numerous than heretofore in Paris.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

No. I. The Association.

To know what men and women can do for one another's welfare, and for what ends and to what extent they can usefully join together to do it—this is Social Science.

There are a few objects of great social value for the attainment of which a general union is nevertheless impossible. To put these aside for the time, and to limit our investigations to the remainder—this is to make the pursuit of social science a national affair. All party questions in politics—whatever is theoretical in religion, and some other matters of a miscellaneous kind, for whose sake strong opinions and strong passions are already in arms, belong to the former category, and cannot be dealt with by any union of the nation at large. The first step in social science is the recognition of the fact that men will unite for some things who will not unite for others, and the definite acceptance of it as the basis of a general law concerning the limits of united action.

This preliminary step, this simple acknowledgment of a simple matter of fact, leads immediately to the perception of the following important truths—that most social problems are in reality questions of fact, while they have been generally treated as questions of theory; that those who would never join together for the discussion of theories will often do so willingly for the ascertainment of facts; that the number of subjects on which united action is possible becomes indefinitely extended when the purpose of union is simply the increase of knowledge; that differences of opinion are more often the result of mutual ignorance than of any other cause; and that a strictly scientific basis is one of the things most needed in nearly all the social relations of mankind. Not, indeed, that knowledge is in any respect to supersede feeling in our dealings with one another. But human feelings themselves are among the proper objects of knowledge. To know what is felt by living beings, and to accept those facts of affection, emotion, instinct, and prejudice, as the most important of any in the world, is a vital part of social science in all its branches.

The consciousness of ignorance, and the desire to get rid of it, have been increasing side by side, and extending gradually over the whole field of human interests. Physical science has already ceased to be anything but an earnest system of inquiry; we no longer assure ourselves out of our own heads that metals are fusible by reason of their fatness, or that the life of man is the liquor of mummy. We employ ourselves in asking questions, instead of answering them. When a sufficient number of facts has been accumulated, they are generalised, and the law of their occurrence established; and while they are thus accumulating men wait patiently, and suspend their judgment. Year by year the same method gains ground, even in political affairs; and if the maintenance of a law is still in many cases unconnected with any knowledge of facts in favour of it, the change of a law is very generally preceded by a careful inquiry, and a blue book, not dramatic in its interest, but truly scientific in its value. The time seems to have come when the same principles may be applied to the study of the social systems of mankind. There is in regard to them a wide-spread consciousness of continued mistake, a general floundering about in the marshes of uncertainty, a plethora of ambitious theory, and a terrible dearth of useful knowledge. Knowledge being absent, we have, as usual, some grand discoveries. The health of society is communism, or teetotalism, or one-pound notes, or the subdivision of land. The hopeful seize on one or other of the panaceas, according to the particular palate of their hopefulness. The melancholy shake their heads, and substitute a millennium. When any one, enamoured of any social scheme, and at the same time blessed with the continued use of his reasonable faculties, goes heartily to work, and proposes to bring something actually to pass, he finds himself immediately knocking his head against the wall of his own ignorance; discovers that almost every step he takes is a step into outer darkness, where, for anything he knows beforehand, or anything anybody else can tell him, there is a very equal chance of stepping upon land or sea, upon something to stand on or something to sink under, and has every reason, therefore, either to despair of progress and give up the pursuit of it, or else to shut his eyes, and run forward with his scheme, haphazard, leaving the consequences to Providence, till Providence brings him up suddenly in the middle of something woeful and tenacious, and sees fit to make him a laughing-stock for his pains. The thing is not wonderful. Those who know nothing are safe only while they do nothing. Those who would do much must begin by learning much, or they must end by learning disagreeably. A few circumstances coming to a man's knowledge, he takes them for the universe of truth, and goes to work

on that hypothesis for the benefit of society. He is much like the sage who, having caught a minnow and seen a star, conceives himself qualified thereafter to guide a ship, and all on board of her, through the winds and waters of the ocean. Mankind begin to feel that they have had enough of such navigation; that the great deep of life is rolling over sands of gold, fragments of all human treasures, wasted balsams and dead olive-boughs, which are nothing but the ruins of ardent hopes and efforts, wrecked, lost, or abandoned because they were set afloat under such simple pilotage. The loss is nearly all avoidable; there is no reason why philanthropy should go blindfold through the world. What we want is chiefly patience, a stronger sense of the mischief of ignorance, and self-control enough to abstain from the pleasure of construction till we have gone through the drudgery of learning. A child with his grand schemes is like society itself. He will build a palace; he will build a ship; he will make a steam-engine; he will write a story in six volumes. They come to little or nothing; for though instinct is the eye, knowledge is the hand, and one is powerless without the other.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has come into existence with the avowed object of putting this matter on a better footing, by setting the united energies of the nation to work upon a serious search after knowledge in regard to the social interests of the age. The credit of the original design is due to Mr. Hastings, the present Secretary of the Association. Some two years ago, at a large provincial meeting in furtherance of some philanthropical object, Mr. Hastings saw that it was easy to excite strong public interest upon questions of social science, in other towns as well as in London. He suggested the formation of a society for this purpose to Lord Brougham—the Sir Isombras of the nineteenth century—who, in his wonderful old age, at once threw himself into the scheme, called a preliminary meeting at his own house, and became the President and virtual founder of the Association. The plan of the British Association was adopted—a large council, with committees for special purposes; an annual meeting, of a week's duration, at one or other of the great provincial towns; the admission of members for the year, entitled also to receive the printed transactions, and of associates for the meeting, sharing all the other privileges of membership; the subdivision of the work into several departments, each presided over by some man of eminence, and the reading of papers, followed by discussions, and leading, where necessary, to organised proceedings during the following year. The first annual meeting was held in Birmingham, in October 1857. About eight hundred members and associates enrolled themselves, and the proceedings were considered highly successful. That success, however, was altogether put into the shade by the numerical results of the second meeting, held at Liverpool, last October, for on this occasion the number of members and associates exceeded two thousand, the ladies alone numbering almost as many as the entire list at Birmingham. Something of this success may perhaps be set down to the credit of the locality. St. George's Hall is, in fact, the best building in the world to attract and accommodate a meeting of this kind. In going there, one knows one is going to be comfortable. Besides the grand Hall itself, with its granite columns, its brazen doors, its beautiful floor and ceiling, and its famous organ, the same roof covers a magnificent concert-room, with seats for a thousand people, two great courts of justice, and about a dozen large rooms besides. The corridors and staircases are quiet, broad, and warm, and when the whole building is given up to one purpose, as it is on such occasions, it becomes a delightful palace, in which every one can eat, drink, dress, and be edified, without fatigue or exposure, from morning till night.

The success of the Association does not depend, however, merely upon the members who attend its meetings, nor is it necessary that so many as two thousand should always be expected. If it only does the work laid out for it, the sympathies of the whole nation will follow it, and it will deserve the gratitude of mankind. The Association, however, is only two years old, and at present it must still be regarded as an experiment. There is one great peril in its way—one rock on which, if it chance to strike, it will certainly go to pieces. What social science wants so urgently is knowledge, not opinion. What the nation will cordially unite in order to promote is the acquisition of knowledge, not the spread of opinion. We don't want simply to know what this man or that man thinks would be useful. We want to know what facts he can give us; what experiments have been tried; what experiments have not been tried; and which of these will or can be tried. We can all form our own opinions when the facts are before us; and it is certain that we shall not all form the same. We have an equal interest in getting at the facts, and can join earnestly in the laborious work of faithful observation. We have not an equal interest in the opinions that will spring from them; and there will be no hearty union in regard to such opinions, except in those few cases in which the collection of facts is so complete as to involve a demonstrable and incontestible theory. The great danger of the Association is lest it should, more or less, forget these things; lest it should begin to put matters of opinion to the vote, and to have faith in majorities; lest it should leave science, and dally with politics; lest, instead of remaining what it ought to be, a society for grave and patient inquiry, it should make itself an executive society, pledged to the support of controverted opinions, and devoting its energies to the furthering of particular schemes. The Association must have faith in the worth of its own title; must regard the promotion of social science,—that is, of trustworthy knowledge on social subjects, as a pure gain to mankind, and as the special object of its labours. Otherwise, the work will not be national, and one of the most promising efforts of modern times will fail.

Of course it is not to be understood that the work of the Association ought to be merely that of a statistical society; that no opinions should be expressed, and no theories discussed by it. The opinions of Captain Crofton on prison discipline; of Miss Carpenter on the management of schools; of Florence Nightingale on the building of hospitals; of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland on legal processes; or of Mr. Ruskin on the improvement of taste, are facts in themselves of a highly

important kind, as well worth collecting, and, indeed, as much essential elements of social science as any experimental test or any tabulated return. But it is one thing to collect opinions, and another thing to adopt them. The functions of preliminary inquiry and subsequent action are happily distinct, and there is nothing in which it is more generally desirable to keep them so than in this matter of social science. The example of the British Association may be followed much beyond the external form of its proceedings. The men who compose that body have pursued their course with so much honour and success, by acting together on the simple hypothesis that mankind are in want of knowledge, and that if knowledge is given to them they will soon turn it to good account. Therefore the British Association inquires into the laws of electrical action, but does not attempt to lay down telegraphs; sends exploring expeditions to unknown lands, but does not establish colonies; presents new materials to our manufacturers, but builds no mills. The wires are laid, however, the colonies planted, and the mills built, and they owe more and more every year to the steady labours of that Association. There is no lack of executive power in the nation. The active energy of Englishmen is continually urging them to push on in darkness rather than stand still for an hour. Knowledge, the torch-bearer, is the thing really lacking in almost every direction; and the true work of the National Association is to get it together and give it to the world. Knowledge, that is to say, in its completest sense, the first half of which consists in the collection of facts, the second half in the ascertainment of the laws presiding over them. The first half must precede the second, and may be in constant progress; the second half itself can be arrived at only at uncertain periods, after intervals of patient waiting. Those who complain that the recent proceedings have been fragmentary and inconclusive in their character, appear to have forgotten this. What they point to as a fault is, in truth, the strength of the Association, and the attempts which it has made here and there to come to rapid conclusions are emphatically its weakness. It is most desirable that this question should be well considered and well understood. The Association has not yet defined the limits of its own operations with any degree of clearness; and though its face is set towards the real temple of science, there is a pitfall by the way. There are great results before it, if the true path be kept. The volumes of its transactions may become the solid and permanent foundation of all future efforts in the cause of social improvement. They may supply what every statesman and every philanthropist wants and wishes for, but has hitherto been unable to find. They may anticipate and supersede the slow, and, with all their merits, the generally incomplete results of parliamentary commissions; may save the incalculable waste of private energy, exerted uselessly through simple ignorance of what might easily be known; may prevent social sophistries from taking root in national prejudice, by answering them beforehand; and give to national progress the impulse which it always receives when any solid addition is made to national information.

These results, however, may soon be sacrificed, if the society undertakes not only to expound social truths, but to work out social changes. As soon as it commits itself to the active support of measures about which there is any considerable difference of opinion, its national character will be lost; its proceedings will no longer possess the value of scientific and, therefore, impartial inquiries; and its success, if successful, will only stimulate rivalry, and bring it to the condition of a party instrument, available, no doubt, for many good purposes, but not for the special end of social science, in the best sense of the words.

The nationality of the Association—the union of all in the work before it—should be regarded as an elementary necessity. Such a union, we all know very well, can be maintained only on certain conditions, and the condition of theological neutrality is one of them. Devout men begin every serious work with prayer; nor is there any schism in England as to the value of devotion. But as to the form of it, we have all our own theories, and we cannot all agree. When, therefore, it was thought desirable that something of a devotional nature should precede the annual labours of the Association, there was no danger of any objection being raised against the principle of the proposal, but there was great danger of difficulty if the Association itself undertook to fix upon any one form rather than any other for its practical embodiment. This mistake was made, however. A special service in the parish church, according to the forms of the Establishment, was decided upon, and became the first article in the programme of the meeting; and a few very earnest men, conceiving that the principle of neutrality was compromised by such an arrangement, withdrew in consequence from the Association. This is the more to be regretted, because there seems, in fact, to have been no reason why all parties might not have been satisfied. A general request to the ministers of religion to provide in their own churches, at their own discretion, such services as they might consider appropriate, would have solved the difficulty at once. As it was, the Association lost some useful help, and sowed the seed of a troublesome controversy. The mistake, however, may very easily be repaired at the next annual meeting, and may even do good service by illustrating the peculiar dangers which it is necessary to avoid.

GENUINE TRANSACTIONS WITH PRINCIPY JACK.

THE forty-four gun-frigate "Madagascar," of which I was one of the lieutenants, was stationed (in the year 1843) on the African coast, about 5° south of the line, at Cabenda. We were sent there to prevent the slave-trade; and one means adopted to this end was the pacification of the petty kings of the interior, who, whenever they were at war, brought their prisoners into the slave-market, and the profit they made reacted on their appetite for the wars whence the traffic was fed. One of these wars was then going on between the king whose possessions lay nearest Cabenda, and his next neighbour inland; and the captain of our ship, Commander Leg, resolved to send an embassy to bring about a meeting between these potentates, in order to a pacific termination of their differences. To compose

this embassy his choice fell upon myself, as head, and his son as second. Our instructions were to proceed first to the settlement of the maritime king called, both by us and by his own subjects, Principy Jack; and having obtained his consent to a meeting with his rival, Chico Franco, to bring the news to the captain, who was then to go in person to superintend the further progress of the negotiation. The barbarous English, of which these names of the kings is a specimen, prevails in the country, and enables the English and natives to hold communication. It was not necessary, therefore, to furnish the embassy with an interpreter—our own knowledge sufficed; and in the early morning young Leg and I began our progress. My second in the diplomatic mission chose to be carried by the blacks in a hammock on two poles, and I went on foot, attended by my dog Lion, whom I had brought from Newfoundland, and accompanied by a bamboo cane, which I had cut some days previous in a swamp where I had been looking for wild fowl. Three of our sailors had got leave to attend us, and were dressed in their loose shirts and large trousers, while Leg and I had to appear in uniform, as best befitting the dignity of plenipotentiaries. Our way lay through a country which was cleared to a certain degree; but the greatest part consisted of a low brushwood, mixed with fern, and occasionally cocoas and palms. The palms, with their long slender arms and fingers, were susceptible of every breath that passed through the sky, moving when nothing else moved, and when no sensation announced the stirring of the air. Sometimes, at the foot of their high stems, shoots of young palms crowded; at others they were bare up to their dark boughs. The ground was varied with hill and dale, and altogether, though the walk was hot, it was a pleasant one.

It was about eleven o'clock when we arrived within sight of Principy Jack's settlement. This man was a real sovereign over some hundreds of subjects. The laws were his will; he could order out his people to war; he could put to death; he had his cabinet of black ministers, ruffians like himself, uncivilised savages, with whom he took counsel after the manner of more polished lands. The neighbouring potentate, Chico Franco, was less of a savage. He had been brought up among the Portuguese, and had acquired some European notions of being and doing. Inasmuch as he was wiser, he was also stronger, and wisdom and strength had led him to usurp the best part of Principy Jack's dominions. We English favoured him rather than the other, as we had better promises from him about the slave-trade; and we had also hopes that, if he established himself where Principy Jack ought by right to have been, he would make some first step in the civilisation which the country needed. Principy Jack's village, which we now approached, lay in the jungle. It consisted of a number of bamboo cottages covered with thatch, while the King's was a larger hut, surrounded by a wall, and a fetish house* was built at the entrance. Here the King stood ready to receive us in his best dress. It consisted of certain presents sent annually by the English—a Life Guardsman's cloak and a Field Marshal's hat. To these was added a pair of old trousers; but the dozen blacks behind him wore nothing but their native sable. We took him kindly by the hand as we came up to him, and hoped he was in good health; and he, to be safe in his English, replied, as far as he could recollect them, in the same words,—"I hope *you* in good health."

"Yes," said I, "and we have brought you a letter about a little business which the captain wishes you to attend to, and which he has sent us to explain."

"Business!" said the King; "*he* follow to eat—eat first."

"Oh," said Leg, "it is not worth while, for it is a thing that can be done in the change of a rope; here 's my friend Kyng will tell you all about it, before you 've time to sit down."

"What for I sit down?" said his Majesty. "Eating is friends, and drink is friends, but business is enemies."

"It shall be as you like," said I; "we shall be glad to make matters easy."

"Then you come to the high room," said Principy Jack, pleased at my compliance, and led the way into the interior of the palace; but Leg nudged me with his elbow and said, "Mind, the only way with the savage is to be a civil savage yourself; don't come gentleman over him."

I gave him a confidential push in reply, and following the King into the interior of the hut, we found in the first room a sort of raised bathing-machine, supported on poles a long way above the floor, and approached by a ladder. This, it seems, was the hall of ceremony, and we all, King, black followers, and ourselves, scrambled up the ladder, and got into the bathing-machine, round which, inside, ran a circle of mats, upon which the masters seated themselves, and the inferiors stood behind.

It was but a very short time, however, that the King remained with us,—he had household cares to attend to; and bidding us "be comfortable," he descended the ladder, followed by his *suite*. When down again, we saw him throw off his field-marshal hat and his scarlet cloak, and appearing in his original black suit, he set himself in earnest to prepare the meal he was about to offer. This consisted of chickens in all varieties of cooking—chickens in rice, chickens stewed in grease, chickens baked, chicken soup, together with a kind of mullet fried; all these dishes the King, in a state of nature, worked at with his black, regal hands; and though the smell of fried flesh and fat was strong, the odour which exhaled from that perspiring King was stronger. When he had finished his cooking he resumed his cloak and cocked hat, and, lifting the wooden bowl in which lay the fowls and the rice, he scrambled up the ladder and set it on a table, on which his followers placed the rest of the dinner. For the most part it was contained in earthen platters procured from Europeans, the names of Phillipps or Spode being on the back. Into these dishes the King dipped his hands, and invited us to do the same,—an invitation we willingly accepted, and found the royal cookery very good. With the meat was set an ample provision of a delicious beverage, made from the palm-tree, and called palm wine. It is a liquor as innocent in taste and appearance as it is agreeable but powerful in its effects; and I believe old Principy Jack had a design to intoxicate us with the cool, light draught, hoping then to obtain

* Idols' temple.



DOGS. BY L. G. JARDIN.

HERE are four dogs with as varied visages as one might wish to see, moreover contained in a picture which is a tolerably fair representative of French painting of canine character. With us Landseer, "the Shakspeare of dogs," has set the practice of representing animals with dramatic action or incident, making something like a story of more or less appropriateness out of the subject of such works,—we may instance "Suspense," where the motive is concentrated on the expression of a single hound, and "Jack in Office," where a humorous scene is rendered by many curs.

For the most part, with the French the custom is different; they more frequently depict animals in a group, without any special action or connecting link, as in the example before us, wherein any one or two of the subjects might be taken from the picture without the removal thereof affecting the spectator's interest in the others. In short, the English have carried their love and use of dogs even into art, and have made the representation of them a branch of painting which, in the hands of some of our great artists, is not much inferior to any other class or object of study. The French have not reached this point yet, but only combine without composing their groups of animals. Of course, there are exceptions to this in many notable pictures; but we speak of the general rule.

The animals before us are good examples of contrasted character. They are the property of the Emperor of the French, and the picture from which our engraving is taken was exhibited in the great Parisian Exhibition of 1855. The artist is a well-known and admirable animal painter, who has chosen for his model the broad and vigorous style of Snyders—refining upon it, rather than the somewhat less striking system of execution in which Landseer delights. The French name their dogs in a classical fashion, rejoicing in such titles as Castor, Alexandre, Nicaner, or Caton, rather than Growler, Snapper, &c., which obtain with us, both in dogs and gunboats. L. L.

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what terms he pleased. However, in putting this design into execution, he was like the man who sat on the branch of a tree, and sawed it in two, between himself and the trunk; and in this instance we were the safe stump and he was the severed branch; for, while aiming at our intoxication, he himself became deadly drunk. First he grew testy, declaring his right to sell Chico Franco's people wherever he could catch them; and, when flatly contradicted, he waxed hasty and blackguard, and gave us a specimen of Cabenda English, such as made us laugh till we were weak with laughing. Our laughter excited him, and, swearing away, he asked at length, "What for these brutes English eaty and drinky with me? Me hate him—lovey me? Me no lovely." And growing thicker and thicker in his utterance, and more confused in his ideas, he exclaimed, "Cutty off heads, you low devil fellows! Bring old sword, cutty off their two of their heads!" And, suiting his action to his words, he roused up his somewhat soberer people, who began running to and fro, and, I believe, were really searching for the venerable weapon.

"Leg," said I, "it seems as if our diplomatic career were likely to run short; what is best to be done?"

"Hang the old fool!" said Leg; "we must teach him to behave himself;" and so saying, he rose with a blustering air, and addressing his Majesty, told him he was a regular blackguard, and if he did not behave himself better he would kick him out of his own house.

Upon hearing this official announcement, Principy Jack at once subsided into a stupid state of submission, and, being tumbled over by Leg, murmured himself into a loud sleep, in which condition we left him, descending the ladder, and saying we should take a walk, and return when we were disposed to meet the council.

"That's the only way to treat the barbarians," said Leg. "Nothing reaches their understanding but hard words and hard blows. These fellows are mere savages, and it will be a very just injustice to set Chico Franco over them."

"Well," said I, "we are well out of that fusty hole; let us walk along this cooler alley of palms."

In about an hour we came back from our walk, and Lion, who had favoured me, as usual, with his company during our excursion, went poking about to investigate the new place and people. During our absence, it seems, they had got their monarch's wits into order, and he and the cabinet were prepared to hold a palaver with us in one of the lower compartments of the house. King Principy Jack was already there, and it was proposed to us to follow him. Thitherward, therefore, we bent our steps, and this time, familiarity having bred contempt, we allowed Lion to accompany us. We had to pass along a sort of covered way to get to the council-chamber, and Lion, who had a mind to see everything, stopped behind to take a turn through the fetish, or chapel. Here, being somewhat in haste in his survey, he so heedlessly smelt at an idol who was stationed on the floor that he flung him off his balance with his nose, while another went down with a switch of his tail behind; and then, thinking he was late, he started off at a long trot to overtake us, bowling over the images to right and left, while the black clergyman, recovering from his first belief that it was the devil, pursued him with such a torrent of anathemas as made Lion turn round to look what was the matter. However, seeing no missiles likely to pursue him, he resumed his way with a good-tempered glance, which seemed to say, "Hard words break no bones," and bundled himself after us into the presence of the King and council. His abrupt entrance, and his unusual appearance—stranger as he was from 72° of north latitude—alarmed the dusky counsellors, who sat on mats round the room; they seemed to think his open mouth and lolling tongue as much indicative of evil to themselves as their poor idols had found them, and they rose from their places, and stood in groups, evidently unable to attend to business while he was present. I got up and called him outside the entrance, but, as there was not any door, I was no sooner re-seated than he came creeping as far as the opening of the room, and the eager though humble glances he cast as he stood there, seemed to the Africans to conceal an unknown fund of malice. This was repeated several times, and palavering could not advance until the King, rising from his throne, went in search of a large bowl of chicken-bones, with which he tempted Lion to a distance, and left him employment, while we settled the state affairs.

Pipes were already in preparation—short wooden tubes, which were immersed in great gourds filled with water, through which the smoke comes delightfully cool, and the tobacco beginning to fume, Principy Jack thus opened the meeting:—

"I a King," such was Jack's assertion; "you subjects; we not begin palaver till you show that me be a King: kissee my hand. Why no you kissee my hand like Queen Victoria?"

Thus he laid before us the first proposition in the proposed alliance. My colleague took on himself the reply, and thus he stated our objections:—

"I kiss your hand, you ugly blackguard! I'll see you —— first! I would not touch you with a pair of tongs."

The proposition being thus decidedly negatived, we proceeded to the next step.

"Now," said I, "the thing is, that the captain of the 'Madagascar' wishes you and King Chico Franco to see each other, and settle a peace between you; because we do not think it right in you to sell your prisoners as slaves; and it is, indeed, the wish of Queen Victoria to prevent altogether what is known amongst us as the slave-trade."

"Well, said the King, laying down his pipe, "I also am first —— before I go to Chico, that ugly blackguard!"

Here was another proposal abruptly brought to a negative; but this was a point of greater consequence, and it was one which, in some form or other, was the thing indispensably to be obtained. I therefore resumed the negotiation in as bewitching a style as I knew how to adopt, mingled with the decisive abruptness which Leg, from his experience, declared to be essential; and, after a length of talking on each side, which lasted through three pipes of the King's tobacco, we succeeded in wringing from him a promise to go as far as a great tree about half way between the two royal residences, there to meet his rival, and to confer under the auspices of Captain Leg. This point obtained, we thought it best to press matters no further, but to use the rest of our time in conciliating the good-will of Jack, and in impressing him with an idea of our power and authority. We therefore were the first to propose an adjournment from the council-room to the room of honour, where we sat smoking our pipes, and talking over his Majesty, till the evening was far advanced, and then, with civil salutations, we took our leave and returned to the frigate.

Captain Leg was well pleased with the success of our mission; and, without loss of time, all things were got ready to meet the barbarian chiefs at the indigo-tree, with such a degree of ceremony as must keep up their respect to our nation and to us. The Captain and ourselves formed the main body; we were accompanied by sailors carrying the Union Jack, and by all the music we could muster,—namely, a single bugle; and in this style we took our way through the forest, and up and down the gentle ascents and descents, from the heights of which we looked over the myriad green feathers of the palm, and the brown bunches of the cocoa-fruit, sheltering under the thickest part of the outspread branches. As we approached the spot where the chiefs were to meet us and each other, we stood still, first to listen if any sounds from the Africans might catch our ears, and, hearing none, to put our own music into life, and cheer the desert with its brave voice singing out "Hearts of Oak."

This we knew would rouse up whatever African should hear it, and that the two chiefs would gather their followers into some sort of rank, and be ready drawn up to receive us. Accordingly we proudly marched on over the short space that intervened between us and the trysting-tree, and emerging from the tangled forest upon the small clearing around it, found waiting for us—nobody at all! Here was an heroic attitude thrown away! Captain Leg first laughed, then broke out into hearty abuse of both kings.

"A pretty end to your negotiation, indeed!" said he; "to bring me all this way for nothing, and the black fellows to be laughing at me in their —— no, they've got no sleeves."

"After all his faithful promises, too!" cried young Leg.

"When he swore by the idols whom Lion overthrew," said I. "And what's to be done now?"

The way was open to pay a visit of wrath either to Chico Franco or to Principy Jack; and both plans were discussed and separately recommended. At last we resolved to descend into the jungle, and carry our anger to the latter potentate; and, to astonish him the more, the music was to sound, and our cutlasses to flash, as soon as it was possible that he should hear and see us. Accordingly we made our way as well as we could through the forest, and when within, perhaps, half a mile, our bugle burst into a serenade, such as these groves had never heard before. The effect was visible when we drew near. Principy Jack, in great alarm, had fastened every entrance to his house, and had clambered outside, where he stood loading us with abuse, in terms collected from every ruffian who had ever cursed in his presence. He paused for a moment, when the bugle sung out its shrillest blast, and then his heart, it was plain, died within him; but fear did but add to his eloquence as soon as he recovered the power to speak at all; and as if his words had been spears, he darted them at us from his elevated position. It was certainly plucky in the black fellow thus to confront a force of which he was very much afraid, and which continued approaching nearer and nearer to his frail dwelling. He was like one of his own parrots, who fights to the end, even when the dog's mouth is closing over him. Young Leg was the man chosen to parley with him, and to complain in choice phrase of the breach of treaty; but Jack was in an African passion, and heard nothing, or what he did hear he would not comprehend, and defied all threats to bring his house about his ears—to burn his palms—to kill him with a dog's death, &c. Perhaps in his heart he felt that such big words would not be realised, and he thundered back threats equally big on his own account. I asked, and got permission, under these circumstances, to make a speech of my own; and rushing in when there was a moment's pause, cried, "The presents! of course it is all over with them."

You never saw such a change in a man. His mouth remained open, but silent; his eyes, floating in their whites, fixed themselves on me; his arms fell. Now the presents, remember, consisted annually of the Life Guardsman's cloak and Field Marshal's hat, in which he first appeared to us; they were his state dress—his mark of being a king: the old cloak hung about him at this moment, but torn and worn.

"No fair," said he, at length.

"Quite fair," cried the Captain, "since you fail in the promise you have made us."

"Me no fail," said the King; "me thought to come to the tree, but Chico Franco not there."

"How does he know that?" said the Captain.

"Perhaps he only throws out the guess," said Leg.

"No matter," said the Captain; "let's haul on this anchor. If he was not, that's no reason for you to be off your bargain," he said, addressing the King. "If *he* is to lose his presents, you need not."

"You stop," said Principy Jack; "me am the door unbolten." And he crawled inside his roof, and was heard before long working away to demolish the defences he had put up inside.

"Don't laugh now," said the Captain; "we have salt on his tail. Let us secure him."

And, in fact, once brought to consider, once plainly perceiving the hazard he was in about his regalia, Principy Jack was persuadable to anything. The orthodox view being taken as to the payment of the red cloak and cocked hat, he himself took a philanthropical one of the question of the slave-trade; he swore huge oaths that he would pursue it no more, and that he would make peace with Chico Franco. The savage kept his promise with regard to the slaves, so far as we knew; but we were soon ordered to another station, and all we could do was to take care that the promise on our side was punctually fulfilled. What steps he took to keep or to break the peace with his rival, I cannot certainly tell; at all events, if he did release any prisoner, or abstain from any war, it was due solely to the wardrobe-conscience, which preferred before all things such robes as best adorn a Principy Jack. V.

THE PARSEES.*

WHATEVER can add to our knowledge regarding the East is, at the present time, particularly welcome. Our acquaintance with it is, in some respects, truly abundant, but in others lamentably deficient. That India contains Mahomedans and Hindoos is generally understood; but of other races, for the most part, the profane public are ignorant. Among these the most important are the PARSEES—the descendants of the ancient Persians, emigrants to India when their own country was conquered by the Arabs. They are now to be found principally in Bombay, and are distinguished by essential differences from the Hindoos and Mahomedans. These Parsees, throughout the rebellion in the East, have, moreover, maintained an unshaken loyalty to the British, whom they proudly name their fellow-subjects. Western civilisation, indeed, has had great influence on their character; and they are now eagerly embracing the opportunities for improvement and advancement that are offered. The book from which we derive our information is a production, in the English language, by a Parsee, a native of Bombay, and who has already appeared as an author through a work entitled, *The British Raj contrasted with its Predecessors*,—a work expressly designed to warn his countrymen against the danger and folly of giving any countenance or aid to the recent military revolt.

It was in the middle of the seventh century that Persia was invaded by the sword of the Arab, under Caliph Omar. About fifty miles from the ancient city of Ecbatana, at the village of Náhávánd, the fatal battle was fought, on which occasion the Persian army numbered fifteen thousand fighting men. The Yezdézird, the forty-fifth king in the descent of the race of Kaimurs, became a wanderer, and lived in disguise and concealment for ten years, but was at last treacherously slain by a miller, A.D. 651. Thus ended the dynasty of the Sussanian kings of Persia, and the monarchy founded by Kaikhoshru, the Cyrus the Great of the Greeks.

* *The Parsees.* By Dosabhoy Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

On the conquest of Persia, the Mahomedan soldiers of the Caliphat of Bagdad traversed the length and breadth of the country, presenting the alternative of death or the Koran to the conquered, thus making a hundred thousand converts. The fire-temples, and other sacred places, were destroyed, or converted into mosques. Such of the followers of Zoroaster as preferred obeying the dictates of their conscience, to freeing themselves from the persecution of their rulers by accepting the Koran, abandoned their homes, and fled to the mountainous districts of Khorassan, where they remained unmolested for a hundred years. But persecution reaching them, a considerable number emigrated to the little island of Ormus, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. There, however, they were not safe; and at last they determined to relinquish for ever the land of their forefathers, and to seek an asylum in that of the Hindoos. They are said to have engaged at Ormus several vessels for their transport; and, placing their wives and children on board, they set sail towards the distant shores of India. The first port in Hindostan at which the earliest refugees arrived was Div, or Diew, a small island in the gulf of Cambay, lying to the south-west of the peninsula of Katirrar. After nineteen years, an aged *dastoor* (high-priest) reading the tablets of the stars, made an augury that it behoved them to depart from that place, and seek out another abode. All rejoiced at his words, and sailed swiftly towards Guzrat. Hardly had they lost sight of land than a severe storm overtook them; but they prayed to God for deliverance, and the storm abated. A gentler gale carried them in safety to Sanjan, about twenty-five miles south of Damaun, where they landed about A.D. 717. Here the chief, Jadao Rana, received them, and permitted them to reside. But they had to set forth the articles of their religion, which they did in sixteen *schlokes*, or distiches; such being framed with the view of gaining the favour of the Hindoo Rajah, and not to be accepted as viridical. Allusion, for instance, is made in them to many minor ceremonies, which are no more the essentials of Zoroastrianism than of Christianity; yet because of their approximating to certain ceremonies of the Hindoos, prominence is given to them, while silence is preserved regarding those doctrines on which the religion of Zoroaster is really based. As it was, they were compelled to adopt the language of the country, and cease to speak that of their forefathers. They were also required to dress their females in the Indian fashion, to wear no armour, and to perform the marriage of their children at night, in conformity with the practice of the Hindoos. The exiles had but two alternatives—to accept these conditions, or to return to their ships. On being directed to occupy any vacant ground they pleased, they selected a large tract of waste land in the immediate vicinity of Sanjan. Here, with the permission and assistance of the Rajah, they erected a fire-temple, which was completed A.D. 721, and lived in peace for 300 years; some, however, emigrating to Surat, Nowsaree, Broach, Variao, Ukleser, and Cambay. For the next two hundred years they lived in amity with the Hindoos, no misunderstanding occurring. In 1507 they distinguished themselves in battle with the Hindoos against the aggressions of the Mahomedan chief, Sultan Mahomed Begada, who arrived before Sanjan with thirty thousand men. This they did, notwithstanding their oath never to bear arms, the greatness of the occasion justifying them in making it an exception. But the Mahomedans were ultimately successful.

After the overthrow of the Hindoo government, the Parsees suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Mahomedan troops, and the greater part of them fled to the mountains of Baharout, taking with them the sacred fire which they had consecrated at Sanjan, where they dwelt for twelve years, and then left for Bansda, a small colony of Parsees already existing. The sacred fire was also carried thither, and after some years it was removed to Nowsaree, where the Parsees had become influential and opulent. In late years, owing to some disputes among the priests, it was secretly removed to Oodwara, thirty-two miles south of Surat, where it still exists.

A small Parsee colony also settled at Variao, a place under the rule of the Rajah of Ruttonpore, a Rajpoot chief, who attempted to extort an extraordinary tribute from them, which they refused. The soldiers of the Rajah accordingly invited all the resident Parsees to a marriage festival, and surprised them in the midst of their festivities, ruthlessly murdering women and children. The anniversary of the tragedy is still kept.

In Nowsaree and Surat the Parsees attained great prosperity; which still continues in the latter place, the former being principally the abode of their priests. In the latter, the Parsees carry on business as brokers to European firms. Some of them also settled in Bombay, about A.D. 1668; Dorabjee Nanabhoy being the first individual who resided with his family in Bombay, and, indeed, the only one during the sway of the Portuguese over the island. A Parsee settler also, named Lowjee, a shipwright, founded the Bombay dockyard in 1735, and the post of master-builder has ever since been filled by his descendants. The Shet Khandan, the Dadyshet, and the Banajee families are also distinguished.

Persia, once fallen, never revived. Its subsequent history, therefore, concerns us but little.

"To expect," says our author, "that after the revolutions, persecutions, and oppressions to which the small remnant of the descendants of the ancient Persians have been subjected, that they should to-day possess any of their religious books, or be well-informed respecting the tenets of their religion, would be unreasonable. . . . The Zoroastrians of the fatherland now need advice and instruction from those of India." We learn, also, that "the Parsees of Bombay, who are much pained at the ignorance and wretched condition of this people, have of late been engaged in devising means for their relief. Schools have recently been established, where instruction is gratuitously imparted to their children; the Parsees of Bombay having wisely considered that the spread of education among their brethren in Persia will prove the surest harbinger of future good."

The levy of the Mahomedan capitation-tax is a great hardship on the Parsees.

"Upon the annual collection of the tax, the scene presented before the homes of those who are unable to pay it is most terrible to witness. Unheard-of cruelties are practised in the hopeless attempt to extort the money. Some, as a last resource to save themselves from torture, give up their religion, and embrace the faith of Mahomed, in which case they are exempted from payment of the tax. Others, who dare not violate their consciences, abandon their homes to escape the clutches of the tax-gatherer, leaving their wives and children in misery and want."

THERE is something eminently picturesque about the design of this tower, with its lofty elegance of mien, if we may so speak, and the singular variety, and yet simplicity, of the parts which constitute it. Indeed, this is the most ordinary characteristic of the architecture of this style,—a pure, unvaried length of line, with simple repetitions, as in the shallow angle-buttresses, whose inner margins repeat the exterior vertical lines,—themselves, however, not being continued to the bottom of the tower, but ended on the flat faces of the base, have no meagreness of appearance, but institute a new species of variety by that very cessation. The introduction of the labels, or short buttresses beneath the machicolations, descending about one-third of each face of the tower, adds still more variety to its aspect, by a mere repetition of the same ornament. The projection of the parapet also adds greatly to this beauty, being at once bold and striking. Advanced parapets were originally introduced in order that boiling water or oil, hot sand, and molten lead, might be poured by the besieged in fortified places upon the heads of assailants; for which purpose openings called machicolations were made in the flooring of the parapet, between the supporting brackets which were carried beneath it to the tower. After use came ornament: the elegance thus obtained was soon observed, and machicolations were employed where they could not be of the slightest warlike use, as in this Tower of San Felice. To quote an example nearer home, we may point to the Clock Tower at Westminster, where machicolations have been employed beneath the head of the tower which contains the clock; and how much effect is lost from want of boldness in making this head larger than it is, will be observed instantly on comparing it with Mr. Macquoid's sketch here engraved. The octagonal lantern at the top of the tower, which is so beautiful in its own proportions, appears to us to have been added to the building some time after its original erection. The circular building at the foot is part of the Church of San Felice, and was either originally a Roman temple, or erected upon the same design, from which, in all probability, came the form of those amongst us known as "round churches," such as the Temple Church, London, that at Cambridge, and one or two more in different parts of the country. L. L.



TOWER OF SAN FELICE, NEAR VICENZA.

They suffer other evils, also, from the want of civil protection. Their sanctuaries, too, are frequently invaded; and not seldom they have been made the victims of fanatical mobs.

"The physical and moral condition," however, "of the Parsees in Persia has remained unchanged since the time when they called the country their own. Centuries of oppression have not been able to destroy the strong, muscular, and hardy appearance of the Zoroastrian. He is greatly superior in strength to the modern effeminate and luxurious Persian; and is ever willing to work, could he find employment. Centuries of contact with a weak and idle race have not exercised any perceptible influence upon the habits of industry for which the ancestors of the Parsees were remarkable. The Zoroastrian is taught by his religion to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; whereas the Moslem is taught to believe that he will be the favoured of God by becoming a fakir, and living on alms. It is a fact creditable to the blood which flows in Zoroastrian veins, that the race has not degenerated by contact with those by whom fate has surrounded them.

"The same may be said of their moral conduct. The Mahomedans, their inveterate enemies, even admit this fact. Their women, the majority of whom belong to poor families, are remarkable for chastity; an unchaste woman is unheard of among them, while the men are noted for their moral conduct. In the garden adjoining the harem of the Shah, none are employed as gardeners but Zoroastrians, and this because of the national character for purity of these men. They are also remarkable for their love of truth, a virtue so highly extolled in their ancestors by historians both ancient and modern.

"Never were the unhappy effects of misrule rendered more palpable than in the condition of the present remnant of the race remaining in the fatherland; while the state of the Parsees of Western India as strikingly exemplifies the success and glory of an equitable and enlightened administration. But can we ourselves do nothing for our unfortunate co-religionists in Persia? Our community possesses considerable weight, and includes among its members names known all over the world for their exertions in the cause of humanity, and the amelioration of the condition of their countrymen generally."

Such is the character of the Parsees as traced by a Parsee. The followers of Zoroaster at the present day exceed not 150,000 persons. The Parsees of India are divided into two sects, the Shensoys and the Kudmis.

"They do not differ on any point of faith, as the Protestants do from the Romanists; nor does the distinction between them at all resemble that which divides the different castes of the Hindoos, or the Shyas and Soones among the Mahomedans. Their form of worship and religious ceremonies are the same in every respect. They freely mingle in society, and in every relation of life, and the dispute is solely confined to a quarrel as to the correct chronological date for the computation of the era of Yezdézird, the last king of the ancient Persian monarchy. The difference has, as yet, been productive of no further inconvenience than arises from the variation of a month in the celebration of the festivals."

The Parsee Faith was founded in the reign of Gushtapt, or Darius Hystaspes, and was, till the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, in a flourishing

condition—a period of 300 years. It afterwards declined, but was revived by Ardeshir Babekan, in A.D. 226, who collected their sacred books and had them translated into Pehlvi, the language then current in Persia, built fire-temples for the worship of God, and restored the ancient religion of Persia to its original and pure state. There are several Zurtoshts, or Zoroasters, quoted as the lawgiver of the Parsees. One is described as a Chaldean or Assyrian, one as a Bactrian, another as a Pamphylian, a fourth as an Armenian, and lastly, one as a Persian. The sixth century before the Christian era is generally agreed upon as the period of his avatar. He is supposed to have been born at the city of Rai, in Persia, and flourished in the reign of King Gushtapt, who embraced and propagated the faith propounded by him. One Poroshusp, remarkable for the uprightness of his life, was selected by God to be the father of the Prophet. In Pehlvi works, originally compiled by the disciples of Zurtosht, it is said that an angel presented Poroshusp with a glass of wine; having drunk which, his wife Doghdo soon after conceived and bore a son, destined to create a new era in Eastern history. The circumstance of Zurtosht's father having received wine from an angel was publicly talked about, and the governor of the province resolved, at the instigation of wicked counsellors, to destroy the infant. The hands of the destroyers are said to have been, in every attempt for its destruction, arrested by Divine agency.

"While yet a child, he was subject to no ordinary persecutions. He was, it is said, cast into blazing fire, but came out unscathed. He was once taken into a narrow lane where the oxen were accustomed to pass, that he might be trampled to death when the brutes came that way, but he remained unhurt. The same result ensued when he was thrown in the way of wolves and other wild beasts of the forest. Other instances of his escapes from the machinations of those in authority are related, but need not be repeated here, as at last he was allowed to remain unmolested.

"In the Pehlvi books still existing, and originally compiled by the disciples of Zurtosht, the Persian Prophet, at the age of thirty, is said to have left his native town of Rai, and to have proceeded with all the members of his family to the capital of Persia. In the fortieth year of his age, and in the thirtieth of the reign of Gushtapt, he is reported to have appeared at the court of the king, bearing with him, into his presence, the sacred fire called 'Ader Boorzeen Meher,' and a cypress-tree. The monarch having demanded who he was, and whence he came, the Persian lawgiver replied, 'The Almighty God has sent me to you, and appointed me a prophet to guide you in the path of truth, virtue, and piety.'"

Afterwards being persecuted by the courtiers, he performed miracles, and thus established his claim with Gushtapt, who used his influence to spread his religion among other kings and wise men of the world. His prime minister, Furshoster, and Jamasp, the most learned men of the age, went out as his apostles, and succeeded in converting the people of Iran to the new religion. On learning that the king was ready to acknowledge his mission, Zurtosht had already produced the sacred books called Avasta, which he had brought with him to the court of the king. These books were written in the Zend language, a language understood to have existed as far back as three or four thousand years ago, and quite independently of the Sanscrit. In many respects it reaches beyond, and is an improvement on the Sanscrit. The Avasta contained twenty-one *noosk*, or volumes; but many of them are now missing. Among those extant, the Vandidad, Vispard, and Izahné are most esteemed. They are the oldest writings extant, except those of the Hebrews and the poems of Homer. On their genuineness and authenticity the learned are agreed. Our author's account of the tenets of these books deserves the most respectful attention, and we are disposed to go by his direction. The religion of Zoroaster he describes as a simple form of Theism, recognising but one God, the Creator, Ruler, and Preserver of the universe, without form and invisible. To him is assigned a place above all, and to him every praise is to be given for all the good in this world, and all the blessings we enjoy. The creed requires no image of God to be made for the purpose of worship, as to him is attributed no form, colour, or shape. He is an immense light, from which all glory, bounty, and goodness flow. His mercies are as boundless as his being. The three important injunctions of the Parsee Scriptures are *homuté*, *hookhté*, and *vurusté*, or purity of speech, purity of action, and purity of thought. The most acceptable sacrifices to the Deity are good actions; while intentions, as well as actions, must be good to be acceptable. The principle of righteousness is named Ormuzd, or the Almighty. The author of all evil, moral and physical, is Ahriman. Here is the *dualism* from which our early Hebrew Scriptures are free, and which is denounced by Isaiah, though unfortunately reproduced by later theologians. The former admit but of One Principle: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God," asks Job, "and shall we not also receive evil?" But to proceed:—

"Prayer is one of the duties most strongly enjoined; because man, continually exposed to the assaults of Ahriman (the Evil Principle), stands in need of the succour which it procures; and because it affords opportunity for those intelligences to whom it is addressed to fulfil the object for which they were created.

"The priest prays for himself, for all the Parsees, and in particular, as in the days of Herodotus, for the king whom Ormuzd has placed over his people; and, to give greater efficiency to his prayers, unites them to those of all the Parsees, of all the souls acceptable to Ormuzd, which have existed, or shall exist until the resurrection. He declares also that he takes part in the good deeds of all the righteous, and that he joins his action to theirs. This communion of prayers and actions appears in all the forms and all the offices which compose the liturgical works of the Parsees. It is well adapted to maintain the spirit of peace and union which ought to characterise a people who profess to adore the Author of all good. The Parsees commence prayers with a sincere confession of the sins they have committed."

The Parsees believe in a judgment and a resurrection—in a Paradise and a Hades. Our Framjee defends them against the charge of dualism. Ahriman, he says, should be taken in an *allegorical* sense, to denote the cause of the temptation to which man is subject. He claims for them the character of *monotheists*, since they tolerate no other worship besides that of the Supreme Being. The images which existed in Persia when Zurtosht promulgated his doctrines, and reformed the national religion, were soon destroyed, and active efforts are said to have been made to extinguish

heretical forms of worship, and destroy the idols worshipped in the bordering countries. Xerxes, the immediate successor of Gushtapt, had such a hatred for idolatry, that he destroyed all the Grecian temples dedicated to the gods.

Framjee also denies for himself and co-religionists that the Parsee is a fire-worshipper, though he stand beside the fire, or direct his face to the sun, in the act of worship. Fire is with them only the Symbol of God, as the Cause of Light. However, it seems to be acknowledged that the vulgar and illiterate do worship the sacred Flame, as also the sun, moon, and stars, idolatrously. And so it is ever with all systems of symbolism,—they provide a superstition for the ignorant, while they express the religion of the learned. Alas! but the remedy is, what?—Education. Even the latter, however, is insufficient of itself to destroy the dualistic heresy. To Education must be added Philosophy, which is, as it were, the bright consummate efflorescence of the mind, as expressed in its highest desire,—the love of wisdom. It may also be remarked that the Zend Avasta is evidently a *Law*, and not a *Gospel*. It proclaims no salvation to the sinner; it merely announces a system of rewards for merit, and a scale of punishments for crime. This, indeed, is the sum of the so-called *Revelations of Ardai Veraf*,—respecting which the volume we are reviewing should be consulted by the student-reader.

An association, composed of many influential and wealthy Parsees, and a number of young and educated men of the race, was formed in 1852, under the title of the "Rahnumár Mazdiasna," or Religious Reform Association, which had for its object the regeneration of the social condition of the Parsees, and the restoration of the Zoroastrian religion to its pristine purity. Essays, composed in language eloquent and impressive, showing the disadvantages resulting from adhering to practices and usages which really do not belong to their religion, are read in public meetings before a crowd of eager listeners. Pamphlets also by thousands have been circulated among the people. A Translation Fund also exists. An essay on the "Origin and History of the Zend Avasta, with an account of the investigations of European authors regarding the Zend Books, with suggestions for enhancing religious education among the Parsees," was invited, and a prize of Rs.500, or £50, offered to the successful competitor. The successful essay was by Sorabjee Shapoorjee. Measures are also taken for the improvement of the Parsee priesthood, which, being hereditary, has become ignorant. A bright future, indeed, awaits the Parsees; no very broad gulf separates them even from Christianity.

The domestic life of the people is described very fully in the present work. Beginning with the infant, it states that the child is introduced into the world on the ground-floor of the house, to which the mother is conveyed as soon as she is seized with the pains of labour, and she remains there for forty days, at the expiration of which period, after undergoing purification, she is allowed to appear in the family as before. Five days after the event the astrologer is called in, who is either a Brahmin or a Parsee priest, and foretells its destiny, giving, too, a number of names from which the child's is to be selected. The dress of the child is simple, consisting of a single piece, or garment, called the *jubhla*, which extends from the neck to the ankles. It is a sort of loose shirt, through which the head and arms are passed. The *topee*, or skull-cap, covers the head, and completes the dress. The holiday attire is exceedingly elegant and fanciful. The *jubhla* and *topee* are bravely embroidered with China silks, or with gold and silver lace. Pearls, emeralds, and other jewels, are also arranged about the person. The investiture of the child with the *sudra* and *kusti*, or its "baptism" into the Zoroastrian religion, takes place after it has attained six years and three months. The *jubhla* is then thrown off, and the *sudra* and *kusti* are put on. After washing and undergoing certain ceremonies, the child is seated before the *dastoor*, or high-priest, and the invited guests. The *dastoor* then pronounces a benediction, and with due forms the emblems of Zoroastrianism are put on.

"The *sudra* is made of linen, or linen gauze or net, while the *kusti* is a thin woollen cord, or cincture of seventy-two threads. The former is called, in the language of the Avasta, *suttehur pesunghem*, which means, 'The garment of the good and beneficial way.' The *kusti* is passed round the waist three times, and tied with four knots, during the chanting of a sort of hymn. At the first knot, the person says, 'There is only one God, and no other is to be compared with him;' at the second, 'The religion given by Zurtosht is true;' at the third, 'Zurtosht is the true Prophet, and he derived his mission from God;' at the fourth and last, 'Perform good actions, and abstain from evil ones.'"

Among the customs of a people, none are more interesting than those that pertain to marriage. We shall conclude our review with some excerpts on this subject.

"The dignity of woman among the Parsees is next to European. Though not visible in society, the women mix unreservedly in the family, its conversation and affairs;—their time is principally employed in making dresses for their children, working in embroidery, and intervisiting among themselves. The marriages of children engage the earliest attention of parents. Marriages take place at the age of nine—a custom derived from the Hindoos; Zoroaster more wisely prescribed fifteen. Instances have not been wanting of the betrothal of a boy of three years of age to a girl of two. Some fifteen years ago, indeed, it was the custom in Bombay, and in some of the cities of Guzerat, to arrange or negotiate for the marriage of children yet unborn. If the respective wives of two friends became *enceinte*, they came to an understanding that, if one bore a son and the other a daughter, the infants should be united in marriage. This state of things, however, exists no longer, and early marriages are now rare.

"Some of the priests, who have extensive acquaintance with influential families, follow the profession of match-makers. At their instance, the parents of the boy open a negotiation with those of the girl, requesting from them the horoscope or birth-paper of the maiden, and then consult the astrologer, who compares it with that of the proposed bridegroom. Mutual inquiries are then made. The parents of the girl inquire particularly as to the amiability or otherwise of the mother of the future son-in-law, as in a Parsee family the happiness of the wedded girl depends greatly upon the behaviour of the mother-in-law towards her, the husband being, like herself, a minor. The astrologer having named the day for the marriage, for several days before, if the parties are rich, continual dinners and nautches are given to friends, both males and females, and many thousands of rupees are thus spent. Ornaments and rich dresses are exchanged, and valuable presents made to the bride by her father-in-law. On the wedding-day, large parties are invited at both houses. The ceremony takes place in the evening. The gentlemen

are accommodated with chairs and benches in the verandah, and the two sides of the road facing the house where the ceremony is to be performed, while the apartments are gallantly left to the ladies. On this occasion the former dress in *Jamas* and *Pichoree*, the full costume of the Parsees, while the latter array themselves in dresses of the most rich and variegated colours, ornamented with gold and jewellery. The bridegroom goes in musical procession to the house of the bride. When the party is accommodated, the nuptial ceremony is commenced soon after sunset. It generally takes place in a hall or spacious room on the ground-floor of the house, where a *galicha*, or carpet, is spread. The bride and bridegroom are seated close to each other on ornamented chairs, and facing them stand the *dastoors*, or priests, who repeat the nuptial benediction, first in the Zend, and then in the Sanscrit. The ceremony concluded, a banquet follows. The ladies are first served, and when they have quitted the table, it is relaid for the gentlemen. Out of respect for the Hindoos, the viands consist of fish, vegetables, sweetmeats, fruits, preserves, &c. European and native wines are partaken very freely, and many toasts proposed;—that of Queen Victoria never being omitted. As the married couple are young, separate accommodation is seldom allotted; they usually live in the same house with the other members of their parent's family. The gray-headed patriarch looks with pride and pleasure upon the groups of children and grandchildren around him. Europeans in Bombay have often witnessed Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy driving in his spacious open carriage along the public roads in the evening, with half a dozen little ones beside him, and many following him in other carriages."

THE SUNBEAM.

By JOHN PHILLIP, A.R.A.

Mr. John Phillip, A.R.A., is an artist of singular powers, who has for the most part, of late years, dedicated them to the illustration of scenes of Spanish life, in which the style of execution, if not of the most refined order, or highest walk of art, is yet remarkable for masterly comprehensiveness; his pictures display a bold and solid system of painting; a knowledge of colour, employed with an appropriate and characteristic feeling for his class of subjects; and a vigorous and dramatic conception, which, bringing his themes clearly before the spectator, would alone render them attractive, even if they were less interesting in themselves, or executed by a feebler hand. Of these works the picture we engraved under the title of "The Salute" (vol. ii. p. 385), since exhibited at the Royal Academy as "El Cortejo," and also an earlier production, "Spanish Girl returning from the Fountain" (vol. i. p. 67), are fair specimens. We had great pleasure in expressing our admiration for several of the pictures he has this year exhibited, amongst which "The Dying Contrabandista" will be fresh in the mind of every one who saw it, as an excellent example of his style, displayed upon an unusually large scale. With the adoption of Spanish character as his specialty, Mr. Phillip has advanced immensely as an artist, partly from novelty of subject, and partly also from the skilful way in which he has fitted his system of painting to its peculiar requirements, adapting his choice of colour to a harmony with the national habit, and, indeed, with the traditional style of art,—for we frequently trace a sort of resemblance between his works and those of Murillo, or, more strongly marked still, with those of the famous dumb painter, El Mudo. The picture before us represents a domestic scene in an English labourer's cottage, when the summer sun, sinking in the west, slants a long beam through the low window. The father, returned from his day's work, has been reading to his family, the youngest member of which is attracted with childish glee by the bright light that plays athwart his own little figure and face. The eldest daughter, a sturdy country-girl, shifts the window-blind to and fro, so as to cast in startling flashes the infant's mote-peopled plaything. The father has ceased reading, to watch the youngster's fantastic tricks and quaint gambols, as he dips his dimpled fingers in the torrent of airy fire; his hands, now shaded and out of the beam, now gilded and dazzling bright, are a source of bewildering delight to him. The mother, with the child on her knee, dances him up and down, almost as much pleased with her little human toy as he is with the glittering and less substantial one. The elder boy, leaning against the leg of the table by his father's knee, caressing the dog, looks on as amused as the rest. The spinning-wheel stands at the side of the mother—a wheel which, from its constant use and perpetual appearance in pictures, might be accepted as an emblem of eternity. On the large chest behind stands the teapot and a huge bowl; the horseshoe hangs, for luck, beside the casement; and a lantern, dried herbs, a basket, and spare garments, decorate the walls.

We have selected this, and, as will be seen by the special notices, several other pictures from the collection of Mr. L. V. Flatou, now exhibiting at the New City Gallery, Change Alley, Cornhill—an exhibition unusually rich in examples of our most eminent modern artists. Among the most remarkable will be found a work of Sir E. Landseer's, known as "The Dispute;" Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A.'s large and important picture, which the fine engraving has made so celebrated, "The Assertion of Liberty of Conscience in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, 1664,"—a work upon which, doubtless, very much of Mr. Herbert's future fame will rest. Another member of the Royal Academy, Mr. Hook, has several pictures; an early work, "The Chevalier Bayard taking his Departure," in some measure predicated the success he has since attained; "Among the Bramble" attests his present position. A picture which we engraved some time since, "Byron's First Love," is a fair sample of Mr. E. M. Ward's manly style of painting. Of dramatic pictures there are several by P. F. Poole, A.R.A.; among them the well-known "Mountain Toilette." "Rasselas in the Happy Valley," by F. Danby, A.R.A., will not fail to find admirers; nor will, assuredly, Mr. John Phillip's "Fair at Seville," painted in conjunction with Mr. Ansdell, and which has never before been exhibited. Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., has his well-known "Mail-coach Adventure," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Mr. T. Faed has "Listeners ne'er hear any Good of Themselves," which was so popular at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, "Home," and "The Auld Stile," which we engraved in vol. iii. "A View of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Venice, showing the Statue of Bartholomew Colleone," by J. Holland, we had the pleasure of praising when it was first exhibited. Mr. Ansdell's "Deer-stalking" would have won him a name, if he had not already earned one, when it appeared some years ago, and is well worthy of notice, as indicating the change which has taken place in his style since his Spanish expedition. Mr. Elmore's "Scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona" (No. 59), is remarkable for humour and force of character, also in a very unusual degree for colour, which, although rather rank, is yet more vigorous in tone than usual with the artist. Among the landscapes we remark Constable's "Lock on the Stour, Suffolk," a study in his favourite locality; "Windsor Castle," and several others, by J. B. Pyne. "The Eve of the Deluge," by Linnell, sen., is one of those grand conceptions wherein the artist has combined much natural truth with vast powers of imagination. Strongly in contrast with this work, in its sweet simplicity and almost monochromatic clearness, is "Timber Felling;" and a delightful picture, styled "Landscape," has something of the same character. Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.'s "Venice by Moonlight," has left an impression upon all who saw it some time since, which they would gladly recall by a second inspection. There are many other interesting and prominent works, forming altogether a collection which will amply repay a visit.

L. L.



THE SUNBEAM. BY JOHN PHILLIP, A.R.A.

WHICH IS WHICH?

OR, MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

CHAPTER IV.

A BIT HERE AND A SCRAP THERE.

Mr. Cassidy took up his abode in Oxford, where he and his little boys speedily became popular characters. The latter were at once accepted by public acclamation, and as a permanency, by the Dean's good-humoured nickname of "the freshmen;" and a nickname in an English University city is a very great step towards celebrity. Mr. Cassidy himself was no less fortunate in this important respect; he became known indiscriminately as "Cassidy the Irish" and "Mad Cassidy." His singular ambition to educate his sons as gentlemen was held by the majority as clear proof of insanity. It was observed, however, that people who had happened to have pecuniary dealings with Mr. Cassidy were by no means inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion on this subject. These were disposed to pronounce our friend a person in the full possession of his intellectual faculties—certainly as regarded a just appreciation of pounds, shillings, and pence.

The circumstances of Mr. Cassidy's matriculation, so to speak, in the University, were most favourable. A man who had not only been a party to the famous practical joke—conspicuous from its isolation rather than from its brilliancy—upon old Bashawe of St. Ogive's, but who had actually refused large bribes rather than inform upon its original perpetrators, could not fail to earn the esteem and patronage of undergraduate circles. In Oxford "not to split" ranks among the cardinal virtues; and Mr. Cassidy's honourable conduct in this respect was soon made public. The Dean took a lively pleasure in telling the story wherever he went; and, of course, the delighted authors of the joke could not themselves keep the secret, which Mr. Cassidy had so magnanimously, and at so great a sacrifice, striven to keep for them. And it may be remarked, by the way, that these young humorists bragged of their success once too often. The Dean, to whose ears their share in the transaction had come by a hundred different channels, was at last fatigued into taking some cognisance of it; and astonished the young gentlemen one morning by rusticating them for a couple of terms, in consideration of their famous pleasantry,—"not," as he dryly observed, "that he himself could not afford to be generous under a defeat, but he thought his conquerors required a lesson in the difficult art of supporting a victory." At the same time, they were informed that they were indebted to Mr. Cassidy, and the Dean's high regard for that gentleman's feelings, for the extreme leniency of their sentence. So that these undergraduates (and their order for them) felt gratefully towards Mr. Cassidy, even at the time of his acting indirectly as the instrument of their disgrace. Like Giaffar in the Eastern tale, the mere recollection of his virtues was the means of saving men sentenced to punishment for the crime of having been his accomplices. Except that Giaffar lost his head, and Mr. Cassidy took remarkably good care not to lose his, on any known occasion the parallel would be singularly striking.

The particular line of business in which Mr. Cassidy made his Oxford *début* would be rather difficult of definition. He engaged premises in Fisher Row, consisting of an unfurnished back-room about eight feet by eleven in dimensions. His occupancy, after a few days' residence, was signified by a diminutive deal board bearing this legend:—



the real significance of which was that Mr. Cassidy would be very happy to undertake any commission in the joining or plastering lines, if he could get it to do. But as a guarantee that the advertiser possessed a single tool, article of stock, or, indeed, important technical qualification for either of the pursuits alluded to, the inscription must be pronounced, to say the least, apocryphal. The fact is, Mr. Cassidy was willing to attempt anything or everything that was tolerably well paid and not dishonourable. And as he was diligent, ingenious, enormously strong, and had been fortunate enough to make good friends, he found no difficulty in disposing of his time to pretty good advantage. He would dig, mow, saw, paint (he never got beyond a shop-door in this branch of the arts), and, on an emergency, officiate as extra stable-keeper, or even day-waiter. It was a sight, in the latter case, to see Mr. Cassidy, in a shocking bad suit of hired black, and with a deplorably-tied cravat, his brawny fists crammed into the cheapest and worst of Berlin gloves, committing havoc among the plates and glasses. The only condition he stipulated for beyond his pay—which he was rather clever at fixing at a pretty good rate, and remarkably sharp in looking after—was that the labour he engaged for should not be such as to necessitate his separation from "the darlin's." This was considered a bit of a nuisance at first, but Mr. Cassidy's employers got used to it as a matter of regulation; and the little fellows were trained, like docile terriers, to dispose themselves quietly in the most out-of-the-way corners till the day's work was finished. If you saw Mr. Cassidy stalking solitary through a meadow, mowing away like grim Death, you might be sure "the freshmen" were not far off; you would find them, chasing butterflies in the adjacent field, or comfortably coiled up like the hireling shepherd of the mystic nursery legend, that we wondered at long before Mr. Holman Hunt was old enough to astonish us with his marvellous view of the same subject,

"Under a haycock, fast asleep."

If, on the occasion of a great boat-race, cricket match, or other *al fresco* entertainment, the adroit official who

brought you anchovy sauce to your fruit-pie, or spilt your bottle of porter between your shirt and waistcoat-lining, turned out to be Mr. Cassidy, you might be sure that little Frank and Teddy were at hand, stowed away safely somewhere among the adjacent tubs and hampers.

As a rule, Miles objected to work by the day or the hour; he preferred such occupations as could be paid for "by the piece." Quite reasonably, too, as with his gigantic frame and incredible industry he often managed to get through two ordinary men's work.

His good friend the Dean never lost sight of him (till Oxford lost sight of the Dean), and was constantly devising lucrative employment for him. He would gladly have engaged Miles as a private servant in some capacity, having a high respect for the man, and feeling the greatest confidence in his truthfulness and ability. But such offers Miles always respectfully declined. "He must stick to the darlin's—it was part of the bargain—thanking his reverence for past favours, and hoping to desarve the same; but he thought 'he saw his way!'" The Dean soon began to understand that Cassidy's aims were high ones; and considerately preferred to assist him in their fulfilment—in Miles's own chosen way.

In the course of time another little sign-board was added to the original one (to which it was the worst fit imaginable) thus :—



This also was a pious fraud. It is true that Mr. Cassidy, having picked up a pair of old wheels a very great bargain, had, in his few leisure moments, manufactured what he was imaginative enough to consider a cart. Few were entirely of his way of thinking on this subject. Horseflesh Mr. Cassidy had none; but when the vehicle, for which no adequate name exists, did happen to be called into active requisition, its proprietor always knew where to engage something, alive and on four legs, to draw it on (to him) most advantageous terms.

Of course, by dint of so much varied exertion, our hero began to find out his real vocation. This, after all—the ignominious cart notwithstanding—really turned out to be carpentering. Mr. Cassidy, after repeated *fiascos*, achieved a real success in the bookshelf line—a commission from his untiring patron the Dean. This was really a creditable performance, but scarcely such as to warrant the intolerable airs assumed by its author on the supposed strength of its merits. But Miles was a capital trumpeter on his own instrument, and was not the man to spare his mighty lungs, if he saw a chance of collecting a profitable crowd about him. He managed to pile up a great reputation upon that one set of bookshelves. Further commissions, the result of this triumph, enabled him to remove to more commodious premises—the master of a pretty good stock of tools and materials. This degree of progress, however, was only attained subsequently to some events that must here be chronicled.

The minor occupations above recorded were mere preparatory diggings, as it were, for the great Cassidy edifice. Considering that Miles was not only his own architect, but would also have to be his own brickmaker, bricklayer, and hodman, it is not surprising that he should have been anxious to commence building in good time. An opportunity for laying his foundation-stone presented itself a few months after his arrival in Oxford.

The front-room of the house in Fisher Row was tenanted by a lock-keeper, or rather by his wife, such of the husband's time as was not required at the lock being chiefly devoted to the beer-house. This was an unfortunate distribution; for, having one day overstayed his time at the beer-house, the man walked out of it, rather hurriedly, into the lock, and was drowned. His widow, a poor helpless creature, finding herself deprived of even the scanty means of subsistence she had been able to wring from the deceased—which may have appeared to her more abundant than it really was, from the plentiful sauce of kicks and oaths with which each scrap had been accompanied—was reduced to despair. She had scarcely an article of clothing or furniture to dispose of for the price of a meal for herself and two young infants. She had no friends, had learnt no occupation, and was too weakly and delicate for rough manual exertion.

Miles Cassidy, ever on the watch for opportunity, saw the means of turning this poor creature's calamity to his and her own advantage. He had ascertained, it should be stated, that the woman was a "scholard"—that is to say, she had learnt to read and write—having been, indeed, the spoiled child of some petty tradespeople with whom the world had fared badly. He also knew her to be a thoroughly simple-minded, truthful, and kindly-disposed person. He paid her a neighbourly visit on the second day of her bereavement, making his excuse the offering of some wisely-chosen sixpennyworth or so of material comfort, which was most gratefully accepted.

He found the poor widow, who was named Quelch—not a very pretty name, but a great many natives of Oxfordshire are obliged to bear it—absolutely beside herself with grief and apprehension, neither of the most selfish or unreasonable description. She had loved the dead-and-gone brute, who had left her with no legacy but a pair of sickly children and a black eye, and was alarmed for the future of her offspring, on whose behalf she felt herself so powerless to struggle with the world. What was to become of them? Why had her dear Tom left her? Could she hope to be forgiven for having ever complained of his rough treatment, now that she found herself so lonely and helpless without him? Why had she not been a better wife, and made a better home for him? What would poor father and mother have said had they lived to see her come to this?

Such were the principal notes of her mournful song, the constantly-recurring burden of which was, "What will become of these helpless, fatherless angels?"

Mr. Cassidy listened to a few repetitions of this lament with respectful patience, brushing his short hair with the palm of his hand—or, perhaps it would be

more accurate to say, brushing the palm of his hand with his short hair.

At the first convenient lull he looked up at the dilapidated ceiling, and said, as in soliloquy,

"Well, that bangs Banagher, anyhow! But it 's the throuble that blinds her, the crathur! Nath'ral, too, and proper."

"You may say that, Mr. Cassidy. I am blinded, indeed, by my trouble."

"Ah! in a day or two ye 'll have your eyes open, ma'am; and ye 'll see your way clearer than ever ye saw it before."

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy, you mean kindly by saying so, I am sure! But what is to become of these helpless darlings? What can I do?"

"Well, ma'am, if I might make so bould, I should rather ask, What *can't* you do?" said Mr. Cassidy, looking keenly in the widow's face as he spoke. "That 's nearer the mark. A born lady, with your resources and accomplishments, *and with her hands untied!*"

A faint gleam of pleasure stole over the wan features of the widow, awakened by this delicate touch of flattery. But it is to be feared she mistook the purport of her visitor's hint, as she burst out afresh into passionate exclamations of—

"Oh, I would never marry again, Mr. Cassidy! Never! Nothing should induce me to forget my poor Tom, if I was to live a hundred years!"

Mr. Cassidy with some difficulty repressed a chuckle. He was immensely tickled with the idea that this forlorn specimen of widowhood—whom no *two* men in the most imbecile generation would be likely to commit the grave mistake of marrying—had possibly suspected him, Miles Cassidy, of matrimonial designs on her singularly unattractive person! But he preserved his gravity admirably, and resumed,

"Ye 'll plaze yourself as to that, ma'am, of coorse. And maybe, after one unlucky venture—no disrespect to the dead, pace to their sowls!—ye 'll enjoy your freedom too well to part with it a second time. And when you find yourself earning your living as a lady should, and putting by money for them fine chaps there,"—pointing to two of the most repulsive-looking children in the world,—"with no one to rob you of your little savings——. But I ax your pardon, ma'am, for threspassing on your private matthers."

The poor woman's eyes and mouth were agape with astonishment.

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy!" she said, "what *do* 'ee mean? *Me* earn my living as a lady! I *was* brought up superior, I own; but poor father and mother wouldn't let me do anything, being delicate from a child; not even housework. More 's the pity, or poor Tom mightn't have been drove so often to the Lamb and Flag! If they 'd only learnt me as much as shoe-binding ——"

"Shoe-binding!" Mr. Cassidy exclaimed, in a tone of ineffable disgust. "With the larning you 've got at your fingers' ends! Well, that bates all! But you 're not yourself, anyhow!"

Mr. Cassidy's drift was not yet visible, but his flattery was irresistible.

"It 's little good my learning has ever done me, Mr. Cassidy," said the widow, softly.

"Then now 's about the time to make it, *I* think," said Miles, in cheery tones, lighting a pipe as he spoke.

"What would you advise me to try?"

"Try!" Mr. Cassidy looked up as though he were indignant at being asked such a question. "Keep a school, *of coorse!*"

"A school! me!"

"You. Who else?"

A delighted smile illumined the poor woman's face; her bosom was in a strange flutter. No wonder; it had just been suddenly invaded by three unwonted and unexpected spiritual visitors. These were, Hope, Ambition, and Self-approval—perfect strangers to Mrs. Quelch for many years past.

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy, if I only thought I was fit for it!"

"You was born for it, and bred for it, ma'am. Don't tell me. I 'm no scholard myself, but I know one when I see one."

Mrs. Quelch was so overwhelmed by the novel theory of her being possibly fit for anything in this world that she could scarcely speak. Eventually she faltered,

"Poor father and mother did spend a deal of money on my schooling, and I was considered to write a beautiful hand."

"Aiqual to any," said Mr. Cassidy, decisively—as a connoisseur of the caligraphic art.

"But I haven't practised for years. The last bottle of ink I got to write to my sister in service, poor Tom threw at —— I mean, he let it fall, because there was no butter in the house."

"It will soon come back, ma'am."

"Do you think so? But, deary me, I 'm sure, I shouldn't know how to begin! And what should I do for desks, and forms, and things?"

Cassidy pretended not to have foreseen this difficulty, and to admit that it was discouraging. But he suggested, "Maybe you 've a friend that would advance a thrifle to start you?"

"Not a friend in the wide, wide world! If poor father and mother had lived——"

Miles affected to ruminate deeply on a question upon which he had made up his mind hours ago. At length, appearing to have come to a difficult conclusion, he slapped his thigh heartily, and said, with a magnificent air,

"Then I 'll tell ye what, ma'am. *I* 'll stand your friend, as far as making you the forrums and desk goes. And I 'll take the price of 'em out in schoolin, for my own darlin's. And if ye 've a better-looking pair of chaps than them to bring custom, I 'll forgive you."

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy, that is very, very kind of you!" said the poor woman, tearfully; "and I can't find words to thank you for such an offer! If poor father and mother had——. But I haven't a rag to my back but what you see. The place isn't fit for decent children to come into. And how are these two blessed, beautiful angels to live, while I 'm trying to make a beginning?"

This was another difficulty that, of course, Mr. Cassidy had not foreseen. He was dreadfully put out of the way by this. He frowned deeply, put his hands to his pockets, shook his head hopelessly. At last he rose from his seat, and with some pardonable assumption of oratorical grace and dignity, addressed his hostess in the following measured terms:

"Mrs. Quelch, ma'am. Times is mighty hard, and I 'm a poor struggling man myself, with childher of my own to provide for. But it shall never be said that Miles Cassidy"—a majestic wave of the hand emphasised this most original burst of rhetoric splendour—"was the boy to spoil a ship for the want of a hayporth of tar. I've a few tinpennies by me: mighty few, you may believe me. But rather than a lady like yourself should miss a fine chance of making her way in the world, why, ma'am, if nobody else will advance you what 's needful for a small beginning, *I* will, and that 's all about it!"

Mr. Cassidy then sat down, highly satisfied.

The poor widow became hysterical with surprise and gratitude.

"May the holy angels bless you, sir!" she sobbed. "These darlings shall be taught to pray for you night and morning. I couldn't have believed in so much goodness."

"Don't spake of it, ma'am, or you 'll disthress me," said the modest Cassidy—(by the way, on second thoughts, I am not quite sure that modesty *was* one of Mr. Cassidy's numerous virtues. I am inclined to think, on the contrary, he had rather a good opinion of himself than otherwise). "Sure, ye 'll pay me all one day."

"Oh! if it was to work the flesh off my bones on my two bended knees."

"Be aisy, ma'am, and you 'll oblige me."

"Oh! if poor father and mother *was* but alive——"

The interview was not of much longer duration. Miles Cassidy was as good as his word. He advanced Mrs. Quelch a small sum, cutting down his estimate of "what was needful" to the closest imaginable shave. He also made her two hideous forms and a highly impracticable desk—evidently of the same family as the shameful cart. More than this, he exerted his considerable powers of blarney among the neighbours to induce them to give their children the advantages of Mrs. Quelch's tuition. He recommended that instructress most highly, urging, in proof of his estimation of her abilities, that he had not merely entrusted his own sons to her care, but had considered her speculation such a safe one, as to feel justified in investing capital for the furnishing her with a stock-in-trade to begin with.

Mrs. Quelch soon had an abundance of scholars, and prospered far beyond her humble expectations. She taught Frank and Teddy to read and write, pretty well considering; her boundless gratitude to her benefactor inducing her to exercise her poor resources to the utmost for the advancement of his children. Moreover, Miles kept her pretty closely to her work.

Mrs. Quelch professed herself, and with justice, eternally bound to Miles Cassidy. She paid him back the money he had advanced her, and was reluctantly prevailed upon to accept the marvellous forms and desk as payment for her scholastic exertions. With these interesting relics she sentimentally declared she would never part as long as she lived,—a resolution highly to the credit of Mrs. Quelch's nature; and the only thing to be regretted is that it was not evoked by a neater and more commodious style of keepsake.

Miles was perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

Our hero speedily divined when his young charges had learnt all and rather more than Mrs. Quelch could teach them. He then looked out for higher tuition for them, to be obtained on proportionate reasonable terms. By this time he had managed to scrape together a somewhat heterogeneous collection of furniture sufficient to stock a couple of rooms. He took a small house in a more reputable, but still a poor, quarter of the town. Here he advertised "Apartments Furnished: suited to a Member of the University."

He was not long in finding a poor student of one of the halls who was glad, in exchange for his lodgings and the privilege of "doing for himself" (inestimably more valuable in the eyes of a needy lodger than that of being "done for"), backed by a very small weekly stipend, to devote a little time each evening to the education of the boys. Miles was fortunate in his selection; or rather, perhaps, his native judgment had assisted him in rejecting all unsuitable candidates till the right man presented himself. The tutor was an intelligent, well-informed, conscientious man, and, moreover, an enthusiast in the cause of letters. He soon took an interest in his pupils, whom he found quick and affectionate, and one of them, Frank, of a remarkably studious turn. He gave them a great deal more education, and that of a far higher quality, than their father had bargained for.

Our hero (for though the youngsters will speedily rise and push him from the stool of eminence he at present occupies in our attention, Miles Cassidy will continue, if you please, to monopolise that distinction to the end of all these chapters) was by this time fully recognised in Oxford as "Cassidy the Carpenter." The bookshelf success had effaced the scandal of the cart, and Miles was now in a tolerably good way of business. He kept his own horse—well, yes, it *was* a horse—and employed one journeyman and two apprentices. A word or two as to these personages.

The journeyman was one of Miles's cheap bargains. Really Mr. Cassidy was a perfect Molière in the art of picking up his bread wherever he saw it lying. So long as it was a good wholesome loaf, and nobody else's property, he never cared how much he soiled his fingers in clearing its outer crust from the mud. This journeyman of his he had "formed," as the French say, out of the rather unpromising materials of a town idiot. The transmutation, as far as it went—for it was never completely successful—was effected as follows.

Miles rescued the poor wretch one day from a gang of street urchins—who were tormenting him, on the usual grounds in such cases, of his being poor, ragged, hungry, and imbecile, and frightening him out of the sorry remnant of his wits—took him indoors and gave him a meal, out of pure charity, without ulterior views. Then reflecting that this "one more unfortunate," when once more turned into the streets, would be in exactly the same position as that from which he had been temporarily rescued, Miles set to work considering how he could remedy the poor fellow's condition, on his invariable principle of reciprocal advantage. Our friend, without being at all aware of it, was an admirable political economist. He was a practical advocate of the principle that every war should pay its own expenses; and was of opinion that all domestic cats, in consideration of the house-room and protection

afforded them, should at least be capable of catching mice. At any rate, *he* could not afford to keep a cat for the mere pleasure of seeing it lap expensive cream. The question was, had this unlucky stray kitten a single claw, tooth, or feeler that could be turned to musciverous advantage? In plainer words, was there anything the poor homeless idiot could do to justify his retention and support on the establishment? Apparently not: but the question could only be decided by experiment. It was agreed that "Soft Jimmy" should be tolerated for a day or two on trial. It was rather a forlorn hope. On the first day Jimmy did nothing but eat, laugh, drivel, and make pretty arrangements of the shavings. On the second—which was to be his last in the event of his turning out wholly impracticable—he showed a certain canine willingness and intelligence in the arts of fetching and carrying. This was something, though by no means satisfactory. Still it gained him another day's probation. On the third day Miles, having directed him to fetch a small piece of wood from a corner of the workshop, Jimmy, mistaking the article wanted, shouldered a large trunk of rough timber, which Cassidy himself could scarcely have lifted, and brought it with comparative ease to his patron's feet. This discovery made "Soft Jimmy's" fortune for the rest of his days. He had physical strength—almost the last gift his ill-knit, shambling figure would have gained him credit for—and docility. These were enough for Miles Cassidy. "Soft Jimmy" remained attached to the establishment as a sort of engine or beast of burden, to be directed by the intelligence of his master. Jimmy was, henceforth and for ever, well fed and housed. He was taught to dress cleanly, shave himself, and so forth, and was flattered by being treated as a human being. Well, Jimmy strove to repay this unwonted treatment. He seemed to live only in Miles Cassidy's smiles. He strained his feeble intellects to learn something of the rougher parts of the carpenter's trade. What he lacked in skill he made up in will and strength. He was only unhappy when there were no great weights to lift or masses to move. He was jealous of only one living being,—that was the horse, whom he looked upon as a dangerous rival in his own limited department. Perhaps he would have ill-treated the animal but for the dread of his master's displeasure. Jimmy, though there was no getting over the fact that he was an idiot, possessed many valuable qualifications for a servant. He was remarkably cheap, for he took no wages, and slept among the shavings—for which graceful waifs and strays he had a remarkable predilection at all times. He was as strong as a horse—certainly as strong as Miles Cassidy's horse, and knew no will but his master's. If Miles Cassidy had chosen the burking, instead of the carpentering, profession, Jimmy would have clapped on the pitch-plasters, and carried home the sacks to the customers, fearlessly and unquestioningly. Rather a dangerous instrument to have fallen into less trustworthy hands!

So much for Miles Cassidy's first attempt at a journeyman. His two apprentices were people of a very different calibre. These were no others than our friends Frank and Teddy, whom their father made buckle to business with a rare will, as soon as either was able to wield a hammer. Miles would have the boys no exception to his excellent rule of making everything pay its own expenses. He early impressed them with a sense of the value of the education they were receiving, which he enhanced, in their esteem, by the assurance that they themselves were assisting him to pay for it. What boy will not take a pride in that which he feels is *his own* by right of honest earning? The way those lads set to work with their hammers and chisels to earn their daily—grammar! was something curious and delightful. It is a pity, perhaps, that such a system of education cannot be more universally applied.

Frank was the better scholar, and Ted the better workman. Frank was always a little glad of a "slack time," that enabled him to leave the workshop and get to his favourite books. On the other hand, nothing pleased Ted better than an extra run of work, that gave him an excuse for shirking his lessons and exercises. Still, as the end and aim of all their exertions was their father's approval, and as they knew his mind to be set on their both succeeding equally in each branch of their tuition, for some time they managed to run pretty evenly. Frank, who was thoughtful and conscientious, would at any time lay aside his studies for days together on a necessity, and work cheerfully at the bench, without letting it appear that he did so at all reluctantly. Ted, who was impulsive and conscientious, if he found that complaints of his backwardness from Mr. Partickle had earned his father's displeasure, would set to work, with the ardour of an oft-plucked undergraduate cramming for his "Greats," to recover lost time. Ted seldom recovered *all* his lost time, by-the-by; but the portions of it he did manage to get back were won by such praiseworthy exertions, that the will was always taken for the deed.

While Mr. Cassidy thus provided for the *utile* in his sons' education, it must not be supposed that he lost sight of the *dulce*. Let us see how he managed to secure the elements of this.

One morning, as our energetic friend was getting over the stones of Queen Street at his usual tremendous pace, he was accosted by Mr. Spavin, the eminent horse-dealer and stable-keeper.

"Morning, Cassidy—morning."

"The tip top of it, Misther Spavin, sir, and my sarvice to you."

"How 's the freshmen?"

"Nicely, sir, and thank you kindly. Hoping the misthress and children are famous."

"Won't you wash your mouth out?" Mr. Spavin moved in the direction of the Goat and Gradus as he spoke.

"Not this morning, if ye plaze, sir. I 've a bit of a job that 's waitin'. But thank you kindly, Mr. Spavin, sir, for it 's like you."

"I say—a minute, Cassidy—business."

Miles stopped at once.

"How about that drench?"

"Which one, sir?"

"Gammon! *Which* one? You know as well as I do. The one you gave the Dean's mare."

"Faix, and I hope it 's done her no harrum—the cratur!" Miles looked really alarmed.

"Get out! You know as well as I do it's set her on her old pins as right as ninepence, to the astonishment of all the 'vets' in Oxford. Come! My time's valuable as well as yours. How much?"

"Surr-r?"

"Don't try to come the innocent over me, you old fox! How much for the receipt? I could find out what it's made of well enough, only I don't want to have it thought I stole a man's secret. Come, will a *coutar* buy it?"

Mr. Spavin spun up a sovereign as he spoke.

"Oh, get out o' that, Misther Spavin! Would I be robbing you? Sure, I'll make ye up a bottle any time for eighteenpence—the cost of the matarials. It's a thriflin' matter I larnt in Squire Rackrent's stables—him in Galway, you know, as run through——"

"Stow that. You're as fly as a four-year-old, I see. Will a fiver buy it? Snug—between ourselves, you know. Honour bright!"

"Och, *sir!*" (Mr. Cassidy said this very reproachfully) "is it *me* would be taking yer money? Sure, you're kindly welkim to it, if of the slightest sarvice."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged, Cassidy; and if there's anything I can do for you——"

"Oh, don't name it, sir! Sure, many's the good turn you've done me in the slack time. Though, since ye are so kind as to spake of it, there's a thrifling sarvice ye *can* do me, for which I shall be humbly grateful, and which 'll cost ye nothing, Mr. Spavin, sir."

"I thought something was coming, old fire-works! Blaze away!"

"Och, by this and that, you're the man for pokin' fun, Mr. Spavin, sir! It was only to say the two boys, the Lord bless 'em! are mighty confined with the work and the schoolin'; and it 'ud do the darlin's a world o' good if ye'd let them give some of your tits an airing of a morning, now and betimes—them not in use, of coorse—it 'ud save your own boys, you know."

"All right, old fellow! I'll give the freshmen a mount now and then, if you want 'em to learn riding. Most happy, I'm sure. Could you send me the receipt this afternoon?"

"The what, sir?"

"The receipt for the mixture."

"Rest your sowl, sir, I can neither read nor write! I couldn't tell another man how to make it for the life-blood o' me. It's the knack, sir. Sorra the bit else. But I'm always hard by, sir. And if ye 'll only give the darlin's a bit of horse exercise now and then, *sure I'll make up the mixthur', and come an' administer it myself as often as four times a-week, if you like.*"

Mr. Spavin was vanquished, which he didn't like. But Miles Cassidy's horse-medicine (whether of any real merit or not) had already obtained some celebrity in Oxford, and had been frequently asked for. So the stable-keeper was fain to conclude the bargain on Mr. Cassidy's artful terms. He would have preferred giving the "fiver."

Thus Miles Cassidy provided the boys with the means of becoming accomplished horsemen, at the same time retaining his patent of the famous horse-mixture. Many a morning canter the lads enjoyed on Mr. Spavin's unemployed steeds up Headington Hill, or across Port Meadow, Mr. Cassidy himself, who was a fearless "bare-backed rider," officiating as their *Maître d'Equitation.*

He was a very ignorant man, Mr. Cassidy. He could barely recognise the initials of his own name in print. Yet somehow he managed to put his two darlings in the way of acquiring a variety of knowledge, that many doctors of divinity would have been rather puzzled even to indicate an approach to. When Ted and Frank were twelve years old, they could each swim a quarter of a mile comfortably. They could master the most vicious horse. They could shoot swift birds on the wing. (I occasionally suspect that Mr. Cassidy must have had some practice in galloping on stolen nags away from constables, and in firing at yeomanry officers from behind hedges, in those wicked old United Irish times of "Ninety-Eight;" else how came he to be such a horseman and such a shot?) They could defend themselves stoutly when attacked by lads vastly their superiors in weight and age. More than all these capital attainments, they could earn their own livelihood, love one another, honour their elders, and forgive an injury. Where had Mr. Cassidy—himself of so suspicious an origin—even heard of all these good things, that he could enable others to master them? Can it be that a powerful, sudden, soul-stirring sentiment could have impelled a rough, simple man to divine how all this and more might be done, and to do it resolutely and thoroughly, dispensing with the ordinary helps to knowledge, as an excited blind man will sometimes rush with unerring precision along a strange road to a desired goal, with a supreme contempt for the commonplace guide of eyesight? Or am I telling a simply improbable story? You shall tell me what you think when you have read it.

Drawing was one of the accomplishments which Mr. Cassidy had ascertained to be a desirable adjunct to a gentlemanlike training. He had booked this in his mental tablets as a branch from the tree of learning to be secured "on the cheap" at the earliest opportunity. The opportunity was long in presenting itself; but it fell in his way at last.

Miles was at work one day repairing a boat on the bank of the river, near the deep water below Folly Bridge. Two young townsmen on the river were apparently bent upon finding him further employment of a similar description, such dreadful tricks they were playing with a hired "pair-oar," which neither of them knew how to manage. They upset the boat, and both disappeared under water. One rose to the surface, and swam the short distance to the bank with some difficulty. The other would never have been seen alive again, had not Miles Cassidy dived to his rescue and brought him ashore—more frightened than hurt.

The young fellow's gratitude to his preserver was immense. But he said with a rueful countenance that he was very poor; and, indeed, he looked so.

"Never mind, sir," said Miles; a little disappointed, perhaps—for he never refused what an exquisitely-refined patron of mine prettily calls "the nimble ninepence," when he could fairly earn that always desirable guerdon. "Don't name it. I'm glad I was by, that's all."

"But I owe you my life—and perhaps you 'll catch cold—and lose your day's work. Oh! really, if I had anything to give you."

"Give him some drawing lessons," said his friend, waggishly. (Perhaps this gentleman was acquainted with Miles Cassidy's history, and his educational foible.)

"Well, you might drop your chaff at a time like this, Phil, when I 've been saved from the jaws of DEATH, and haven't so much as a MAG to offer the good fellow who ——"

"Howld on, sir; never mind that," said Miles. "Maybe he 's talking more sense than he thinks for. And is it a drawing-tacher you are?"

"Well, I should like to be, if I could get anybody to teach. Phil here inveigled me to Oxford with promise of a good connection; but, if I 've seen so much as a single BROWN —— I beg your pardon. Yes, I am a professional artist. And if you 'd only allow me to paint your wife's portrait, or your mother's, or your aunt's, or any body's, as a slight and contemptible return for the PRICELESS debt I owe you ——"

"Sure I wouldn't be giving you the throuble," said Miles, amused at the young artist's emphatic manner. "We 're none of us handsome enough to be put in picthurs. But if you 're so mighty anxious to pay me the price of your life, I 'll take it out, as your friend says."

"How do you mean?"

"Faix, in drawing lessons."

"Oh, I say, what an out-and-out good fellow you are, to turn it all off in a joke, like that! But, really, if a three-quarter or a kitcat — I 'd say half-length, only upon my soul I couldn't raise for a canvas of that size, just at the present moment."

Miles explained that he had not been joking, and gravely admitted his new acquaintance to the secret of his peculiar circumstances and views. Mr. Stupple tossed up his damaged hat with delight at the prospect of being enabled to render any service to the saviour of his life, and promised to qualify Frank and Teddy for the Royal Academy.

Mr. Stupple did not quite succeed in doing this, nor did the ardour of his gratitude long maintain anything like its original white heat. It cooled gradually, and at last went out altogether. But gratitude is an expensive virtue, and poor little Mr. Stupple was really too needy to be able to keep up his payments. He gave Frank and Teddy a great many gratuitous drawing lessons, and then left off. But as he *was* an artist (and grew in after-life to be a successful one), what he had taught them was really of a nature to be serviceable, as a foundation of technical knowledge, to any youth with a natural aptitude for drawing.

Ted profited by Mr. Stupple's instructions; Frank did not. Drawing, indeed, was the only one of the gentler arts in which Master Ted ever displayed any proficiency.

In such a manner did "Mad Cassidy" pick, forage, and "cadge" along the by-ways, hedge-rows, and gutters of society, to bring home scraps of enlightenment and refinement to his young,—just as a London sparrow will dive under coach-wheels, and grope in dingy courtyards, in search of those grains of nourishment for *her* young, which my Lady Pheasant and well-to-do Mistress Partridge find brought home in barrows full to their nursery-doors by obsequious farmers.

Well, what then? I am happy to say I have seen some very plump, good-looking London sparrows in my time, and I rather admire the species.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST, A BRIEF APOLOGUE. THEN SOME MENTION OF A LITTLE ADDITION TO THE FAMILY.

IT may not surprise the reader to learn that, having arrived at the end of the last chapter, I fell asleep.

I dreamed I was a waiter in an eating-house where a very hungry-looking gentleman had taken his seat at a table, which he kept hammering impatiently with his knife-handle, and calling "Waiter!"

"Coming, sir," I replied;—"ox-tail, mulligatawney, giblet——."

"The joint."

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes the gentleman was hammering the table more impatiently than before. He exclaimed,

"Now then, waiter!"

"Coming, sir. Fried sole; cod's head, oyster sauce; crimped skate, very nice; stewed eels——."

"I told you I wanted the joint."

"Yes, sir."

A third time the hungry-looking gentleman hammered the table — this time furiously — and shouted,

"WAITER!"

"Coming, sir."

"*Am* I to have that joint to-day or not?"

"Yes, sir. Like a nice curry, sir? Stewed sweetbreads, very nice, sir."

"If you don't at once set that joint before me, I shall get up and leave the house."

"Directly, sir. Coming, sir."

And then I awoke.

The reader, if not too impatient for a cut at the joint, may, perhaps, amuse himself by pointing a moral to the above with his carving-knife.

We have now got as far as the year of grace 1811, and are still in Oxford.

One spring afternoon the Birmingham coach drove up to the Star. The driver — shaking a little sleeping girl who, with a large market-basket for a footstool, was jealously embracing a formidable bundle on the seat behind him — called out, "Now then, little woman, jump up! We 're at Oxford."

"Oh! Is Uncle Miles in?" said the little maiden naïvely, to the intense delight of her fellow-passengers. The child returned their laughter with a merry grin, disclosing a lovely set of white teeth, and expanding a pair of round eyes like large dark beads, proving that a perfect understanding had been established between them during their journey.

"She 's the rummest little midge *I* ever see," said the big lumbering coachman admiringly, looking at his passenger as a good-natured Newfoundland dog might regard a pretty kitten; "she have kep us a-grinning with her queer tricks and sayings all the blessed way from Brummin'am to Woodstock. There she tumbled off asleep, from sheer fatigue of the jaws, *I* think."

"But which *is* Uncle Miles's?" persisted the little maiden, fussily, when she had been lifted down to the pavement, and seen her precious luggage safely deposited by her side. She was a pretty, bright-looking child, of some ten years of age, dressed with extreme simplicity, her costume consisting of a dark serge dress,

a gray-hooded cloak, and a straw bonnet. There was a broad black riband on the latter.

"She wants Cassidy the Irish's. Who 'll show her the way? She 'll pay any one for the trouble with that comical gab of hers."

"Send one of the porters with her; I 'll pay him," said one outside passenger, a young collegian.

"I pass Cassidy's door," said another, a tradesman of the town just returned from a business journey; "she can walk with me."

"Hubbaboo! how mighty polite we all are! Faix, and I don't know as I 'll go wid ye. Maybe that gintleman 's going to offer to take me in his gig."

This was in reference to a reserved and rather austere-looking dandy, who had occupied the box-seat for the last two stages, and had now descended from the coach and mounted a private vehicle, which a groom had brought to meet him.

"Don't be rude, my darling," said the coachman.

"Sure, it was only my fun," the child answered, her flow of spirits suddenly checked by the reproof.

"I will take her in my gig, if she likes," said the dandy, blushing up to the ears at this display of good-natured weakness. "I employ her uncle sometimes, and I shall have to pass near his workshop. I have no doubt she is fatigued."

"There! What do we say to that, missy—eh?"

The child's face had brightened up instantly. She clapped her hands, and exclaimed, in comic rapture and astonishment, "Oh, think o' that! And is it me that 's to ride in the gig?"

"To be sure. And you ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman."

"Faix, and I am. Jump me up!"

"There!" said Jehu, taking her tenderly in his arms; "and remember you haven't paid the coachman."

The little girl looked frightened.

"Sure, I thought Father Foggo did that."

"Ah, but there 's a kiss owing," said the driver; "and I couldn't take that from Father Foggo, you know."

The child, greatly relieved, burst into a joyous laugh, threw her arms round the coachman's neck and kissed him heartily, saying, with the innate politeness of her people,

"And thank ye kindly, sir, for the care of me."

"And don't I deserve one, too?" asked the collegian.

"Oh, then, the cakes and the *vinum calidum*—that 's right, isn't it?"—

"Quite right."

"They wasn't given for nothing, wasn't they?" said the little puss, saucily. "Take your pay, then, and be off!" And she offered her round, healthy cheek, that looked like a dusty peach in dry weather, to be kissed by the collegian, who went on his way rejoicing.

"Stop!" cried the child.

The collegian turned.

"What 's apples? I 've forgot."

"*Poma*," was the laughing answer.

"It 's all right," and she held up her basket triumphantly; "I 've got 'em safe here in the *canistrum*."

A roar of laughter from the bystanders greeted this remarkable display of erudition.

The tradesman came forward with a half-abashed snigger, saying, "As it seems to be going round, I suppose I may ask for one."

"Sure, and what have *you* done to desarve it?" said little miss. "Oh, you *did* offer to show me the way. That 's something, anyhow. You may have one," and she kissed the tradesman.

Then settling herself with much fuss and exultation in the gig, which its good-natured owner had kept waiting for her while she made her *adieux*, she said, "Now, sir, I won't keep you any longer. I hope it 's a good long way to my Uncle Miles's; for it 's the first time I was ever in a gig in my life, and belike it 'll be the last."

The gentleman touched his blood-mare with the whip, and the vehicle darted off at a rapid pace in the direction of St. Aldate's.

"Good-bye, little woman!" chorused the group of coachman, guard, and passengers assembled at the inn-door.

"Good-bye to yez!" The little girl kissed her hand repeatedly as she disappeared.

"Well, if that ain't the rummest start I ever see!" said a sleek-haired philosophical ostler. "There 's Mr. Wingrove, the stuck-up-est cove within twenty mile, a-putting 'isself hout of 'is way to drive a little Hirish beggar home through the werry streets of Hoxford, where he took a double-first last year but one as ever was!"

"Rum little wench!" said a critical waiter, approvingly.

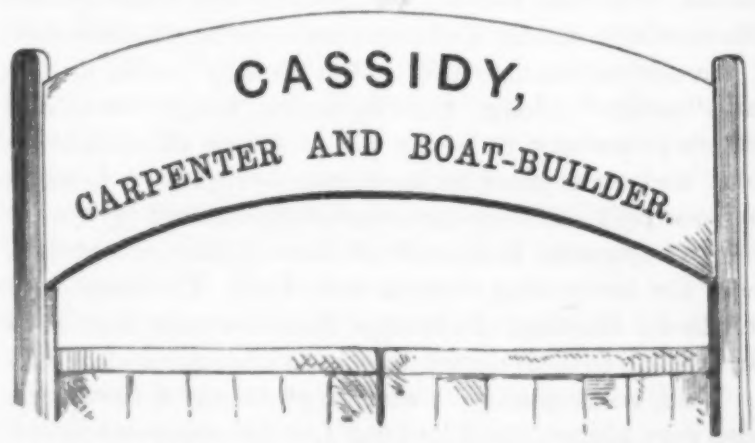
"Disgustingly forward!" rejoined an elderly chambermaid, with some acerbity; and then relenting,—"but it is natural to people of that class; and, after all, the child is really pretty."

The coachman had stood staring after the receding vehicle, with his legs far apart. When it had disappeared, he exclaimed, with a sort of gasp,

"Blest if I don't feel as if I had lost eighteenpence and found a shilling. And I 'll take that much of hot brandy-and-water, if *you* please, Miss Parker, with a shive of lemon in it."

Was this an extraordinary assemblage of good-natured people, that they one and all took such interest in the little gray-cloaked traveller? Or was it merely that the influences of childish beauty, innocence, and intelligence are irresistible by even the most churlish?

The gig drove through some of the narrow streets that lie between Pembroke College and the river, near which it stopped in front of a gateway, over which was an imposing sign-board inscribed thus:—



A boat-builder now, if you please! Nothing less.



MR. WINGROVE GIVES BIDDY A RIDE IN HIS GIG.

It were too much to have expected from an earthly dandy, keeping his own vehicle and man-servant, that the child's conductor should do more than set his little charge down at her uncle's door. He did this, however, right kindly, handed her her luggage with extreme politeness, patted her bonnet rather nervously, pressed a silver coin into her hand, and drove off—a blushing but humanised dandy, not half so much ashamed of himself as he had expected to feel for the transaction.

For a few brief seconds our bright-eyed, laughing little maiden felt the horrible sensation of being utterly alone in the world. I hope you have no personal recollection of that painful experience, reader. Alone in a strange town, in a strange land; standing outside a strange kinsman's door, and wondering what kind of strange reception you will meet with when it is opened to you! Such was the little traveller's position as, with a trembling hand—her eyes brimming with tears, turned wistfully in the direction of the gig that was bearing away from her the last familiar face—she rang Miles Cassidy's bell. It was answered by Miles himself, in his shirt-sleeves and paper cap.

"What is it, colleen?" he asked, rather roughly. (As I proceed with Mr. Cassidy's biography, I begin to find out his weak points. He was decidedly short-tempered, and, when disturbed at his work, apt to be even bearish.)

The child trembled violently. But a keen look into Mr. Cassidy's face, and something re-assuring that, I suppose, she saw there, gave her the courage to say,

"If you plaze, I think you 're my Uncle Miles, for ye spake like my father, and look like him."

Miles whipped the paper cap off his head and scrubbed his forehead, his never-failing custom when in astonishment or perplexity.

"Uncle! father!—Holy Mother! who are ye, child?"

"If you plaze, I 'm little Biddy."

"Mick's child, by all that 's good! isn't it that you are?"

"Father 's dead," was the sad, brief answer.

"Rest his sowl!" said the honest Irishman. "Come in, alanna, come in, and tell us what 's brought you."

And Miles led the way across the courtyard, muttering disjointed phrases, such as "Holy Mother—alone there—in the wide street—and in these hard times—my brother Mick's child—dead—rest his sowl!"—and then he shouted at the top of his voice,

"Boys, darlin's, here 's your cousin Biddy come to see ye!"

Frank and Ted, now two strapping urchins of eleven, made their appearance, much astonished at the announcement of a relative of whose existence they had never heard.

"Kiss the colleen, darlin's. She 's your dead-and-gone Uncle Mick's child—him as I parted wid in sthrife."

The wondering but delighted boys exchanged each a trembling kiss with their pretty visitor, who said simply, "I never hard that I had cousins."

And her face beamed sweetly, and her bosom heaved, as with a new-found, unhoped-for joy.

Miles led the way into their little sitting-room, where Biddy handed him a letter, which Frank intercepted and read, as a matter of routine duty.

The letter was worded as follows:—

BROTHER MILES,

They tell me you have prospered among the enemies of our land: how far this may be true I know not. It has gone hard with me. I stuck to the old cause long after there was any of it left worth sticking to. And it is a dying man that speaks to you with Father Foggo's handwriting. There has been bad blood betune us; but you are a Christian man, and can forgive an injury. Take care of my only colleen. She is not penniless, quite. Look to her and see her brought up in the ways of piety and discration. It isn't a burden I would make of her to you, but I would like her to be near you. Maybe you can place her at sarvice,

and have the eye on her from time to time. And no more at present from your dying brother,

MICHAEL CASSIDY.

Miles muttered a silent prayer, and then asked of his niece, "And how did Mick die?"

"They wouldn't tell me," said the child, her eyes filling and her chest heaving as she spoke; "but I know well he was shot."

"Woe unto them by whom offences shall come!" said Miles, solemnly; and he bowed his head for some seconds in silence.

"And who brought you to England, alanna?" he asked, changing the gloomy topic.

The girl recovered her bright looks as she answered, "Father Foggo. And if you wouldn't have me, I was to go back to him. There's two one-pound notes sewed in me stays. He's got the other eight that he'll send ye, if ye'll take me. Here's where he is, written on the bit o' paper. He came to Barmingham on purpose. He's going far, far away—to America in Brazil, to convert the haythen, he says, whatever that is. But he said, if you didn't look kind at me, or was poorer than me father thought, I was to go back to him, and he'd put me with them as would be good to me; but not so good as a kind uncle, my father's own brother. And you are a kind uncle, arn't ye?"

"The God of heaven bless that Papist ministher!" said Miles, reverently. "It's a sore burden, as times go" (Miles, with increasing prosperity, had unconsciously acquired the cautious slang of the well-to-do), "and with the boys to do my duty by. What'll we do with a colleen in this poor place?"

Impulsive, large-hearted Ned, who looked, for his part, as if he would like to eat her, such was his undisguised, open-mouthed admiration of the unwonted visitor, said, "She can have my half of the little bed, father! I like sleeping on the shavings, you know, almost as well as Jimmy."

Gentlemanlike, well-spoken Frank observed, with no less kindness and sincerity, at the same time with more forethought, "She can do our sewing, and get the meals ready, father."

"Oh, that I can!" put in Biddy.

"And that will leave you more time to attend to the shop, you know, father. Fred and Tom Harris's sister is only twelve."

"Sure, I'll be eleven in June," said Biddy, eagerly.

"And she makes all their clothes for them. Their father calls her his little housekeeper. Why shouldn't we have a little housekeeper?"

Miles rubbed his head thoughtfully, and soliloquised, "I've brought 'em up right so far. They are for doing as they would be done by. I musn't spoil the lesson. The poor colleen has travelled over the ground they travelled, and she's me brother Mick's own child. It's one more to work for; but it's God's will. Boys, get out the taypot, and the bread, and the butter, for the colleen. She shall stop with us, with Heaven's blessing!"

"Hooray!" cried the boys—even Frank forgetting his gentility on the joyful occasion.

It was nine o'clock at night. The child was asleep, fatigued with her journey, smiling sweetly in her slumbers on a primitive couch extemporised by the beaver-like ingenuity of honest Ned—consisting of a sack of shavings encased in a blanket, and securely arranged upon chairs—and warmly covered with her own thick cloak and the extra garments of the simple little family.

"Boys," said Miles between the whiffs of his last pipe, "I've been thinking of a thing you may help me in."

"Is it to paint Mr. Jackson's boat, father?" asked Ted. "Call me at four."

"No, darlin'. It's about the colleen that's been sent among us, I am sure for a good purpose. She'll be of great help to us."

"Crikey! won't she!" (Ned *was* vulgar, almost from his cradle.)

"We'll make a great business of this yet some day; and she shall keep the accounts. You must tache her to read and write."

"I'll begin to-morrow," said Frank.

"Frank's the boy for that!" Ned said, enthusiastically. "But I can teach her something, too."

"What's that, Ted?" Frank asked, with the least tinge of good-natured patronage in his manner.

"Housework, and all that. And I say, father——"

"Well, darlin'?"

"I was just thinking, if Frank could only teach her to print?"

"Printing is done by metallic letters, brother. I have seen them doing it at the University Press. It takes at least seven years' apprenticeship to learn the business. Mr. Partickle told me so."

"Bother! I mean, if she could paint letters in printing hand. It would save us paying Mr. Robins's man for putting the names on the boats' sterns. Wouldn't it, father?"

"It would, darlin'. It's a blessing my brother Mick's child will bring upon us, I'm seeing already. And ye'll tache her the ciphering, and the Latin, and Greek, too, Masther Frank?"

Frank laughed.

"Girls never learn Latin and Greek, father."

"More's the pity. What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Latin and Greek costs money, alanna, and I'm not going to let you keep all that I'm paying for to yourself. You'll hand over all the Latin and Greek you get to Mick's child, as fast as you receive it, or we'll fall out."

"I'll try, father, if you wish it."

"I can rule her copy-books for her," said Ned.

"That's darlin's, both. I'm a happy man this day, beyond my desarts. Now, boys, the Bible, and to bed."

Mr. Cassidy had become remarkably orthodox; and the Bible was a new delight to him, as he heard it read with little Frank's silvery voice, and fine, just intonation.

From that day forth the *maison Cassidy* became as a civilised household, thanks to the introduction of the female element. Little Biddy grew in wit, worth, sense, and beauty, and was idolised by all who knew her. She became as the good fairy in the old nursery tale of *Order and Disorder*. She was the very spirit of harmony. And the quaint little family grew and prospered.

[To be continued.]

BLACK AND GRAY.

WHO can say that superstition has died out among us? When wizard Harrisons drive thriving trades in spells and exorcisms, and own substantial, educated, well-to-do farmers as their patrons; when servant-girls, who have been educated at National and Sunday schools, and who live in the houses of the clergy and the gentry, run close to destitution, and pass perilously near to thieving, that old hare-skin women may prophesy them good luck and handsome husbands; when an intelligent German believes in Dousterswivel redivivus, with the roar of London echoing past his place of incantation; and when one of our leading weekly papers gravely argues on the side of demoniacal possession and infernal compacts, who can say that we have done with superstition in England? Abroad it is even worse. All forms of faith demand a certain reverence from men, if they, in turn, would wish their own respected; but when it comes to a form which may lead to active injury, then it is time to interfere with law and reason both. We all know what a terrible epidemic raged once among the children at Mohra; how a general possession seized them; how little innocents confessed to all kinds of fiendish practices and fiendish gatherings; and babes, with their mothers' milk scarcely dry upon their lips, spoke blasphemies and abominations that curdled the blood of ancient sinners to hear. The rack and the stake were called in to help root out that terrific mystery; but tortures and executions were of no use, and the blood of the slain did not heal the sick. The epidemic died away of itself, and the Swedish mother felt that she had received back her child twice into her bosom. The same phenomenon is being repeated at this passing moment. The old Blockula of the past is revived in a certain Josephsdal, near Stockholm, and from fifty to a hundred children in one parish only, called Mokfjärds Annexen, have entered into alliance with "Norsgubbe," usually christened Satan in the churches. The child who is to go on this journey to Josephsdal, says our authority, is first transformed, inside the room, into a worm, as such creeps out of a hole of the window, then takes the shape of a magpie, and then turns at last into a child again. Now it mounts up the church steeple on a calf's or cow's skin. But here we have a variation again from the old practice, which was to scrape some metal from the bells, repeating, at the same time, these words, "May my soul never come into God's kingdom before this metal is joined with the bell again!" The children now-a-days content themselves with taking some flour to Josephsdal, for the preparation of the "Welling," a mysterious dish eaten at the banquet. "Norsgubbe," who, of course, is always there, is true to his ancient traditions, yet with a difference. He wears shaggy boots, which, when he is excited, he flings off, thus preserving the old idea of the goat's legs which always formed part of the *signalement* of "muckle black Johnny," yet, with a nicer perception of probabilities, making them boots, not legs. The unhappy fathers and mothers of the district are in despair. They have no other thought but that their little ones have fallen into the clutches of Satan, and torment and torture those among them who are denounced by their companions as of the "Norsgubbe" crew, but who, for want of imagination, and, perhaps, for love of truth, cannot make up a confession. A little girl is denounced by a bold Josephsdal sinner, named Grabo Pehr, as "one of them." The terrified mother exhorts and punishes. Strong in her sense of right, she thinks it better to lose her child's life than to lose its soul. She makes no question but that all which she has heard is true; for has not Grabo confirmed his accusation by explaining the mystery of that unsightly and unhealing wound near her daughter's eye? The mother has tried every remedy in the valley; but scrofula is an indomitable foe, and herb teas and cataplasms have obstinately failed. Grabo Pehr enlightens her. He knows all about it. He tells her that some warm "Welling" was spattered into the child's face at the last Josephsdal meeting, and that is the reason why the wound will not heal. Could any mother resist such mighty confirmatory evidence as this? Would not disbelief be worse than sceptical now?—would it not be flying in the face of holy Church and good Dr. Hvasser, the prebendary, sent by his Chapter to investigate and pronounce? Fortunately for her, the scrofulous little girl is stupid; has no fancy; cannot be made to comprehend how she was turned into a worm and a magpie, nor how she slid up the steeple in a calf's skin; never saw old "Norsgubbe" in her life; knows nothing of his shaggy boots; and positively denies all journeys to Josephsdal, and all spattering of warm "Welling," banned or blessed. By this time let us hope her mother has left off pinching and beating her. Now this is the state of things at this moment in the "Swedish valley countries." On the same day when the Atlantic cable was laid, when Professor Owen was reconstructing palæontological forms of life by the unerring indications of science, when Fox Talbot made the sun his engraver, as he had long been his draughtsman, when the law of storms was discussed and understood, and men stood in a room where the earth was being weighed,—on the same day when all these marvels of science were in public view, Swedish men and women tormented their innocent little children to confess to transformations and infernal banquets, and the shadow of the Stockholm Cathedral rested on Christian mothers who, taking lies and morbid fancies for demoniacal possession, believed that Satan had visibly and bodily clutched from them what God had bestowed and still spiritually keeps. No one doubts of human progress; the historic law is too emphatic for the most sceptical to misinterpret; but, without doubting, we may yet grieve when the wave of contemporary time bears past us such mysterious anachronisms as these.

These beliefs are emphatically creations of the Black Art—blackest of the black: but many of the old superstitions were of a very different hue; soft, dainty, silvery gray, like that delicate fur which seems as much down as fur; pretty little chinchilla-like superstitions, which bewitching dames might wear in public, to their own enhanced loveliness, and the admiration of all beholders. Some of those old beliefs were so pure and lovely, it is hard to sweep them from the rational creeds. The whole tribe of fairies, spirits, White Ladies of Avenel, and the *fées* who nurtured Launcelot du Lac, and received back King Arthur, the nymphs—*fées* of the water, Undine

and her sisters—the queens of Faërie who took off Thomas the Rhymer and other too trusting knights, and gave them seven long years of bliss, that yet brought them no good in the end—in a word, all the old Middle Age romances are full of beauty and poetry; and with deeper meaning still, in some of the earlier chronicles. These old faiths are confined now to the poet and the antiquary, and have long since passed from among men; but connate and more orthodox beliefs lingered nearer to our own time. Among these was Aubrey's exquisite little story of the apparition at Cirencester, which, "on being asked if it were a good or an evil spirit, answered nothing, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang. Mr. W. Lilly called it a fairy:" adds good, credulous Aubrey. John Beaumont's visions, too, were very quaint and pretty. "I had two Spirits constantly attending me," he says, "Night and Day for above Three Months together; who call'd each other by their Names, and several Spirits would often call at my Chamber Door, and ask, whether such Spirits lived there, calling them by their Names, and they would answer they did. As for the other Spirits that attended me, I heard none of their Names mentioned, only I ask'd one Spirit which came for some Nights together, and rung a little Bell in my Ear, what his Name was, who answered Ariel. The two that constantly attended my self appear'd both in Womens Habit, they being of a Brown Complexion, and about Three Foot in Stature; they had both black loose Network Gowns, tyed with a black Sash about their Middles, and within the Network appear'd a Gown of a Golden Colour, with somewhat of a Light striking thro' it; their Heads were not drest with Topknots, but they had white Linnen Caps on, with Lace on them, about Three Fingers breadth, and over it they had a Black loose Network Hood."

This is a lovely phantasy as it stands; but when it is known that "John Beaumont, gent.," is none other than that Proteus of literature, Daniel Defoe, his spiritual revelations will, we fear, sink somewhat in the estimation of most men. There are many people now living who go as far as Aubrey and the self-styled John Beaumont; but they have revised their vocabularies, and set the old theme to a new heading.

All ancient superstitions were by no means silver gray: some were black as the night which gave them birth; others seemed born of the sun and the dew on a bright June morning—they were so graceful and so pure; while others, again, took a middle place, and were first seen on a fitful April day, holding two masks before them—one the laughing face of a gracious, graceful child, the other the mocking parody of a grinning, mischievous ape. How else can we characterise the whole family of elves, kobolds, lutins, trolls, leprechauns, cluricauns, duergars, hütchens, nisses, hinzelmans, hobgoblins—by what name soever the good people delighted in,—those merry, petulant, uncertain beings whom all seers and Sunday children could see, and who were the torment and desire of every one else? Capricious in their favours as in their resentments—putting silver into the shoes of thrifty housemaids, and pinching the unthrifty black and blue—frightening curious cooks into fits by showing themselves as awful infants with crossed daggers thrust into their naked hearts—carrying off the new-born, if not "sained," and substituting hideous changelings and voracious kill-crops, precocious bagpipers and hoary babes, never seen to laugh but when at terrible mischief, in their stead—plaguing young lords to death as goblin pages of doubtful fidelity, but of preternatural abilities—to what can they be so well likened as to a race half-child, half-monkey, whose playfulness and mirth at times degenerate into malignant tormenting? On the other hand, as the playmates of the little Eline, in that beautiful enchanted copse beyond the bridge, they are the representatives of all that childhood has of most pure, most beautiful, and most ideal. We know of no fairy story—fairy in the sense of elfin, not faërie—which is so beautiful as this of Eline and her elfin playmates. But, in general, their petulant gaiety, uncurbed impulses, and the restless nature which cared only to do, and never stopped to feel, make them the very type of that mere material activity of human nature which is without conscience and without sin, without grosser passions and without spiritual aspiration alike. If we want creations of finer organisation we must go the Persian peri, and her European sisters the *fées* and nymphs. Whether as dangerously beautiful water-nymphs, or as shadowy white ladies, as the wild-women with their glorious tresses, or as the hollow, fair, and fatal Elle maidens, as Libussas, Viviennes, Morganes, Melusindas, or Undines, they are a more ethereal class of beings than the merry little mischiefs who cocked their "folk's-glove" caps on one side, and thought plaguing poor mortals the most precious fun of their existence.

All of those enumerated were not very ethereal though; witness that old ruffian Nix, who lived in the island of Rügen, in the midst of a gloomy lake covered with perpetual mists, which no mortal man could cross or fathom. Nix was sometimes to be seen as a white horse, as was also the Irish Pooka, or water Puck; but, horse or water-man, Old Nix was a teazing, tricksy, and often savage spirit, fond of practical jokes, and loving nothing so much as to scare some poor fisherman half out of his life, and wholly out of his wits. He once carried a fisherman's boat to the top of a beech-tree, and when the owner cried out, in a very natural amaze, "Who the devil has perched my boat up there?" a voice answered from among the waves, "It is not the devil, but I and my brother Nicholas." From which some benighted etymologists derive our vernacular of Old Nick. The Nix, by the way, is the modern degradation of the old Scandinavian Neptune—Njord, king and god of the waters. For the most part, however, the water people were gentle, loving, and human; though terrible in their vengeance against deceit or betrayal. Peter of Stauffenberg learned, by fatal experience, what it was to deceive a water-nymph when her sign, a little ivory foot, suddenly appeared on the board, as he sat at his false and bigamous marriage with the Emperor's niece. His first wife, the Nixe, claimed the lover dead who had wedded her living, and Peter of Stauffenberg went down beneath the great waters, which give back nothing they engulf. More mournful, because less merited, was the fate of the poor boy who loved the nymph of the Elbe, and dived down with her to her water-father's home. He told his friends that, if a wooden platter bearing an apple floated on the surface, they were to receive it as a sign

that all was well, and that Old Nix had given his consent. No wooden platter and no apple floated up, but a dark jet of blood instead; and then the neighbours knew that the old water-father had torn the love-sick boy to pieces. The story of the Nixes of the Saal reversed the usual order. It was they who were sacrificed, not their lovers. Three young water-nymphs came every evening into Saalfeld, to spin and gossip with the neighbours. As soon as the clock struck eleven, no menaces, prayers, or entreaties could keep them a moment longer. Punctual to a second, they folded up their distaffs, curtsied all round, plunged beneath the waves, and disappeared. The schoolmaster's son, in love with one of them, bethought him of putting back the clock for an hour. The ruse succeeded, and the young Nixes laughed, and talked, and spun, till the clock struck eleven, and the night said twelve. Then they folded up their distaffs, curtsied all round, and plunged into the river as usual. The next day three pools of blood floated on the water; the Nixes were never seen again, and in a short time the schoolmaster's son fell sick, languished, and died.

One day a handsome youth, coming no one knew whence, appeared among the dancers of Leybach. He danced with all, laughed, and flirted, and jested, as no one had ever seen mortal man laugh, or flirt, or jest before; and in spite of his suspicious sea-green hat, and his more than suspicious sea-green teeth, won universal admiration, if as universal fear. Only Ursula Schäferin—alas, poor Ursula! she was not so discreet as she might have been—only she showed admiration and no fear, and even went so far as to agree to elope with the stranger of the sea-green teeth that very night—nay, that very moment. The handsome Nix took her at her word, seized her in his arms, and, in the sight of all, buried her and her ready admiration beneath the dark waters of the Leybach. He was a Nix of severe morals, and his mission was to punish Ursula for her levity. It was not often that the water-men were so seductive. Generally they left beauty to their nymphs, and accepted a much more unamiable exterior themselves. Sometimes, however, they were fair to view. As pretty little boys, with red caps and golden curls, sitting on the water in summer nights—as handsome youths, human above and horse below, they were pleasing enough. But there were exceptional characters. As kelpies, they answer to the gnomes of Rübezahl's persuasion; and Neck, though the "Christian man," is only the brownie and the nix, translated to the waters from the granary and the hay-loft. The Neck, by the way, is an admirable musician: but any one who would engage him as a music-master must present him with a black lamb, and promise him resurrection and redemption. A very beautiful story is told in Sweden of poor Neck's prayers and tears to be admitted into the privileges of the Christian faith. The water-nymphs themselves were sometimes even more horrible than the men. The tall, thin Glaslich was the very Meg Merrilies of the water-world; and the Bête Havette, who drowns little Breton children, is a female kelpie; while the Yan Gant y tan, her compatriot, is the kelpie himself. Most of the Breton water-nymphs are evil enough; but there is an intermediate class, not so wicked as Bête Havette, yet not so innocent as the German Nixes. The Night-washers, called by some Cannerez nos, by others Eur tunnerez nos, are of this class. These ghostly laundresses press all passers-by into their service, and make them wring their linen. To those who perform the work cheerfully the water turns to pearls and sapphires, but those who disobey are strangled and drowned. The Mary Morgands are less cruel again; but the Courils and the Gorics are frightfully malicious. The Norwegian Havmand is a water-man, and his wife, the Havfrue, is a Nixe. Both are beautiful, and he is kindly; but the Havfrue's character is mixed, and her philanthropy rather doubtful. The Irish Pooka is an aqueous Puck, as has been said; and there are water-bulls in Scotland, Shetland, and the Isle of Man.

Fairy faith seems innocent enough now; but once it was a dangerous matter to meddle with. Many of the executions for witchcraft which took place in the seventeenth century were due to the "consorting with the fairy folk." Poor Bessie Dunlop lost her life because of Thom Reid, who, after his death at the battle of Pinkey, many years ago, had gone down to the guid neighbours, and who haunted Bessie, for ever trying to persuade her to go with him to Faërieland. For this veracious confession Bessie Dunlop, "spous to Andro Jak, was convict and brynt." Half-witted Aleisoune Peirsoune, too—with her strange stories of her medical cousin, Dr. Williame Simpsoune, and of the "gude wychtis," with their pans and "saws," or salves, who so mauled and maltreated her that they once took all the "poustie," or power, out of her side for three months—half-witted Allie was taken to the stake, there to learn the folly of dyspeptic imaginations, and the value of the Positive Philosophy to come. Isobell Gowdie fared no better. Isobell "ance gat meat frae the queen of the faëries; a fine woman, brawly clothed in whytte linens, and in whytte and braune clothes." The king was a "braw man, weil favoured, and broad-faced." But Isobell was "fleyt," or frightened, at the "elfe bullis that went roiting and skoilling up and down," and would not have much to say to king or queen either. She was more frightened, poor crazed dreamer! when the hangman led her to the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, there to be tied to a stake, then "wirreit," or strangled, and burnt, as a lesson to future generations of what the seventeenth century did with its insane.

Times have changed since then—marvellously changed. We would scarcely believe now in elfin fatherhoods of mysterious babies; and if any modern young miller of Eliant, or elsewhere, told us that last night he had carried over the river, on horseback behind him, the Plague itself in form of a fair white lady, who, for his courtesy, promised to spare him and his in her coming visitation, we should think of brain-fever or wine-bottles before belief or assent. Priests and empresses cannot now explain away suspicious appearances by swearing that demons, plotting to their ruin, usurp their shapes, and play unbecoming pranks before the public; as did the wily Bishop of Nazareth, and Cunegonde, wife of the Emperor Henry II. Nor would their walking blindfold over burning ploughshares, or taking up fire in their cunning hands, carry to us much conviction of their innocence and the demon's duplicity. Neither should we credit, in our

police-courts, stories of brave Biscayans marrying lady-fiends, fair-faced and cloven-footed, intolerant of holy words, and disappearing in a puff of smoke because Don Diego cried out, "*Sainte Vierge!*" in a rage. The mysterious disappearance of uncomfortable wives cannot be so easily accounted for now. But no one thought of questioning the demon theory in those days, or of doubting but that a "succubus" could be a douce and decent wife. There was another wife, also a demon, who departed one day quite as mysteriously, nothing of her being found but her gown hanging limp over the chest wherein she had been searching. Perhaps our detective police would have found out something regarding her more positive than "demoniac nostalgy." But to our forefathers, carousing in their rush-strewn halls, it was quite intelligible how, after the death of a wife, a demon, a succubus, a simulacrum, should assume her shape, return to the widower, make him a good wife and prove herself a loving mother, then some day suddenly depart, leaving only her garments, folded into a loose, limp shape, where she had been kneeling.

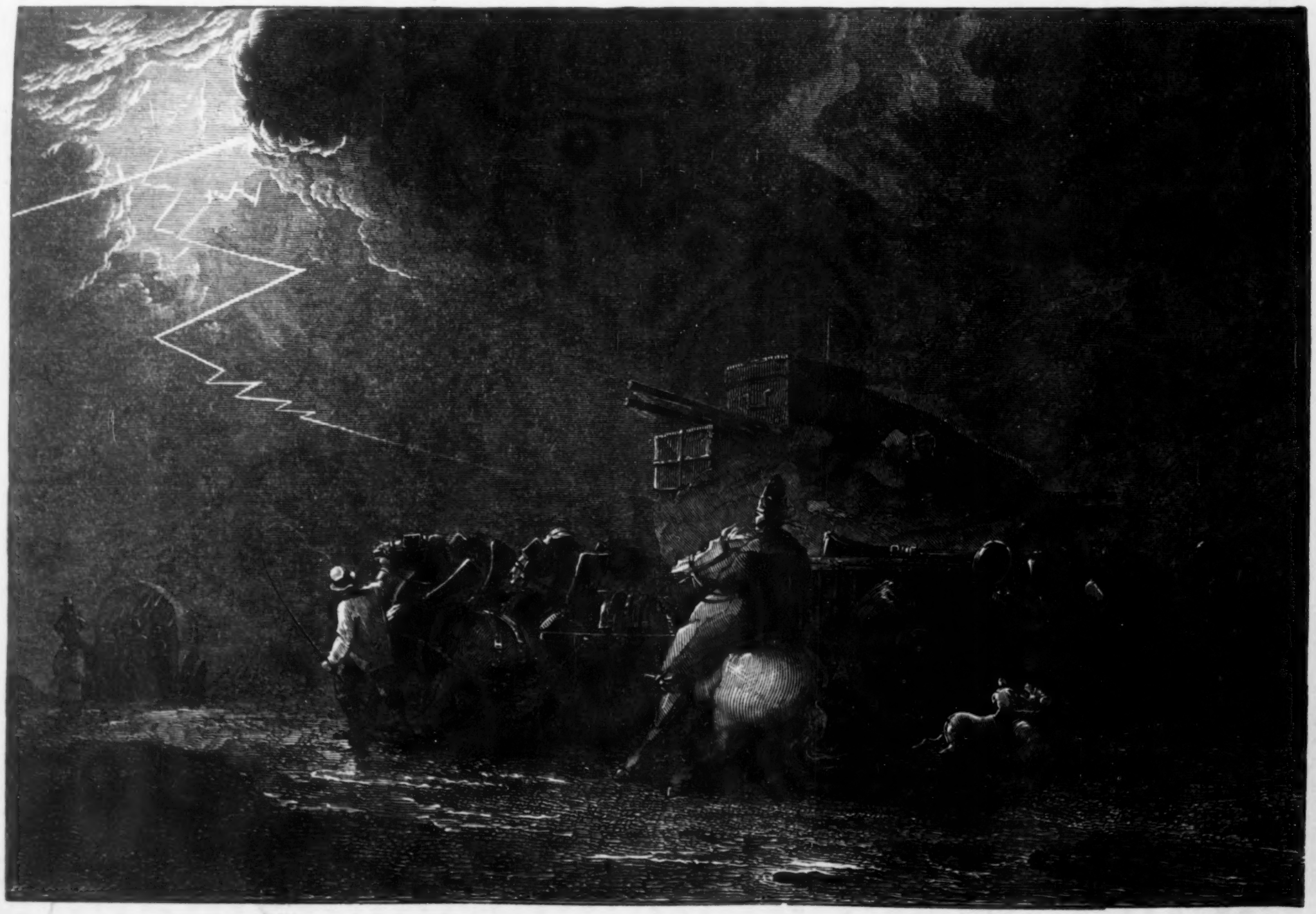
Times have indeed changed since men met ourisks in the wood and pookas by the water, and Meg Moulachs, with hairy arms, watched over the fortunes of a family; since fires were lighted to burn out witchcraft, and a knowledge of drugs and simples not in common use was the surest sign of sorcery; since wehr-wolves were believed in, and hydrophobia was a sin against God; since marsh-lights were marsh-bogles, and thunderbolts and lightning-flashes evil spirits in the body; since women who kept their beauty past the grand climacteric surely fed it on the flesh and blood of young children, as was said of that bewitching octogenarian, the Hungarian Countess of Bathory,—they would say now, she painted well; since Jews were assumed to slaughter pretty babes for the due concoction of their unhallowed charms and philtres, or since mothers found out the crime by the three drops of blood which fell from nothing and nowhere on their hands; since the greenhouse and automaton of Albertus Magnus were created by sorcery, and the laudanum-bottle of Paracelsus was a demoniacal charm; since Sir Galahads went mooning over the earth for Holy Grails, which none but the spotless could see when found, and which was therefore inviaible even to brave Sir Launcelot of the Lake, too deeply smitten with Guinevre; since Frederic Barbarossa watched for his day of deliverance in the Hartz mountains, and Charlemagne and King Arthur were not dead, but sleeping; since clever smiths were fairy-taught, and heroes' swords were fairy-given; since ricketty children were necessarily changelings, and the chances of an idiot babe being put on the fire to see if it were an imp and would fly up the chimney, or a mortal babe and would burn, were as ninety-nine to a hundred; since epilepsy was possession, and men dying of apoplexy were said to have had their necks wrung by the devil; since faithless husbands could rid themselves of burdensome wives by swearing to their having joined the Sabbat, and an enemy might be burnt at the stake on the same plea, and on no other evidence than a perjured oath: the time when all these things were matters of household belief and daily practice has faded away into the dark distance, never to pass through the mental field again.

Not that we would wish to abolish the poetry of those past superstitions. The beautiful romances of the Middle Ages are peerless in their degree; but the romances of science are more peerless still; while the dark side of those old beliefs led to persecution and murder, terror, fraud, and falsehood, which science can never do. When the human will was nothing, and spell and philtre all; when possessions and apparitions were at every corner of the street, and compacts with the Evil One were as legally formularised as are our title-deeds and marriage settlements; when witches' sabbaths drew the wife from the husband, and the child from the mother, and flung an executioner into every household where there was enmity or strife; when there were demons in the night, incubes and succubes for every dreamer, and vampires for every sleeping lip; when men bought from each other familiars—"things not like scorpions or spiders, but moving incessantly"—and carried them about in bottles and in rings, and an atmosphere of ghastly fancies encircled the solid earth; when no man's life was safe from the first half-crazed lip that muttered "witchcraft," and no man dared to measure his manhood against superstition,—then indeed were mental truth and courage very mean and weak and dwarfed, and mental freedom utterly destroyed. It would come to the same thing again, if encouraged: witness some of our late police trials, and the account of the present proceedings in Josephsdal, quoted in the beginning of this article; but our trust lies in science, which means both truth and knowledge, and we have no fear for the result. The Black Art has to die; the soft, downy, silver gray we may keep awhile, as a pretty household pet, with which the children in the nursery may play, and which recalls to the aged the pleasures of their own young days. E. L. L.

A LAND-STORM.

By LUKE CLENNELL.

THIS is an illustration of the incidental horrors of a military life. A detachment of troops, in charge of wagons laden with munitions of war, have encountered an enemy more terrible than any that man could bring against them; and the urgency of the service may be estimated by their still pressing onwards to their destination. The heavy clouds, whose gathering they have watched with apprehension, have almost blotted out the face of heaven; only the lightning reveals that the sky is not entirely hidden by the masses of vapour rolling gloomily before the wind. At length the storm breaks on them in its fury: Heaven's fire bursts in blinding light from the rift in the clouds, and darts in awful zigzags, which threaten instant death to the wayfarers—death, they say, so instantaneous as to be painless, and seldom leaving more than a blackened speck upon the skin to indicate where the mortal stroke found exit or entrance. The answering peal of cannon to cannon, fearful antiphony as that is, is as nothing to the deafening crash that follows the outburst of flame; while the furious rush of the wind adds its bewildering effect to the terror of the scene. The wagon-horses rear affrighted at the unwonted glare; even the horse of the trooper in front of the picture, though men have trained it to endure the flash and roar of artillery, shrinks back aghast. The men on foot cluster behind the wagons for what shelter they can afford, and bend against the fierce blast that tears by; the poor invalids huddle together; and the very dogs, with tails between their legs, yell out a confession of their fear and confusion.



A LAND-STORM. BY LUKE CLENNELL.

A SEA-KING.

Of late years the tide of historical inquiry and research has turned, much more strongly than of old, towards Scandinavia. We have learnt from the study how much we owe to the old Norse-folk, and how much of their spirit still animates what is incorrectly called the Anglo-Saxon race;—*incorrectly*, for the Saxon element is but one amongst the many that have formed our English character. The study also, apart from its historical value, has a wonderful amount of romantic interest. Nowhere, perhaps, except in the history of the Arabs, do we meet with vicissitudes so sudden and so startling, or with stories so rich in poetical suggestiveness. Indeed, there are resemblances, neither few nor faint, between the early Mahometans and the old sea-kings. It may almost be said that the Arabs were the vikings of the desert, and that the vikings were the Arabs of the sea. Both had a restless and eager courage beyond that of common men—both were stern, resolute, intolerant—both had all the manlier virtues, and with both there was a certain heroism even in their crimes—both allowed polygamy—both were substantially democratic—and both had a loving reverence for the power of song. Their histories, however, are often confused in the degree that they are exciting. Where so high a place is given to individual valour and achievement, history becomes only a series of short biographies, or rather, it ceases to be epic that it may become brilliantly lyrical; and this lyrical form, fine as it is, has none of the grand, calm, continuous flow that should characterise a true history.

Norway seems marked out by Nature herself for a land of heroes; its very physical configuration leads you to expect something wild, strange, and strong. There are two voices of Liberty, as Wordsworth has told us—the voice of the mountains and the voice of the sea. In Norway, the sea rushes up for miles and miles amid the mountains, and the two voices blend grandly together in her noble fiords. A stern, rough land; whoso would live upon the produce of the soil must terribly labour; and in the olden times the race had little relish for peaceful toil. The wind that swept down from the fjeld seemed eager to swell their sails, that it might bear them forth to battle. Passing out, under the shadow of the mountains, and threading their way through the countless skerries and rocks that break the long swell of the Atlantic rollers, the Norsemen had a new world before them—lands where Saxon thrall or Frankish peasant had laboured patiently, and garnered up the harvests of their milder climates. Far south into the Mediterranean went the Norsemen, and Charlemagne wept bitter tears when he saw their ships. Those tears that rolled slowly down the wrinkled cheeks of the great old man were no idle ones. A strong race had become aware of its strength—a race whose conquests spread from Hecla to Vesuvius. Their story is one of which Englishmen will not readily tire.

A sadly chaotic story we must confess it to be. Hero after hero appears, fights his fights, and gets killed. Eric after Eric, Hakon after Hakon, Harald after Harald, Thorer after Thorer, Biorn after Biorn—it is a bewildering roll-call of forgotten fighters. Some of them, however, stand out distinctly from the throng. There was Harald Haarfager (Harald Fair-Hair), who, curbing the smaller kingships, and reducing every little local potentate to his obedience, brought all Norway under his sway, and whose strong frame so held him up through all his work, that he reigned for threescore years and thirteen. There was Rolf the Ganger, or Walking Ralph, who, banished by King Harald, conquered Normandy by way of consoling himself. There was Olaf Tryggvesson, a perfect hero of romance. There was Saint Olaf the Thick—that wonderful champion of Christianity, who fell fighting against the worshippers of Odin, at the great battle of Stiklestad—a battle fought upon an August day, during which the sky suddenly grew black with a solar eclipse, hushing the stern fighters for awhile. There was Harald Hardrada, the warrior, the poet, the stately and glorious chief, whose fame was as great in Constantinople as in Drontheim, but who sought to make it greater yet in England, and fell at Stamford Bridge. These are only a few of the chief figures who rise before us in Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla*—a wonderful work, which is far less read than it deserves to be. At a time when history was generally but a poor, meagre, monotonous, monkish chronicle, Snorro collected the old Sagas, and wove them into what is really one of the finest histories extant. You cannot implicitly depend upon it—a Norwegian Niebuhr could play sad havoc with its statements; but, however wanting it may sometimes be in critical accuracy, it has sufficient fire, pictorial power, and vivacity, to lead you on, interested and excited, to the end. We shall take from it the story of Olaf Tryggvesson, who ruled in Norway from A.D. 995 to 1000—a hero who played his part upon a small stage, and has therefore left no very famous name behind him, but who gained himself a kingdom by his valour, and whose death was as heroic as his life.

Harald Fair-Hair, as we said, made himself king of all Norway; but no sooner had the gray old man died than discord and confusion arose in his hard-won kingdom. His son Eric, who succeeded him, was cruel and tyrannical; the people—earls, bonders, and thralls—grew impatient of his sway. At the moment when their discontent was greatest, Hakon, another son of Harald, returned from England, whither he had been sent for education to the court of Athelstan—Athelstan, the victor of Brunanburgh. Eric was speedily expelled. He was ultimately killed in a fight with the English, and his wife, Gunhild, with their children, went to the Orkneys. Meanwhile Hakon so ruled that he became known as "Hakon the Good;" and there was great grief in Norway when at length he fell, fighting against the sons of Eric. These sons—a proud and fierce, but gallant brotherhood—were inspired to action by the ambition and daring of their mother, Gunhild—a beautiful woman, with a stern, cruel heart—one of the old Fredegonda type. The eldest of the brotherhood, Harald of the Gray-Skin—so called from a cloak of wolf-skin that he wore—succeeded to the power of Hakon, but not to his virtues. He was sordid, treacherous, and cruel. By treachery, he and his brethren slew Earl Sigurd, of Drontheim—by treachery they slew Tryggve, a grandson of Harald Fair-Hair; but Sigurd left a son, Earl Hakon, and Tryggve a son, Olaf,

who were destined to reign in Norway when all the children of Gunhild were slain.

The murder of Tryggve was infamous, even in those days, for its cold atrocity; for he had been invited to join in a cruise, he came forth unsuspectingly in an open boat, and he was cruelly done to death by the very men who had invited him. His wife, Astrid, instantly fled. Her friends were few but faithful, and specially her foster-father, Thoralf, was devoted to her cause. He led her to a lake, and they sought concealment in a little reedy holm or island. There was hot pursuit, but in vain; and in this island Astrid soon gave birth to Olaf—Olaf Tryggvesson, our hero. Thus the boy looked upon the waters from his earliest hour; and the murmur of the lake, the rustle of the reeds, and the clangour of the wild-fowl from the shore, were amongst the first sounds that he heard. It was a happy home to them, despite their dangers, while the summer lasted; but soon the winds grew rougher on the lake, and the trees lost their sheltering leaves, and the films of ice upon the water grew daily firmer and thicker. Astrid, with her son, and Thoralf, left the holm for the mainland, and repaired to the house of her father, who lodged them secretly in an outhouse, gave them good cheer, and kept their hiding-place as little known as possible. Gunhild, however, sent spies all over the country, and in the ensuing spring thirty warriors were seen approaching the house where Astrid lay hid, but before they reached the place the fugitives had resumed their journey. Repulsed by the rich, they were sheltered by the poor, and succeeded in effecting their escape into Sweden; from whence, after dwelling some time with a good old chief, they departed, to go to a brother of Astrid's, named Sigurd, who had risen to high favour at the court of King Valdemar of Russia. On the voyage, however, their ship was seized by Esthonian vikings, who killed some of her crew, and made slaves of the rest; Astrid was sold to one purchaser, little Olaf to another; and Thoralf, who was too old and feeble to be of much service as a slave, was killed.

Olaf remained six years in Esthonia as a slave; but, young as he was, he had already that air of noble birth and breeding which was then so valued and so valuable, and hence his treatment was not unkindly. One day there was great bustle in the Esthonian town, for Earl Sigurd came from King Valdemar to levy the taxes. And it befel that as Earl Sigurd, with a noble train, rode proudly through the town, he was aware of a wondrously beautiful boy—a boy with the face and presence of a king—and asking of this boy his name, learnt that it was Olaf Tryggvesson, his sister Astrid's son. Sigurd held his peace, but forthwith bought the boy, and carried him off to Novgorod. Kindly was Olaf treated still, and freely did he roam about, with quick eyes in his head, and a little axe in his hand. One market-day he recognised an old acquaintance—no other than the Esthonian who had slain Thoralf: there was a black look upon the boyish face, the little axe flashed in his hand, and sank deep into the man's brain! There was great clamour in Novgorod; but Earl Sigurd, King Valdemar, and King Valdemar's queen, were proud of the bold and beautiful boy, and would not let him come to harm. Nine years more he stayed in Novgorod, till at length he was a man. At eighteen—thanks to a system of education which called into the fullest play every muscle and sinew of their strong frames, thanks to a sober and chaste life, which braced them up for every struggle, thanks to a hearty, cheerful, open-air existence—at eighteen the Norse youths were men; and Olaf, who excelled the ordinary race of mortals alike in beauty, in wisdom, in valour, and in strength, was, at that age, in the full flower of his manly gifts and graces.

When was ever a foreigner popular? The good people of Novgorod sorely growled at Olaf's good fortune and high favour. Even the King was affected by these murmurs, and Olaf, knowing himself to be now a man, and half-suspecting that he was destined to be a great one, determined to leave the court and fight his own way through the world. The King gave him ships; sturdy followers, eager for battle and plunder, crowded round him: he waited but a wind to start. The Queen called him to her; her woman's heart warmed towards the proud and strong young adventurer. "Go," she said; "wherever you may be, you will be a brave man." Olaf set out at once. He fought and he plundered at Bornholm; he fought and he plundered all along the shores of the Baltic, till stormy weather drove him to seek a harbour in Wendland. Wendland—the country of the Wends, and which we now know as Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Eastern Prussia—was then ruled by King Burislaf; and King Burislaf had daughters. Geyra, the wisest and fairest of these, saw Olaf, and ere long became his wife. The "honeymoon" was a troubled one. The wild Wends broke out into rebellion; but they had met with their master; and Olaf so fought, and slew, and burnt, that he coerced them into a surly silence. His next fight was on a wider field. Otho, the Emperor of Germany, had urged the King of Denmark to become Christian; the King was obstinate, and Otho, levying a motley army, marched forth as champion of the church militant.

In Norway, meanwhile, all had been tumult and confusion; but Earl Hakon, with the assistance of the King of Denmark, had finally succeeded in expelling Gunhild and her sons. He now ruled over all the western part of Norway; and when the King of Denmark, threatened by Otho, called on all his friends for aid, Earl Hakon led a goodly force to the rescue. In Otho's army was King Burislaf, and young Olaf came with his father-in-law to the fight. It was a stern and chequered one; but the Emperor was stronger than the King, and at length both the King and Earl Hakon consented to receive baptism. The King received it with sincerity; but Hakon, swiftly pushing out to sea, got rid of the priests whom Otho had sent to him, and returned to his heathenism. He ruled well at first, and the Norse-folk rejoiced in the good times that had come; for after years of scarcity there were again good harvests, and the shoals of herrings were again playing and darting in the fiords.

Olaf had gained fresh fame in this war, and returned with all honour to Wendland; but Queen Geyra died. The rough sea-king had loved her dearly and deeply; his sorrow was bitter and great; but he knew that the best cure for sorrow was action. He set out upon his longest cruise. Northumbria, Scotland, the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, Wales—he plundered and burnt in all;

and then, loaded with booty, put in to the Scilly Isles. Here there lived a hermit, who seems to have professed some powers as a soothsayer, but who was, at any rate, a devout Christian, and talked much with Olaf of the great faith. Olaf listened; the words sank deep into his heart, and he was baptised. A strange kind of Christianity was Olaf's; but this "conversion" *did* influence his whole life. He resumed his cruise, and landed at various ports in England; but he was now a Christian, England was a Christian country, and he held his hand from war against her. After many adventures, he married the daughter of an Irish king, and established himself at Dublin; living a quiet life for awhile with his good wife, his good friends, and his good dog Vige. Of Vige, a word. On one of his cruises, Olaf landed to obtain provisions, and his men, no novices in their trade, speedily collected a great many cattle. As they drove the cattle from the downs to the sea, an old peasant followed them, piteously imploring them to return at least *his*. Olaf was moved by the poor wretch's prayers, but time pressed. "Find out which *are* your cattle," he said, "and take them back; but, in any case, be quick about it." Then the peasant called to him his good dog Vige, and Vige soon picked out his master's cattle, which were all marked with one brand. Olaf, enjoying the satisfaction for once of a really good and kindly deed, stood by and watched. "Will you sell me the dog?" he said. "I would rather give him to you," said the peasant. Olaf took a golden ring from his hand, gave it to the peasant, and they parted—the peasant going back to his poor homestead, to tell his wife how for once a rover had been merciful, and Olaf sailing away in search of fresh adventures with the good dog Vige fawning at his knees.

Earl Hakon still ruled in Norway; but his sway grew tyrannical. The Norwegians were not thin-skinned, and could endure a great deal, but he was sorely trying their powers of endurance. He was still ruling in peace, however, when tidings came to him that over the sea, away in Ireland, there was a man who lived as a king—a man of great valour and wisdom, who called himself Ole, or Olaf, and who had originally set out on his viking cruises from Russia. Earl Hakon, looking back upon all the fights, and murders, and escapes, and pursuits of the time, remembered that there had been a boy saved by Astrid from the clutches of Gunhild and carried to Russia. Inquiring further, he learnt that the Ole of Novgorod and Dublin was no other than Olaf Trygg-vesson, in whose veins ran the royal blood of Norway. Hakon sent for Thorer Klakke, who was accustomed to make voyages, half for plunder and half for trade; and instructed him to sail at once to Ireland, see Olaf, seek to gain his confidence, and, gaining it, urge him by any pretexts to come to Norway. Once in Norway, Earl Hakon would manage the rest. Thorer sailed away to Dublin with his merchandise and his plot—got into conversation with Olaf, and, being a plausible speaker, was soon in high favour with his intended victim. Olaf eagerly listened as Thorer talked of Norway—how, if there was any one left of the blood-royal who had the daring to appear there, all the people would rise and follow him; how easily this might be done; what a glorious enterprise it would be; and much more of the same kind. Olaf did not decide hastily, but brooded much over the plan, Thorer still urging him on, ambition and love of adventure urging him on more powerfully still. At last he told Thorer that *he* had the blood of Harald Fair-Hair in his veins, and that he would strike a blow for the throne of his fathers. Forthwith five ships sailed out of Dublin Bay, and in the largest of them stood Olaf, priests on one side of him, Thorer on the other, and the good dog Vige lying at his feet. They sailed on, touched at the Hebrides and at the Orkneys, and then, pushing on again, struck right across the sea to Norway. They made the land at Möster Island, went ashore, a tent was pitched, and, solemnly, in the early morning, the priests chanted mass, and Olaf went down upon his knees, praying, after his fashion, for victory over the heathen. On the spot where Olaf knelt a church was built long after; but this was the first time that its solitude had been broken by the voice of Christian prayer. Thorer was sadly astonished when he came to know how matters really stood. The people were up; Earl Hakon was doomed. He had sent for Olaf that he might slay him; Olaf was here, ready to succeed him. Hakon lay near Drontheim Fiord: it was said, if Olaf were quick, he might soon end the struggle. At once the sea grew white with the steady sweep of many oars; every sail was set; a ringing breeze blew steadily from the south; and still, by day and by night, Olaf sailed onwards to the North. At the entrance of Drontheim Fiord lay three of Earl Hakon's war-ships, Erlend, one of his sons, commanding them. Olaf drove them to the shore; and as Erlend swam for his life through the waters, Olaf hurled a tiller at him, which struck and crushed his head.

All was lost for Earl Hakon. As it was said of our eighth Harry, "he spared neither man in his anger, nor woman in his lust;" and at length his tyranny had become intolerable. The bonders, or farmers, stood up, and would have no more of it; the whole people—a proud and fearless people—rose in arms. Earl Hakon had no towers or castles in which he could stand a siege. There were no castles in Norway, and Norway needed none. The hills and the seas guarded her against a foreign foe; and she had no places of strength in which a domestic tyrant could take refuge. Her monarchs, like her farmers, lived in plain wooden houses,—houses that were open to all. There was no idle pomp or ceremony in old Norway: king and subject lived together, in a frank and hearty way. Let the king be but brave and generous, and the finest warriors in the world were ready to die for him; let him be base or mean, and they slew him and chose another. Earl Hakon had forfeited their love, and they chased him away. The revolution was both instantaneous and complete. Very soon Earl Hakon was flying for dear life, with only one slave, Karker, to attend him. There was ice on the Guldal river as they crossed it; the Earl drove away his horse, left his coat lying on the ice, and fled on foot. That night the Earl and Karker slept in a cave, since called the Earl's Hole, and Karker had troubled dreams. When the weary night was over, and they talked about their dreams, Earl Hakon said, "Now do I know that my son Erlend is killed."

They resumed their flight till they drew near the

house of Thora, the Earl's favourite wife. She knew that her house would be searched, but she resolved to risk all for his sake. One place there was in which no man was likely to seek Earl Hakon—the swine-stye. The slave dug a great hole there; and as he briskly shovelled up the earth, and as Earl Hakon and Thora watched, news came that Erlend was killed, and that Olaf Tryggvesson was sailing up the fiord. Thus miserably was the Earl trapped in his own snare. He crept into the hole, Karker with him; Thora covered it with branches, and drove the swine upon the top.

The bonders had met Olaf. He had spoken to them, and with shouts and with clashing of arms they chose him for their king. Men scoured the country round, seeking for the Earl. Olaf himself came, on his way, to Thora's house. It was searched, but vainly; and Olaf, standing upon a great stone beside the swine-stye, made a speech. A little light stole in always through the branches to the hole where the Earl and Karker lay, and they could also hear what was said by Olaf. Olaf cried, "Honour and reward to whoso takes or slays Earl Hakon!" and, by the little light, Earl Hakon saw Karker start and tremble. The Earl whispered, "Why dost thou turn so pale, O Karker! and then again, suddenly, as black as earth?—thou wouldest not betray me, Karker?" "Not I," answered the slave. "We were born on the same night, Karker," said the Earl, "and the time would be short between our deaths."

At evening Olaf went on his way; the search was over—the noise of trampling feet about the place had ceased—and still the Earl and slave lay hidden in the swine-stye. There is something of Dantesque horror in that night: the two men, weary with their flight, wishing to sleep—not daring to sleep—each speaking softly and with bated breath, yet each clutching a bright knife, and ready to strike. Karker first sank to sleep, but soon awoke, trembling. "I dreamt Olaf was laying a golden ring round my neck," he stammered, in his confusion, as he woke. "Nay, it will be but a bloody ring around the neck that Olaf Tryggvesson will give thee," said Hakon; "but I—*I* will reward thee;" and for awhile the two men were calmer.

The hours went by; and as the first faint rays of the morning light stole softly down through the branches, Earl Hakon, weary and overspent, dropped heavily to sleep; and soon after, as Karker watched him still, a shudder and a spasm ran through Earl Hakon: he drew in his legs—he seemed eager to rise—and then, just moving his neck, screamed horribly; and before the echo of that hideous shriek had fairly rung through the place, Karker had stabbed him in the throat. Rushing from the place with Hakon's head in his felon hand, Karker came before Olaf and told him all this. Olaf Tryggvesson listened to the story, and, to the great satisfaction of all honest warriors, had Karker beheaded there and then. His head, with that of Earl Hakon, was set up to blacken or to blanch in the sunshine or the rain on a gallows in Nidarholm. Eric, Earl Hakon's eldest son, fled over the border to Sweden, swearing a great oath to revenge his father's death. We shall see how he kept it.

Olaf—the baby of the reedy island—the slave-boy in Esthonia—the petted stripling in Novgorod—the rover of the Northern Seas—was now Olaf, king of Norway; and something was still reserved for him which would probably give him as much pleasure as his victory. This was a meeting with Astrid, his mother, who, long ago, had been recognised, whilst still a slave, by Lodin, a rich merchant, and brought by him from Esthonia to Norway, as his wife. Astrid might well be proud of her son; and Olaf, too, might well render up thanks to God for a meeting so wonderfully brought about.

Olaf's piety must not be judged by a mere modern standard. He was deeply—we may say *desperately*—convinced that Christianity was the one true religion, and that pagan idolatry was altogether accursed. He called his relations and dearest friends together, and said: "I have thought much on the matter, and have at last come to *this*,—that I will either make all Norway Christian, or die!" His people met him at their Things—or "public meetings," as we should now call them—met him face to face, argued with him, joked with him, even abused him, if they liked and dared; but Olaf, who amongst his many talents had that of ready and persuasive speech, generally managed to come off victoriously. There was a Thing in Rogaland, for instance. Olaf stood up and made his speech, beginning in a good-humoured, half-jesting style, getting graver as he went on, and ending by letting all men present clearly see that those who refused to accept Christianity would have him for their foe. One of the bonders—a stout and sturdy heathen—rose up to answer King Olaf; but, as he hummed and hawed, and cleared his throat, and made ready for his oratorical display, a great fit of coughing came upon him, and Olaf burst out into laughter, and all the people joined him. Still coughing much, the unfortunate pagan sat down again, and another speaker rose; but the great noise and laughter fairly made him lose his wits, and down went he. Uprose a third, but perchance he had himself joined too heartily in the laughter, for his voice was hoarse as the raven's croak, and King Olaf's jolly laughter still rang out through the place, and the people still joined him. Every one present at that Thing consented to receive baptism.

The Things did not always end so peaceably. Often there was hard fighting, and in this, too, King Olaf knew very well how to hold his own. Once the bonders came upon him in great force, and tried to make him conform to the heathen ceremonies. He treated them good-humouredly, got their leaders to a feast, and made them drink deeply. Next morning—that inevitable next morning—came: "Well," said he, "I will offer up sacrifice to your gods if you like, but I will make the grandest offering that ever king of Norway made. I will sacrifice MEN, and not mere thralls. I will offer up some of the noblest men in Norway. I will sacrifice *you*, Haldor; and *you*, Asbiorn; and *you*, Styrkar; and *you*, Kaare!" The sacrifice did not take place, but another wholesale baptism *did*. Olaf, however, had to go into the great temple of Mære, and with his own axe to strike down the image of Thor, ere much good could be done. A god who couldn't even defend himself would soon be at a discount amongst Norsemen, and so Olaf struck lustily, and knocked poor Thor to the ground. Always, by wit or by valour, Olaf made his way. He had a busy time of it. He sent priests to convert Iceland. There were the warlocks to put down.

The faith in their supernatural powers was general, and Olaf himself fully shared in it, as he did in all the faults, prejudices, delusions, and virtues of his age. He was terribly cruel to these warlocks—perhaps even a little more cruel than the good Puritan folks of Salem, under the godly guidance of Cotton Mather, were to witches nearly seven centuries later. Some he tortured—others he burnt—others, again, he took out to sea, to rocks which at low water were bare, but at high water submerged. To one of these rocks he sent a famous sorcerer, named Eyvind Kellda, with many others; and, long after, there were strange cries heard there at night by the belated fisherman, or the home-returning rover, as they sailed past the rock. They called it "The Skerry of Shrieks."

King Olaf, whilst mainly anxious for the conversion of his subjects, was no sluggard as regards their material interests. The town of Drontheim owes its existence to him, and he encouraged its trade by all possible means. He was a frank, hearty, genial fellow, and had a ready word for every one. He would stroll about the place, seeing the ship-carpenters at work, and giving them orders or advice; or he would saunter down to the pier-head, see what vessels were in from Iceland or Ireland, what cargoes they brought, what kind of men their captains were. He was very careful about his dress, and had even a slight touch of the fop in him; but he was ever kindly and ever generous, when not provoked by opposition. Strange stories are told of his wonderful activity; how he climbed a peak in Norway which none ever climbed before, and which none have ever climbed since; how he could run round his war-ship on her oars; and many other tales of the same kind. Once there were some Icelanders at Drontheim, the most notable of them being named Kiartan. To their great dismay, they found that the king insisted on every one who entered the port becoming a Christian, or staying there. Thrice, during the spring, they tried to slip away, but without success. The summer came, and on one of its brightest and warmest days there were many men swimming about. The Icelanders noticed one very handsome man in the water, who swam far better than any of the others. Kiartan flung off his clothes, plunged in, and swam off to try his skill against the handsome Norseman. Coming up to him, he seized him by the foot, and down they both went, diving, the bright air-bubbles rushing up as the swimmers sank. A long time passed ere they rose; there was a hurried drawing of breath, an eager stare, and down they went again. Up they came, astonished at each other's prowess, and then again descended; but when Kiartan again wanted to rise, he could not, for his fellow gripped him hard, and only let him rise at length when he was nearly drowned. They swam ashore, and as they dressed, the Norseman asked Kiartan his name, and some other questions. At last he said, "Why don't you ask me *my* name?" Kiartan, perhaps a little surly after his defeat, answered, "Because I don't care one straw about it!" "Well," rejoined the other, "I am King Olaf Tryggvesson, and you, Kiartan, are a fine fellow. Here, take this cloak of mine, and keep it." Kiartan kept the cloak, went to hear high mass, and in due time was baptised.

A good workman, though he can work with any tools, takes a pride in having good ones. Olaf, the great Sea-rover, was also Olaf the great Ship-builder. Never before had Norse viking trod the deck of such vessels as he built. The largest and noblest of them all was the "Long Serpent." She was decked fore and aft, with sufficient space in the centre for four and thirty rowers on each side; a serpent's head, gilt, was at her bow, its coiled tail at the stern; and the length of her keel was a hundred and eleven feet,—a length which, according to modern calculations, would make her of about the same size as a frigate carrying forty-two guns, or a steamboat of three hundred tons' burthen. Insignificant enough as she may appear when measured by our modern standard, the "Long Serpent" would have proved no despicable foe. Sixty-eight strong oars made her independent of the wind: she could advance or retreat at pleasure; and if it pleased her leader to advance, and if it pleased her crew to board, there are few decks which would not be swept clear by the terrible charge of those Norse warriors. The "Duke of Wellington" would annihilate the poor "Serpent" in three minutes—more easily even than a steam gun-boat destroys a Chinese junk; but even the English crew of the "Duke of Wellington" would have their work to do ere they could repel the fierce swarming rush of the yellow-haired, eager-eyed rovers. Be it not forgotten—rather be it *now*, more than ever, especially remembered—that the crew is more important even than the ship.

Besides this ship, which was the pride of his heart, Olaf had the "Short Serpent," the "Crane," and some other noble vessels of the same kind, in addition to the ordinary craft of his subjects. Ere long he needed them all. A woman's love had saved him, a woman's hate was destined to undo him. There had been talk of a marriage between Olaf and Sigrid, the "Queen Dowager" (as we should call her) of Sweden. They met, and all went well until Olaf insisted that Queen Sigrid—called Sigrid the Haughty—should adopt Christianity. "Keep you your own religion, and I will keep mine!" said the Queen. "I will *not* become a Christian!" "Nor my wife, then!" cried Olaf, bursting into a fit of passion. "What care I for an old heathen jade like thee?" And, alas! alas! he gave her a slap in the face with his glove. Sigrid—another woman of the Fredegonda type—had no fit of hysterics, screamed not, fainted not, but looked fixedly at him with her clear, stern eyes, and said, very slowly, "Olaf, this may one day be thy death!" It was.

Where, all this while, was Earl Eric, the son of Earl Hakon? Eric, flying to Sweden, embarked in viking cruises, gained great wealth and fame, and ultimately married the King of Denmark's daughter. Many men, hating Olaf for his vigorous attempts at conversion, went to join Earl Eric. And now Queen Sigrid the Haughty knew no peace by day or night. She plotted as only an outraged woman *can* plot. She married the King of Denmark, and plotted still. At last the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and Earl Eric agreed to slay Olaf Tryggvesson, and divide Norway between them. They waited their opportunity, and it soon came. King Olaf Tryggvesson sailed with a strong fleet to Wendland, to claim some rights of his. He must never be allowed to return. The three sent Earl

Sigvald, a famous viking, to King Olaf. Sigvald came to him with fair words, but with the full resolve to betray him. The Wendland business over, Olaf set out homewards. Sigvald led him into the snare that the allies had spread. Unsuspectingly King Olaf sailed along towards Rugen; and near Rugen the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, Swein of the Forked Beard (afterwards conqueror of England, and father of Canute the Great), and Earl Eric, with a great force, waited for Olaf. It was a bright and glorious summer day, the Baltic was glistening and flashing in the sunshine, when the three, standing on the little island of Svald, near Rugen, saw the sails of King Olaf in the distance. A large ship came in sight. "That will be 'Ormen Langa,' the 'Long Serpent,'" said one. "Wait," said Earl Eric. A larger one appeared. "There she is, then!" was the cry. "Wait," said Earl Eric. Stately ship after ship passed by, misled by Sigvald the traitor. At length the "Long Serpent" herself appeared,—her rich sails, embroidered with many-coloured silk, swelling out in the breeze, the golden figure of the "Serpent's" head glittering in the sun. "To arms!" Olaf, too late, saw that he was betrayed,—that with but a portion of his fleet he had to stand the shock of a force far greater than his own. Some men urged him to fly whilst there was yet time; but, "Strike the sails!" cried King Olaf; "God will dispose of my life as it pleases Him; but I never fled from battle before, and I will not fly now!"

The sails were struck. The "Long Serpent," the "Short Serpent," and the "Crane" were lashed together. Every man made ready. King Olaf stood on the poop,—a red jacket was over his rich armour, his helmet and his shield were glittering with gold; he spoke cheeringly to his men. "Who comes here?" he asked, as the first squadron of the enemy approached. It was King Swein of Denmark. "Who next?" It was the King of Sweden. "Who next?" Earl Eric, the son of Earl Hakon. Then King Olaf turned to his men, saying, "The soft Danes and the heathen Swedes will harm us but little,—better for them were they quietly at home; but Eric, the son of Hakon, hath a fair cause of quarrel with us; and his men will fight well, for they are Norsemen, like ourselves."

The fight began—as stern a fight as ever dyed the waters of the Baltic with blood. So grandly did King Olaf fight, so stubborn were his men, that, despite the immense odds, the victory long hung doubtful. Up came King Swein, but the crew of the "Serpent" flung grappling-irons into his ship, got firm hold of her, and then drove the King away by the tempest of their weapons. The King of Sweden fared no better; the last chance of victory rested with Earl Eric.

Fought ages before the invention of gunpowder, this battle would not cover the sky with thick palls of smoke. All overhead would be as bright as if, instead of fierce men intent on slaughter, the sun looked down only on a quiet sea; and as if, instead of the wild clamour of armed men, the only sound had been the strange barking laughter of the sea-gull. King Olaf's little squadron, banded firmly together, seemed like a rock; the hosts of his enemies, waves that broke against it and recoiled. The Danes and the Swedes could do no more. They hung like wolves, at a safe distance, round King Olaf's squadron, waiting for their prey; and now the princely hunter approached. Eric came close up to the "Serpent," and laid his ship alongside. Einar Tambarskelver, a mighty archer, though aged but eighteen, shot at Earl Eric. The arrow missed him, but with such strength had it been sent that it entered the tiller-head to the shaft. He shot again, and the arrow went through the seat which Eric had just quitted. "Shoot that archer!" shouted Eric. An arrow sped, and hit Einar's bow-string as he drew it. King Olaf heard the noise as the bow broke. "What broke with such a noise?" cried he. "*Norway, King, from thy grasp!*" answered Einar. "Nay, not yet," said the King. "Here, take my bow, and shoot again." The bow was not strong enough for the great archer: he cast it into the sea, crying wildly, "Too weak! too weak for the bow of a mighty king!"

And though not one of King Olaf's men blenched from that awful struggle,—though each one fought as if upon him alone had depended the issue of the day,—though, mad with rage, they leapt on board Earl Eric's ship, only to be transfixed upon his spears,—though Olaf, bold, tall, and beautiful, had still a cheering word for each as he fought, despite the blood that already trickled down his rich armour,—yet all was in vain. Their numbers grew smaller and smaller. Earl Eric fought to revenge a father; and on, along the "Serpent's" deck, all slippery with blood, the boarders came, and the fight was over. One question alone remained for King Olaf—how best to die with honour. He cast a proud look round him—few warriors remained at his side; he cast one long, proud look upon those noble relics of as brave a crew as ever sailed, and then, throwing his golden shield high above his head, sprang overboard far into the sea. The bubbles rushed up as on the day when he swam with Kiartan, but King Olaf came up no more.

The people of Norway, who loved him, would not believe that he was dead. No, their hero was saved from the fight, and would yet re-appear. We know how often such a faith has sprung up and flourished in the heart of the people. King Arthur is not dead, but sleeping in Fairy-land; Frederic Barbarossa sits in the heart of the mountain—drowsy, but not dead—waiting till the hour shall strike for the great battle between Right and Wrong, when he will come forth and lead the Germans to victory; James IV. is saved from the bloody ring at Flodden Field; Don Sebastian of Portugal falls not before the Moorish spear and sword at the battle of Alcazar. So did the people think of Olaf; and the tale spread that, wounded though he was, he was able to cast off his armour under the water, and swim to a ship where Earl Sigvald's wife protected him. But he was tired of battle: southward he wandered to Rome, the Holy City; eastward then, to Jerusalem, holier still. There, in a monastery, he lived for many years, praying to God. But whether he lived, a gray-haired monk, amid the olive mountains of Judea, or lay many a fathom deep under the waters of the Baltic, certain it is that King Olaf Tryggvesson was seen in Norway no more.

That night Earl Eric, his father well avenged, sat at the helm of the "Long Serpent," and steered her homewards to Norway.

W. J. Prowse.



THE SLEEPING PAGE. BY D. MACLISE, R.A.

HERE is a specimen of Maclise's early style, one of those lighter subjects he chose years ago, before surrendering himself to the graver themes that have since occupied his pencil. In those days he delighted in the representation of romantic and chivalric incidents, exhibiting the luxuries of costume and quaint fancies of the feudal times. "The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock" was the largest and most important of these, as it was, strictly speaking, one of the last in date. For although the well-known "Ordeal by Touch" was comparatively of recent appearance, as was the "Caxton and Edward IV.," yet both these works set forth a stronger purpose, and illustrated a graver motive, than their often fantastic and merely brilliant predecessors.

With the decay of the feudal system died away the practice of training the sons of noble families in noble houses, where they might learn the duty of obedience before they undertook the duties of command. At the time of Charles II. this rule had become almost utterly abrogated. For we find Pepys recording with admiration what he heard from "My Lord Crewe," as a curious example of old customs; "how, in Queen Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he came of age himself; and witnessed in my young Lord of Kent, that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter came to my Lord Bedford, that the Earldom of Kent had fallen to his servant, the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he was by place to sit" (as the junior earl). These stately courtesies were long done away with, therefore, before the time of Mr. Maclise's Page, whose costume indicates the reign of Charles II. At this period they were selected merely for their beauty, smartness, or other motive which induces a man to take a servant. The last person, to our knowledge, who maintained the ancient custom was stately and eccentric Margaret Cavendish, duchess of Newcastle, whom, by the way, Pepys describes himself as actually running after in the streets of London, with a hundred dirty boys, to stare at. Negro-boys then became great pets; Lady Castlemaine kept two of them; and, as we see from Hogarth, their employment lasted for a long period.

The little page here has fallen asleep in the vast chair over his music-lesson, and his guitar is in danger of a fall. Meanwhile he sleeps the sleep and dreams the dreams of youth—of cakes, of sweets, gay dresses, gay parties, picnics in the woods, and voyages on the water. We fear he will soon wake to the stern reality of a sound box on the ear, and add discordant sobs and cries to his half-learnt song.

This work is now exhibiting with Mr. Flatow's Collection, at Messrs. Leggatt's Gallery, Cornhill. L. L.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. V. The Moscow Opera-house.

By a curious combination of circumstances, I find myself in possession of a number of facts connected with the Russian stage, and especially with the new Opera-house at Moscow, which have never been published out of Russia, and which, even there, are not very generally known. I was fortunate enough to be in Moscow when the new theatre was opened, and to receive—that is to say to obtain, through the courtesy of the British Ambassador—an invitation to the "gala spectacle," on which occasion the house was filled with the most brilliant audience it is ever likely to contain. It must, indeed, have been a "gala spectacle" for Signor Cavos, the architect, who—to continue the list of my advantages—favoured me with every information that could be desired respecting the construction and dimensions of his theatrical masterpiece. Then a few months afterwards—that is to say, towards the close of the year 1856—the centenary anniversary of the establishment of Government theatres in Russia was celebrated. A piece called "1756 and 1856" (of which the subject is sufficiently explained by the title) was produced at the "Little Theatre," and one of the Moscow journals published an original history of the Russian stage. After that, happening to speak to some friends about the founder of the theatre in Moscow, I learned that they were related to him, or rather descended from him; and from the information they were kind enough to give me, added to that which I had already obtained from the newspaper and the review, I have been enabled to draw up an account of the introduction and progress of theatrical performances in Russia, which may, perhaps, be found interesting, and which, at all events, is novel and true.

The first theatrical representation in Russia of which there is any record took place in the reign of Alexis Mikhailovitch (Peter the Great's father), in the house of his father-in-law, the Boyard Miloslavsky, who may be remembered as one of the leaders of the first insurrection of the Strelitzes. The Russians say that their first regular dramas were not produced until the reign of Feodor Alexeievitch (Peter the Great's half-brother and predecessor). They were written by the Tzar's tutor, a monk, and were called *The Prodigal Son*, *King Nebuchadnezzar*, *The Golden Calf*, and *The Three Men in the Fiery Furnace*. These were represented in the Pleasure Palace at Preobrajensky, a suburb of Moscow, and afterwards by the students of the academy attached to the monastery. The lay pupils were enjoined to learn these dramas during their playtime, as well as certain "moral comedies," which were written for them by the teachers. The pupils of the Novgorod monastery, and of the Laura of the Holy Trinity, near Moscow, received a similar recommendation.

The "moral comedies" appear, like the early productions of every stage, to have been deficient in morality, or, at all events, to have been coarse even to grossness. The religious pieces ought to have been orthodox enough, written, as they were, by monks, or by "the learned Demetrius Tooptaloo," archbishop of Rostoff, who composed several Scripture histories in verse; among others, *The Sinner*, *an Allegory*, *Esther and Ahasuerus*, and *The Birth of Christ*. Nevertheless, Staehlin (referred to by Archdeacon Coxe in his *Travels*) relates an instance of profane ribaldry having been introduced into one of the Scriptural pieces, "which," says the English author, "is too gross to be mentioned." Staehlin was present at some performances given by the students of surgery in the hospital at Moscow. The representation took place in the great hall, where a stage had been raised, and screens were used for the scenery. The subject was Tamerlane, and "nothing could be more grotesque and ridiculous." The same author had seen the Empress' grooms act in a still more wretched manner, either in the hay-loft of the imperial stables, or in an unfurnished house. Actors of this sort used also to perform every year for the amusement of the common people: they had no regular theatre, but were accustomed to play in different parts of the city. At dusk, a paper lantern was hung from the window, and two huntsmen's horns were blown to announce the performance. The entrance-money was from one to five *copeiks* (less than a halfpenny to twopence), and the spectators usually remained two hours to see "every species of nonsense and ribaldry."

Sophia, Peter the Great's sister, and for some time his guardian and representative, had a great liking for the drama, and extended her patronage to genius and learning of all kinds. At a period when the country possessed no dramatic literature, and when buffooneries and so-called moralities were the only theatrical representations known, this Princess composed a tragedy herself, and acted in it. Karamsin mentions this fact, but he does not mention what has been stated elsewhere, that Sophia translated Molière's *Médecin malgré lui* into Russian. However, it appears certain that the *Médecin malgré lui* was one of the first secular pieces played in Russia, and that it was produced at the house of one of the boyars in the year 1690. It has been recently asserted that the story on which the piece in question is founded is of Russian origin; and M. Léon Godard, in his interesting volume of letters, entitled *St. Petersbourg et Moscou*, gives what he seems to consider the original tale. Nadejda is the wife of a boyar, and is beaten by him regularly every Thursday and Sunday. Determined to be revenged, she goes to Boris Godounoff, at that time a sufferer from the gout, and informs him that her husband possesses the means of curing him at once, but that he believes the death of the Tzar would be beneficial to the country. The boyar is sent for, and receives a sound beating for his persistence in not divulging the supposed secret. The wife does not, as in Molière, recommend beating as a means of eliciting the secret; she knows that her husband will receive that punishment as a matter of course; and it may be said that many other of the details of the piece seem naturally to belong to Russia rather than to France. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in all young nations the popular instrument of retribution is the stick; and surely, if we are to choose between the two, the hero and victim in the original tradition is more likely to have been a French woodcutter than a Russian nobleman. In the meanwhile, one thing is certain, that a piece taken professedly from the *Médecin*

malgré lui was brought out at Moscow in 1690; and it appears to us that the Russians have since taken the story from the play, as the French author, in all probability, took the play from some old story. The writer of the article on the Russian stage in the Moscow journal does not attempt to claim a Russian origin for Molière's comedy, nor does he mention the existence of any Russian tale on the same subject.

Peter the Great, when, in the midst of so many other reforms, he undertook the re-organisation of the Russian stage, looked naturally abroad for the means of effecting the change. A Hungarian actor happened to be at Moscow. Peter sent him to Dantzic to engage a German troop, who arrived, to the number of nine, the following year. Twelve children, the sons of priests, merchants, and citizens (that is to say, traders not belonging to a guild), joined them in the capacity of pupils. Kunst, the director, also taught ship-building; but whether he was an actor who had turned ship-builder, or a ship-builder who had turned actor, does not appear. Probably Peter, unwilling to spend money on the ornamental alone, had told his Hungarian to find him a man who understood both arts. However that may have been, Kunst appears to have been thoroughly successful in each. His performances in the Soukhareff tower were honoured by the presence of Peter himself, and several officers and nobles allowed their children to join his troop.

A wooden theatre was now commenced in the Kitai Gorod (Chinese town), in the middle of the "Krasnoi Ploshchad," or Red Square, just outside the Kremlin. While the building was being erected, the performances took place in the residence of Lefort, of Finland (all the ship-building interest appears to have been engaged just then on behalf of the stage). Lefort is known to have been an able man. A writer, who was well acquainted with him, says that he was "of a good understanding," and adds, that he was "very personable, engaging, and entertaining; a true Swiss for probity and bravery, but *chiefly for drinking*."

The performances at the wooden theatre must have finished early, for it is mentioned as an extraordinary fact, that on the night of representation the gates of the city were kept open *until* nine o'clock. It used also to be publicly announced that no money would be taken at the doors, "so as to encourage a taste for the drama."

Kunst, when not building ships, used to construct plays. After the battle of Pultava, he had to write a piece on the subject, and to introduce the Swedish generals under fictitious names. Of this task he appears to have acquitted himself very successfully. The piece was played during Peter's triumphal entry into Moscow, and was much applauded. At this time the nobles formed the chief part of the audience, and had their places assigned to them according to their rank. The entry was free. The female parts were played by men.

About this period operas and German pieces began to be performed at Moscow, and the first regular Russian theatre was opened at Yaroslaff, under the direction of a celebrated actor named Fedor Volkoff, who is also known as Yaroslavsky, from the town which gave him birth. Having at an early age given proofs of his ability, he was sent for his education to Moscow, where he studied the German language, music, and drawing. Circumstances obliged Volkoff to return to Yaroslaff, and to adopt the trade of his father-in-law, who was a manufacturer of sulphur and saltpetre; but having occasion, in 1748, to visit St. Petersburg, his natural inclination for the stage led him to attend the German theatre established there, and to form an acquaintance with some of the actors.

Returning a second time to Yaroslaff, Volkoff constructed a large stage in his father-in-law's house, painted the scenes himself, and, assisted by his four brothers, acted several times before a large assembly. Their first performances were the Scriptural histories of our friend "Tooptaloo;" these were succeeded by the tragedies of Soumorokoff, the production of whose first work, *Koreff*, marks an important era in the history of the Russian stage. It was the first piece of genuine and original literary merit produced in Russia.

Sometimes the brothers Volkoff brought out pieces of their own, in which they satirised the people of Yaroslaff. In spite of the ridicule, the inhabitants flocked to the theatre; but, as they paid nothing at the doors (who could expect them to pay for having their own follies and weaknesses pointed out?), the stern father-in-law found the speculation singularly unprofitable, and closed the establishment.

Then, in 1750, Volkoff constructed a theatre on his own plan, partly by subscription, and partly at his own risk. After assisting in the preparation of the scenes and dresses, he procured an additional number of actors, instructed them himself, and, supported by the whole of his troop, appeared with great success before large audiences, who willingly paid for their admission.

In 1752 the Empress Elizabeth, having heard of the performances of the Yaroslaff troop, summoned them to St. Petersburg, where they represented several of the tragedies of Soumorokoff in the Court theatre. This theatre had been erected for the fêtes in honour of the Empress' coronation, and the first pieces produced on its stage were a translation of Metastasio's *Clemenza di Tito*, and a ballet with this neat title, *The Joy of the People at the Appearance of the Star on the Russian Horizon, and at the Advent of the Golden Age.* Although pleased with the performances of the Yaroslaff troop, the Empress does not appear to have thought them by any means perfect, for we find that she sent Volkoff's brothers to study for four years at the College of Cadets. The director, deprived of his companions, was for some time at a loss what to do; but at last he bethought himself of replacing his lost brothers by marionnettes.

On August 30, 1756, Elizabeth issued an *oukaz* establishing a government theatre in St. Petersburg. The troop was composed of Volkoff and his four brothers, who had now completed their education in the "Cadetsky Corpus," some minor performers, and three actresses. A sum equivalent to 1000*l.* of our money was set apart annually for the company, of which the directors received 200*l.*, together with the rank of lieutenant (the present director of the Russian government theatres, M. Sabouroff, has the rank of general). During the same year, in Moscow, the University authorities invited the nobles to be present at a series of dramatic representations, under the management of the director of the University. The illustrious Soumorokoff wrote some of the pieces, and the director of the University the others. The

students were the actors, and among them was the future comedy writer, Von Vesen, the precursor of Griboiedoff and Gogol. We are told that the Empress used to reward the meritorious performers with swords, and the best of all were taken away from the Moscow University and incorporated with the St. Petersburg troop. The St. Petersburg company continued to flourish under the patronage of Catherine II.; Volkoff and his brothers were ennobled, and received grants of land, and Soumorokoff, who had the highest admiration for Volkoff's talent, showed great ardour in supplying him with pieces. But the triumphs of this actor were short-lived. He appeared for the last time, in Moscow, in the tragedy of *Zelmira*, and died soon afterwards (1763), in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Soumorokoff, true to the genius of Racine, his favourite model, lamented his friend in the classico-mythologic style:—"Melpomene, unite thy tears with mine! Lament and tear thy locks! My friend is dead. Adieu, my friend! The source of Hippocrene is frozen. ° ° ° ° Volkoff is separated from the Muses for ever. Tragedy has lost her buskin and her poignard. Melpomene, bedew his tomb with thy tears," &c.

In the year 1763, it was provided that a fourth part of the receipts of the Moscow actors should be given to the Foundling Hospital. In 1766 ballet performances were introduced by an Italian. The Moscow company had now regularly established itself in Count Vorontsoff's house, which was, in fact, the Moscow theatre, when, in 1780, while *Demetrius the Impostor*—a piece founded on events in the national history—was being performed, the building caught fire and was burnt to the ground.

The drama then was houseless in Moscow. But it was no longer destined to lodge with rich noblemen. It was at length to have a home of its own, and, strangely enough, it received its habitation from an Englishman. However, although comparatively but few Englishmen have mixed themselves up with the public life of Russia (and we hear of none entering the odious civil service, of which the Germans are so fond), many have signalised themselves in independent capacities, and also in the army and navy. Thus, General Patrick Gordon defeated the rebellious Strelitzes during Peter the Great's absence from Russia. Admirals Greig and Elphinstone destroyed the Turkish fleet in one of the few general actions ever fought by the Russian navy. One of Catherine the Great's most distinguished naval commanders was Captain Sutherland; and her physician, Matthew Guthrie, wrote a work on Russian antiquities, which is still the best authority on the subject. Finally, an Englishman named Medox founded the Moscow Theatre; and if his structure was not so magnificent as the one since erected on the same site by the Russian architect of the exterior, Tonn, and the Italian architect of the interior, Cavos, it was, nevertheless, a very fine building, and was actually commenced and finished in five months.

Mr. Medox was a man of mystery. He had travelled much, had seen many countries, and wore a scarlet cloak—a peculiarity which gained him the nickname of "the Cardinal." He came to Russia from India, but he had nothing to do with the Indies. From his passport, it appeared that he was of Oxford, and that he was—not a theatrical architect or manager, but a professor of mathematics. Catherine II. knew something of mathematics herself, and she chose Mr. Medox to instruct her son Paul in that science. It was probably during this period that the Englishman gained the Empress' favour; but, however that may have been, she certainly behaved with great liberality towards him throughout his Russian career.

When the mathematician resolved to build a theatre, he had, first of all, to solve a problem which has driven millions to despair, and which may be stated as follows: "Given a scheme; it is required to find the money necessary for carrying it out." But Mr. Medox, who had studied at Oxford, and travelled in India, and who walked about the streets in a red cloak, was not to be baffled. Not having sufficient capital of his own, he walked straight to the Government Loan Office, and borrowed the sum of 130,000 roubles. For this he must certainly have had the consent, if not the direct recommendation, of the Empress; but the writer in the Moscow journal states that the privilege of managing the theatre for ten years was obtained for him by Prince Vassili Mikhailovitch Dolgorouki Crimski (*i. e.* of the Crimea). The new theatre was opened in 1780, the very year in which the other one was burned down, and was called the Petrovsky. It is a remarkable fact, that when Medox entered upon the management of it, he scarcely understood the Russian language. Probably the pieces played were translations; for it is said that he himself instructed all the actors, who were, for the most part, peasants belonging to an estate that he had purchased.

The Petrovsky is said to have been admirably adapted for spectacular pieces, and also for masquerades, which were frequented by the highest society. It occupied, as we have said, the ground on which the Opera-house now stands; but at that time the actors and actresses had their lodgings in the wings. It was a large and magnificent building, and each box, as at the present day, had a retiring-room attached to it. The assemblies were held in a large circular hall, furnished with mirrors, which, when lighted up, produced a very brilliant effect. There was also a splendid chandelier, with forty-two lustres; and the price of admission to this attractive place was no more than a rouble. When the Petrovsky Theatre was first opened, an inaugurative piece was produced, at the suggestion of the Empress, under the title of *The Wanderers*, in allusion, we presume, to the ever-changing abode of the Moscow players. We shall not attempt an analysis of the plot. Suffice it to say, that Apollo, Mercury, Thalia, &c., were the principal characters, and that the scenery included a representation of Parnassus, and a grand view of Moscow, with its new theatre.

We must mention that, before constructing the Petrovsky Theatre, Mr. Medox had undertaken the management of "a kind of Vauxhall," as Archdeacon Coxe calls it, "which," he adds, "I did not expect to find in this northern climate, and which our curiosity led us to visit." It is, in fact, the same "Vauxhall" that exists near Moscow at the present day in the gardens of the Hermitage. We are told that "the proprietor is an Englishman, whose name is *Mattocks*," and that "the encouragement he met with from the natives on this occasion had enabled him to engage in

constructing, at a very considerable expense, a spacious theatre of brick;" and, finally, "that, as an indemnification, he had obtained from the Empress an exclusive patent for all plays and public masquerades during ten years from the time of its completion."

However, after two years of Mr. Medox's term of directorship had expired, a theatre was opened at the Foundling Hospital, under the direction of Baron Vonjura. Of this, also, Archdeacon Coxe can tell us something. He was present at a representation of *L'honnête Criminel*, and of *Le Devin du Village*, both translated into Russian. All the decorations had been prepared by the foundlings; they had constructed the stage, painted the scenes, and made the dresses. "Not understanding the language," says this author, "I could be no judge whether they spoke with propriety;" but he adds, that he was "surprised at the ease with which they trod the stage, and was pleased with the gracefulness of their action." He afterwards informs us that "there were some agreeable voices in the opera," and that "the orchestra was filled with a band by no means contemptible, which consisted entirely of foundlings, except the first violin, who was their music-master." Owing to the illness of the principal performer, the play did not, as usual, conclude with a ballet; but the visitors were informed that the foundlings danced with great taste and elegance.

Mr. Medox naturally could not approve of these foundling performances; he accordingly addressed the Empress on the subject, and the director of the Foundling Theatre had to close it. Nevertheless, it was well known that the Empress approved of the theatrical representations at the Foundling Hospital, from a desire to diffuse a taste for such entertainments among her subjects, and to enrich the Russian stage with a constant supply of good performers. Accordingly, it was not long before an agreement was made between Medox and the director of the Foundling Hospital, by which the former was to educate a hundred foundlings of both sexes for the stage, their ordinary expenses to be paid, and their stage-dresses supplied, by the latter. The Foundling Theatre was also to be re-opened under Medox's direction; and out of the receipts at his other theatre, instead of paying a fourth to the Foundling Hospital, he was only to pay a tenth.

Having assumed the management of the two theatres, Mr. Medox commenced by doubling his French and German troops; but, after a short time, he found himself encumbered with debts: he was not able to pay a tenth part of what he owed, and remained indebted to the Government Loan Office to the amount of 100,000 roubles. Then the Foundling Theatre was again closed, and Medox again devoted all his energies to the management of the Petrovsky, which depended now upon the performances of a single Russian troop.

Not content, however, with one dramatic establishment, the manager soon afterwards tried his fortune with a little summer theatre; but one speculation appears to have interfered with the other, and at last he found himself, as before, with very little money and a very large troop. This time he gave up theatrical management altogether.

In 1779 the actors wanted to take the theatre, and play on their own account; but the Government objected to their security, and refused to advance the money they required. Then an attempt was made to reinstate Medox in his former position: a special committee was formed, and a subscription opened for his benefit. But as much as 300,000 roubles was required to pay his debts and start him afresh. This amount it was impossible to obtain, and accordingly Medox's privilege was not renewed. The Empress gave him a pension of 3000 roubles, and he abandoned theatrical management, as he had previously abandoned mathematics.

In 1806, during Paul's reign, the Petrovsky was re-opened under the name of "The Empress' Theatre;" but in the winter of the same year it was burnt down. In 1807 a theatrical school was founded; and, by order of the Government, a new wooden theatre was erected, which was opened on April 13, 1808, when *Glory to the Tzar Alexander*, and *other pieces celebrating the war*, were performed. It will be remembered that the battle of Eylau was looked upon by the Russians as a victory; and really, if the general in command was not aware that he had been defeated, what could the people of Moscow be supposed to know about the matter?

In 1812 a wooden theatre, which had been erected temporarily, was the first prey of the fire.

In 1814 the actors re-assembled, and played in the house of a merchant named Apraxin. The representations, which are said to have been very brilliant, took place under the direction of Prince Galitzin, the Governor-General, who received a subvention from the State. Ten years afterwards, Apraxin's house was pulled down, and the large theatre was rebuilt by an architect named Bové, on the foundations of the old Petrovsky. The "Imperial Theatre," as it was now called, was opened in 1824, on which occasion *The Triumph of the Muses*, with music by Verstovsky (the composer of *Ascoldova Mogila*), was produced. Verstovsky is still attached to the Moscow Theatre in the capacity of musical director.

The theatre was again rebuilt in 1843, this time by Tonn, a man of high genius, but who seems to aim at nothing less than revolutionising the architecture of Moscow. His magnificent Italian palace (known as the New Palace) in the Kremlin does not harmonise in the least with the Byzantine cathedrals in its immediate vicinity; and its polished marble clashes terribly with the dentilated brick wall which surrounds the old fortress on all sides. When Solari of Milan, at the end of the fifteenth century, re-constructed the walls of the Kremlin (originally built as a defence against the Tartars in 1367), and Aristotle of Bologna, at about the same period, built the chief cathedrals contained in it, they both conformed to the style of architecture then employed in Russia — a modification of the Byzantine. It was reserved for a native architect to place an Italian edifice in the midst of a number of old Russian ones. Similar objections may be made to Tonn's new Cathedral of the Saviour, though, when finished, it will certainly be one of the finest in Moscow. But this is not the place in which to discuss the Moscow architecture generally; and of the theatre we can only say that it is a magnificent building, which it would be an honour to any city to possess. We are inclined to admire the theatre even more than the palace and the cathedral; for there are as fine palaces and finer cathedrals else-

where, whereas the Moscow Opera-house appears to be quite without a rival.

Certainly the architect had this advantage to begin with—he had an admirable site; or rather he had plenty of room, for that is what it amounts to. In most cities, and especially in London, a theatrical architect has so little space for his edifice, that even if he did erect a beautiful building (an experiment which has seldom been tried), it would be impossible to get a complete view of it; the best thing he can do is to content himself with constructing an imposing façade. Even St. Petersburg, with "its desert places, which the inhabitants call vast squares" (to borrow a sarcasm of twenty years since), has no site for a theatre comparable to the one on which the Moscow Opera-house stands. In the northern capital, the best localities are occupied by the two great cathedrals, and a multitude of palaces. The top-heavy Alexander Theatre, so much over-praised, enjoys, it is true, a conspicuous position; but the Opera-house has now another dramatic establishment—the Tsirk, or Circus Theatre—immediately facing it, and it is closely surrounded by shops and bureaux. The Moscow Opera-house ("Bolshoi Teater," or "Great Theatre," is its local name) is a detached building, forming one side of a large oblong *place*, or "square," from which there are four outlets, communicating with the principal quarters of the town. It is in a central situation, close to the walls of the Kremlin; it can be approached on all sides, and there is sufficient space all round it for several rows of carriages. Besides the grand entrance in front, looking on to the square, there are two side entrances, besides one at the back for the actors; and as no money is taken at the doors, and only as many tickets as there are seats are issued, there is no crowding on going in, and very little on coming out. Personally, we only know the Moscow Theatre as restored by Signor Cavos; but we believe all the advantages we have mentioned belonged equally to the old building.

We should have mentioned that Tonn's theatre of 1843 opened with Glinka's *Life for the Tzar*, an opera which has since attained great popularity in Russia.

One morning, in the winter of 1853, during a rehearsal, the Moscow Theatre again caught fire, and, with the exception of the outer walls, was burnt to the ground. During the year 1854 there was no "Great Theatre;" but in the spring of 1855, as soon as the frost had fairly disappeared, the masons and bricklayers set vigorously to work, and the whole theatre, with all its decorations, was completed in a year and four months. It is true that the builders raised our Covent Garden from its ruins in less than half that time, and the entire Winter Palace in St. Petersburg was erected in a twelvemonth; but, in the ordinary way, to finish the Moscow Theatre—the most finished that exists—in a year and four months was a very creditable performance.

M. Cavos is not only an architect, he is also an "acoustician," if we may use the term: in other words, he understands, what does not appear to be understood in London, that to build a music hall, in which the music is either not heard at all, or only to great disadvantage, is far more absurd than to build one unpleasing to the eye, but, nevertheless, "good for sound," and that there is no necessity for doing either. M. Cavos ridicules the generally received idea that it is impossible to know beforehand whether a building will or will not be "good for sound." He says that certain proportions must be observed, certain distances kept, and certain materials employed (the Moscow Theatre is lined throughout with wood), and that then there can be no doubt about the result. M. Cavos was kind enough to show the writer of this article all over the theatre, from the Emperor's apartments to the "paradise," and to give him a number of interesting particulars respecting the construction of the *salle*, and the means taken to ensure "sonority." "It is constructed like a musical instrument," he said; and, apparently, he would have been as much astonished to find the Moscow Theatre not thoroughly adapted for operatic performances as Broadwood or Erard might be at discovering that some pianoforte-case, built in accordance with known rules, failed to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

It must be remembered that the Moscow Opera was not M. Cavos' first experiment—if experiment be the word, which we doubt. He had already been engaged specially, in his capacity of "acoustician," to remedy some fault in the construction of the St. Petersburg Opera-house, which caused the singers to be heard to great disadvantage, and which had always existed. This theatre was first erected in Catherine's reign; it was reconstructed, and, having been burned down, reconstructed again by Alexander I. At last the Emperor Nicholas called in M. Cavos, who had been mentioned as the man of the situation. M. Cavos pulled down the interior, and rebuilt it; when it was found that not only was the theatre admirable for sonority, but that the stage was wider, and the *salle* more spacious, and altogether handsomer than before.

At Moscow, then, M. Cavos had, to a great extent, to do what he had already done at St. Petersburg, only that, at the Moscow Theatre, the space was greater and the reconstruction more thorough. There, as at the St. Petersburg Theatre, the acoustic problem has been solved most satisfactorily. Not the slightest sound is lost, there is not the least tendency to an echo, and you can hear equally well in all parts of the house. It is less difficult for us to judge of this, from the fact that, in the autumn of 1856, numerous vocalists were engaged in Moscow who are in the habit of appearing by turns at the Operas of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, and we were quite familiar with the singing of the principal ones in at least three of the English and French theatres. The contralto, Madame Lablache (*née* de-Méric), had certainly much improved since her appearance and disappearance at the Royal Italian Opera,—owing, very probably, to the effect of the Russian winters, during which people take care never to catch cold. But there are some singers who are not expected to improve, and of whom all we hope is that they will remain for ever as they are. There is Madame Bosio, for instance. It was scarcely a month since we had heard her at the Lyceum, imperfectly, it is true; but at Moscow, in a theatre three times the size, you could hear her breathe. You could absolutely hear Calzolari,—a great test; for even at Her Majesty's Theatre, so excellently constructed for sound, it used sometimes to be supposed that he had no voice. As for poor old Lablache, there never could have been

much trouble about catching the tones of *his* voice—magnificent to the last!

Let us now give the dimensions of the Moscow Theatre (the figures were furnished to us by M. Cavos himself), as compared with those of the two largest Opera-houses of Italy and our new Covent Garden Theatre:—

		English feet.
Diameter of Ceiling:—	La Scala (Milan) . . .	70
" "	San Carlo (Naples) . .	73
" "	Royal Italian Opera . .	65
" "	Moscow Theatre . . .	98
Opening of Proscenium:—	La Scala	51
" "	San Carlo	58
" "	Royal Italian Opera . .	50
" "	Moscow	70

At the Moscow Theatre the breadth of the stage is 126 feet; the depth, 112 feet; and the principal staircase (there are five altogether) is 126 feet long. At Covent Garden the breadth of the stage is 88 feet 6 inches; the depth, 90 feet.

There are five rows of boxes at the Moscow Opera-house, besides an amphitheatre, and a gallery, or "paradise," which occupies the whole of the top tier. There are sixteen boxes on the pit tier, thirty on the grand tier, or *bel étage*, and twenty on each of the amphitheatre tiers. Every box in the theatre has a room, or "cabinet," attached to it; those on the *bel étage* have "cabinets" which are so many little drawing-rooms, furnished with sofas, mirrors, and damask hangings. The usual allowance of chairs for each box is six; but there is plenty of room for ten or twelve persons, or even more, according to our Western notions of theatrical comfort. Each person taking a box is as much the proprietor of it for the evening as if it were his ordinary residence. It holds as many as you like to put into it; and, of course, for this very reason, it is a proof of very bad taste to fill it. In Russian novels and comedies it is a stock joke to represent merchants going to the theatre in family parties of twelve; and we have actually seen a party of more than twelve in one box, which, as might be expected, was one of the cheapest in the house. It was indeed cheap: thirteen persons paying a pound between them to see *La Gitana*, with an admirable *corps de ballet*, our old friend Perrot, and Miss Lébédéva,—a native young lady who will be heard of one of these days at the Académie Royale, and at Her Majesty's Theatre. On that occasion, Miss Lébédéva ("Gospaja Lébédéva is what she ought to be called), was summoned seventeen times before the curtain. She is one of the most passionate and expressive pantomimists we ever saw, and also one of the most graceful dancers.

The Emperor has two boxes at the Moscow Theatre: one for gala nights, in the middle of the *bel étage*, very magnificent, and occupying two tiers; the other a comparatively quiet affair, on the right of the stage, but, at the same time, the most magnificent proscenium-box we ever saw. Adjoining it is a lofty and splendidly furnished drawing-room, which leads to a retiring-room. These apartments, to which there is a special staircase and entrance, are always kept in readiness for the Emperor when he is in Moscow. Opposite the ordinary imperial box is the one set apart for the ministers of state.

For the general public there are, on the ground-floor, about five hundred stalls. Each stall is a separate arm-chair, in which you can enjoy as much space as you would desire in any drawing-room. There is a passage down the middle of the "stalls,"—as in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, only wider,—and there is a passage all round them; so that at any period of the evening you can walk quietly to or from your place without incommoding either yourself or your neighbour.

The price of stalls is regulated by their proximity to the stage, and also by the attractiveness of the performances. When the Italians were playing, the chairs in the front rows let for six roubles (about a pound), the back rows for five and four roubles. A bureau for the sale of tickets, attached to the theatre, is open all day, and also during the performances, but no money is taken at the doors; nor on entering the theatre are you required to give up your ticket, or even to show it. Each ticket entitlest he holder to a seat, and in order that there may be abundance of room for some two thousand persons no such thing as "standing room" is recognised. If you do not know the way to your place, there are plenty of attendants to point it out to you; and it is for the place you pay, not for the mere admission. The Russians take their servants with them to the theatre, and in the winter the wide corridors on each tier are full of them. They mount guard at the back of the boxes, perhaps criticising the music or, more probably by far, the audience, and waiting in readiness to call the carriage at the first nod, or to untie that enormous sheet which encloses the furs and galoshes that their masters and mistresses will put on before they will venture from the vestibule down the steps of the portico to their covered sledge.

We must not forget to mention that behind the stalls there are rows of seats with partitions (like the stalls at Her Majesty's Theatre). They let for about half the price of the stalls—two or three roubles during the performances of the Italians, and three quarters of a rouble afterwards—and correspond to our pit.

With regard to the general appearance of the interior, it may be observed, in the first place, that the colours are very nearly the same as those used in the decoration of the Lyceum during Mr. Gye's short management. A great deal of gold is employed, but it is distributed with taste. The panels of the boxes are white-ribbed, with a delicate light blue, and are adorned with a gold scroll-work; the borders being pure white. The two proscenium-boxes seem built of gold; but they are very lofty, and have a light and elegant appearance, in spite of the richness of the decoration. All the hangings are of crimson damask silk.

But the most remarkable thing about the interior of this theatre has yet to be mentioned. In the construction of boxes, then, the architect has had the happy idea of combining the Italian with the French style. The retiring-rooms represent the Italian boxes, the boxes themselves the French ones. The crimson hangings adorn and partly conceal the former, which are thus made to resemble the private boxes at an Italian Opera-house; while the latter unite to form one large balcony, like the French *balcon*, or our own dress circle. During the performance, the inhabitants of the boxes come forward, and the ladies' toilettes are seen to advantage, as in the

French theatres; during the *entr'acte*, they retire to their miniature drawing-rooms, or "*loges à l'Italienne*," as M. Cavos says, and receive their friends in the Italian style. It is like going out of your real domestic drawing-room into the balcony to see some show, and then returning to it when the show is at an end.

The drop-scene, an admirable painting by Duzi, a Venetian, the colouring of which harmonises perfectly with the decorations of the theatre, represents the triumphal entry of Prince Pojarsky and Minin, the cattle-dealer of Nijni Novgorod, into the Kremlin, after the liberation of Moscow from the Poles in 1612. Minin and Pojarsky are seen on horseback, approaching the Holy Gate, and surrounded by groups of enthusiastic peasants and citizens. The women are dressed in *kakoshniks* and *sarafans*, like the Russian wet-nurses in the present day, and the men in caftans and girdles, the unchanged and, apparently, unchangeable costume of the Russian peasant. Prince Pojarsky, too, wears the Oriental costume habitual to the boyars until the time of Peter. The picture is very dramatic, and it has the advantage of recalling one of the most popular eras in Russian history.

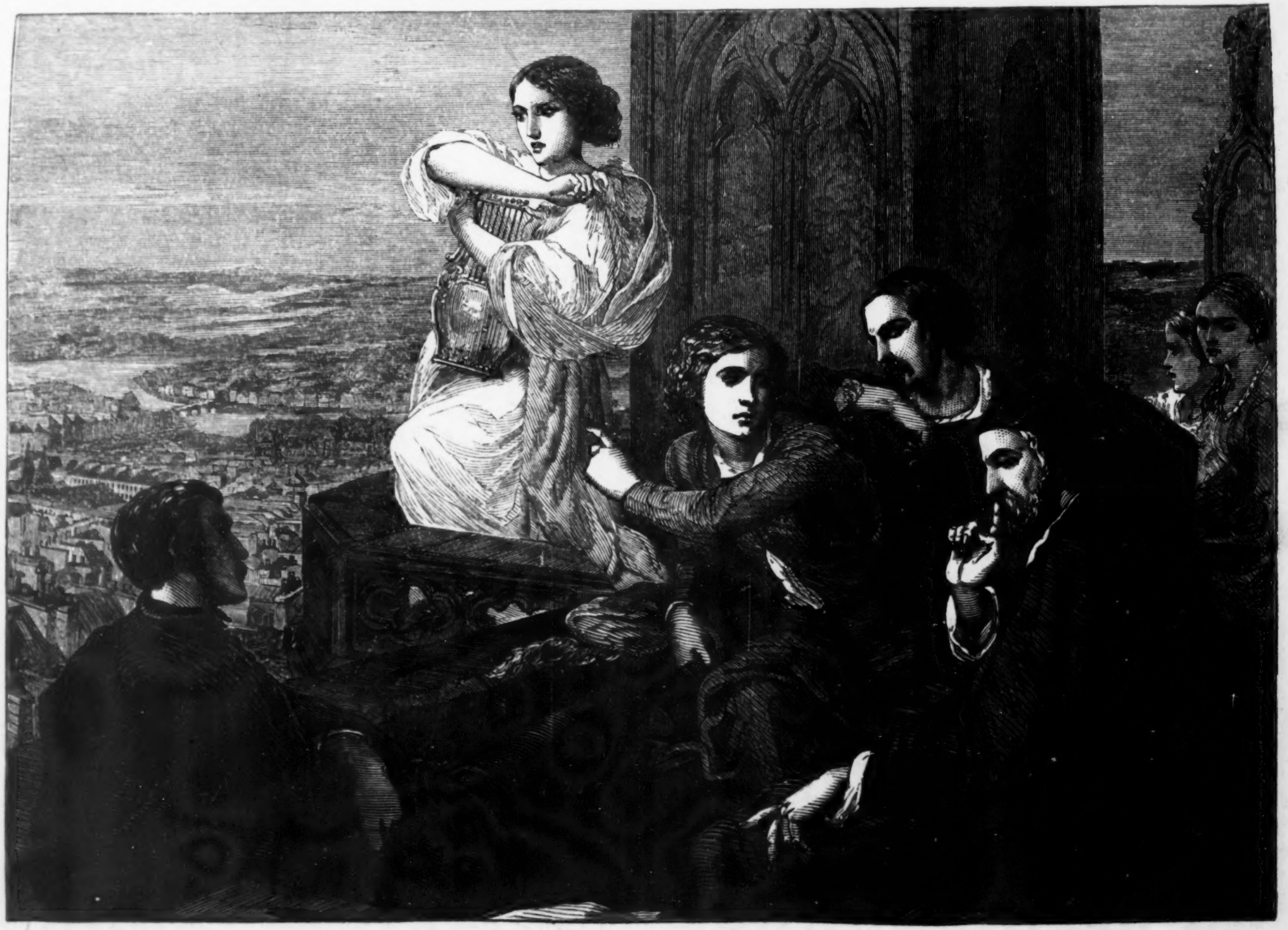
One of the most attractive parts of the Moscow Theatre, on the gala night in honour of the coronation, was the *foyer*. Not that the cakes, sweetmeats, ices, punch, and tea (we speak of tea as a luxury when it is Russian tea) had any undue charms for the guests, though it certainly appeared an excellent idea to invite people to a brilliant and artistic entertainment, and supply them with agreeable refreshments between the acts; and, we may add, that most of the company gave practical evidence that they were of that way of thinking, as soon as the Emperor and Empress withdrew from the front of their box. But it was really the decoration of the *foyer*, and especially that of the staircase, with its evergreens and hothouse plants, that was so much admired. Vestibules, staircases, and corridors, are all in proportion to the *salle;* and the *foyer*, which is at least as broad as that of the Académie Royale (probably broader, for all the approaches are certainly on a much larger scale), extends in a semicircle all round the *bel étage*, from one proscenium-box to the other. In fact, it is not one, but five *foyers*, each of which is a magnificent room. This arrangement is like that of the Moscow houses, in which the sitting and reception-rooms are always built *en suite*.

The lighting of the theatre is effected by means of one enormous central chandelier, which burns oil, and ninety candelabra, each of which bears seven wax tapers. The candelabra are equally distributed along the five rows of boxes; but, on ordinary occasions, only those of the *bel étage* are made use of. When the Emperor appears in state, the whole theatre is lighted up, and the brilliant effect of the illumination is heightened by the number of diamonds displayed by the ladies of the Court. No one is admitted except by invitation, and all the men have to appear in uniform. At the "Gala Theatre," at which we were present, there were three or four exceptions to the latter rule, and the wearers of black coats looked about as conspicuous as the wearers of red ones would in the pit of the Opera in London. These fêtes are, however, by no means fêtes for the singers, who are scarcely listened to, and not applauded at all. It is not etiquette to testify any approbation, unless the chief of the assembly first gives the signal, and he seldom, if ever, thinks fit to do so. The opera selected was one of Donizetti's—charming *Elisir d'Amore;* but in spite of the laughter-moving quack doctor, and the enchanting village-girl, neither mirth nor any kind of delight was exhibited by the audience. We saw that the veteran basso had sworn to provoke the hilarity of those majestic senators who occupied the front rows, but he failed; there was not so much as a snigger on their august countenances, and the generals and diplomatists seemed equally unmoved. For the first time the pleasantries of the charlatan passed unheeded, while the exquisite voice of the village-girl was as of one singing in the wilderness. We can assure our readers that when there is really a desire to clap the hands, and it is impossible to gratify it, the sensation is very painful; it is the counterpart of the feeling experienced when there exists a strong wish to express hatred, and a stern necessity for remaining silent. Alexander II. is a liberal and enlightened sovereign, and by far the best Emperor Russia has ever had; but it was a little too despotic not to allow us to applaud the duet between Norina and Dulcamara, when Norina was Madame Bosio, and Dulcamara Lablache.

HÉLÈNE.

By A. DE LEMUD

LEMUD is a famous French artist, whose delight has been to execute, not paintings, but drawings and engravings of his own designs, never embodying them in colour, but being content to trust his ideas to the wider fame of the lithographic-stone and printing-press. We have named him a famous French artist: that title, although he confers honour in taking it, is, however, hardly his by right, he being, so it is reported, an *avocat*, or lawyer, by profession, while a designer of the very highest class by his merit and talent. His idiosyncracy is a strange one, more, perhaps, to a sober, matter-of-fact Englishman than it would be to a Frenchman: he will produce a work like that before us, and puzzle unwary critics by appending a title, such as this has, which no research can explain, or find an origin for, simply for the reason that none such exists, except in the fantastic and fertile fancy of the artist, who bewilders every one with the completely dramatic appearance of a design, so perfect that the observer's memory is set at work to recall the subject from some famous poem, play, or history, and his reading ransacked to supply the theme, which, after all, is imaginary. Let us see what we can make of this before us. More than one age has derived lustre from the teachings of beautiful women, or learned women whom the exalting fancy of succeeding generations have made beautiful. Hypatia and Heloise are examples. Hélène was one of these, and taught in the schools of Paris in the fourteenth century. Many followed her, pupils young and old, as well from admiration of her personal loveliness as of her deep learning and the glowing eloquence that burst from her lips. Her lectures were attended by crowds, who seemed as if they would be content to pass their lives as listeners, and her footsteps were followed everywhere by a sort of body-guard of her most ardent admirers. In the picture before us they are represented as having ascended a tower of the University; and there, with the great city stretching beneath their feet, they held high discourse on the hopes, the sins, and the miseries of man; till at length Hélène took her lyre from the hands of her attendant maidens, and sweeping wildly over its chords, poured forth, in impassioned language, the noblest aspirations of her soul. L. L.



HÉLÈNE. BY A. DE LEMUD.

THE ROUGH DOCTOR.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

A VISIT from Abernethy was like a dose of quinine,—bitter, but strengthening. It was only to padded fribbles and your polished-boot fools he was as a winter-blast,—rude and blighting. We select him as a fine type of the honest, blunt doctor, and the healthy, rough, brave-hearted, testy Englishman, an angular, eccentric genius, too straightforward to rub dying men's wounds, as too many of his profession do, with the creamy scented salve of lies and flatteries.

Brave John Abernethy was born in Coleman Street, London, on the 3d of April, 1764, one year after the great John Hunter settled in our black Babel. Coleman Street, the old street that Cowley celebrated, lit no special bonfire the bright hour the honest man was born. The Abernethys were of Scotch-Irish descent, being one of that fine mixed race of transplanted Scotch from which many of our best men have sprung. Scotch slow shrewdness vivified by Irish fire and quick impulse is no bad combination. The Scotch heart will bear a little acceleration, we are apt to think. The strong man's father, whose life was only intended to serve as a foundation for his son's life, was descended from a race of Irish dissenting ministers. Coleraine, Antrim, and Dublin successively heard their protests for the faith. They wrote clear-headed, earnest sermons, and begat merchants and other forgotten respectabilities. From James the merchant sprang our great rough doctor,—the father not known for much but deep appreciation of Shakspeare, which, as every body now appreciates, or pretends to appreciate him, means only a power of sensibly expressing admiration. It is something to say for a family, that once in ten centuries it should blossom into a great man.

In due time John, stuffed, petted, snubbed when he asked puzzling questions, dandled, and teased, like other children, was sent to Wolverhampton Grammar School, founded by a knight in the reign of Henry VIII., a school where that bright bubble of wit, Congreve, was educated. John, "careless, but not slovenly in dress," as history kindly condescends to tell us, duly trembled at Dr. Robertson, a learned, passionate man, with a redundant wig. He became, after many knucklings, &c., head of the first form, and known as a hard-working, clever, humorous, irritable, rather bull-dog sort of boy, tenaciously Scotch, hotly Irish. He was "very sharp, sir," shy, and hasty. It is very important not to let your boy's shyness turn to suspiciousness, or his fine ardour against wrong into mere ill-temper. Dr. Robertson having too great an admiration for the dead languages to care much about English, John went to a Miss Ready, in King Street, to learn writing and arithmetic,—something like a father who would clothe his son and have him taught music, but compels him to go out and beg for his daily dinner. Dearly did John, in the heat of his future fame, love to retire for a moment into some shady quadrangle-corner with a country friend and talk about old Wolver.—"Come, come! tell me who 's alive and who 's dead. Is Fluker married yet? and is old Wiggins alive? How does Jingle get on in business?" &c.; and so on, in a grape-shot shower of questions. Years after an old school-fellow of honest John Bull's said Abernethy at Robertson's was hasty, quick, and active, soon hot soon cool, vigorous, impetuous, and strong. Robertson's daughter (read the pretty episode of the school-boy's love in *Singleton Fontenoy*) used to teach the boarders *Cato*, which they afterwards triumphantly enacted. John took a leading part, taking heartily to the stubborn Roman. Abernethy could have been a great actor or a great lawyer, his powers of memory and concentration were so remarkable. He used to boast that if his father had let him be a lawyer, "he would have known every Act of Parliament by heart."

A clever, stirring, warm-hearted boy, John comes up to corpse-cold, old, wise London, to claim his birthright. First he must win it,—unpleasant obstruction to fools and faint hearts; indeed equivalent to the mocking gift of an empty purse; but to the wise and strong the reversion of a gold-mine, that falls due the very day you deserve to have it and have proved your desert. A boy, think the Abernethys, not peculiarly sanguine, who is top of a school at fifteen, cannot remain long at the bottom of any ladder. John is bound to Sir Charles Blicke, a neighbour of father's, a thriving, smooth surgeon, who had a large practice, and lived in Mildred's Court. Sir Charles looked after the wrapped-up guineas, though he took them innocently and heedlessly. People might die: it was his special function to see that he (Sir Charles) lived. Rough John laughed at the oily-tongued man, who did not want to discover and do new things. Sir Charles did not care for causes; he only wanted to be paid for mitigating effects; while John half ruined himself in buying oranges and "other things" to ascertain the effects of diet on his own kidneys. What a very different clay John and Charles were made of! He remarked deaths that were smoothed over by the smooth minister of Death. He observed the connections of chemistry and physiology. He learnt from John Hunter to turn anatomy into a science, to unite surgery with philosophy, to sow the seeds of discoveries, and to injure his digestion that he might heal the stomachs of millions yet to be born.

John attended Potts' surgical lectures and Blizard's on anatomy. He rattled about skeletons to try and induce them to tell him secrets, which eventually they did. Sir William Blizard's straightforwardness and freedom from mean mercenary motives won John the London Hospital. He learnt to regard anatomy as a means and not an end. He studied it because it led to physiology—the dower, as Barclay of Edinburgh said, for which he wedded the skeleton hag. More than thirty years after, at the first lecture Abernethy delivered at the College of Surgeons, he alluded with fine warmth to the lessons he had learnt from his old blind master, then present in a front row. At the London Hospital honest John soon became distinguished as a "demonstrator," or assistant-lecturer. He was staunch at work, capable of telling others what he knew, and became known as a true teacher, as he was. He became reserved, which often means ambitiously thoughtful, sitting in a corner by himself, working brain and hand. Blizard grew proud of him, and thought he would not soon stop growing; he, John,

having, it was evident, a telescopic power of pulling out, mentally speaking.

The arena grew (arenas are walled with india-rubber for strong men, with iron for weak men). July, 1787, he was elected assistant-surgeon of St. Bartholomew's. Its 600 patients, and revenue of 30,000*l.* a-year, needed such a man. Potts' resignation and Blicke's rise to his vacant seat opened the way for Abernethy. His election opponent was a Mr. Heaviside, a great surgeon at duels, a man of humour, and a conversazione giver. With the *prestige* of his new appointment Abernethy delivered lectures in Bartholomew Close, and attended Mr. Marshall's, in Bartlett's Buildings. There was no school or anatomical lecturing at St. Bartholomew's. Abernethy—let us call him, kindly, John—John's lectures throve; they were so interesting, so wide, so clear, so organised, so philosophical. He worked like a horse, teaching and being taught, often visiting Hunter, in Leicester Square, to tell him doubts or discoveries. He lectured on what now three different men would lecture on. He rose at four in the morning, instead of sitting up till four *at night*. He made experiments on respiration and nervous disease. He used to dive into the country to read uninterrupted. He rushes off to France to see the Hôtel Dieu Hospital and the chief surgeon, Dessault, but he still remained nervously shy and embarrassed, even in lecturing,—too much self-consciousness and a dash of pride, vexed at his own youngness or momentary self-distrust. Once hot, he forgot the chill of first waiting for the start. In 1790, with Abernethy's first lecture in the new theatre of St. Bartholomew's, was founded the school of that hospital, which has helped to turn surgery into a science, and not a series of desperate and criminating experiments. The theatre brimmed over with students, like the net with the miraculous draught. Now he began to write, as a fresh safety-valve for redundant and overflowing knowledge. He wrote on lumbar disease; investigated the function of the skin, its breathing and filtering; derided the practice of habitual bleeding; laughed at dividing nerves for tic douloureux. He sprang up armed as a philosopher and physiologist; and to prove he was moving on, removed, as an outward symbol of such change, from St. Mary Axe to St. Mildred's Court in the Poultry. No man of his day threw Death in more wrestles than Abernethy. How the undertakers must have hated him!

Work, work. That honest brain goes like a spinning-wheel. In 1796 he becomes an F.R.S.; he writes papers for the *Phil. Transac.*, which are not mere paper. He publishes *Physiological Essays*, penetrating, clear, and practical. He saw deeper, truer, and wider than most men. His paper on injuries of the head attracts attention; but not waiting for foolish hand-clapping, he experiments on tumours and nervous irritability, birth-marks, and aneurism. Pupils increase; and, last move of all, he moves to quiet Bedford Row; January, 1780, marries—one of his most successful experiments. He married a Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired tradesman living at Edmonton. He saw her first kindly nursing one of his patients, and fell in love with her in a sober, rational, unpoetical way. Shy, proud, busy, afraid of being rejected, and unable to dangle and fool, he wrote Mistress Anne a note, telling the secret of his plain, honest heart, and giving her a fortnight to reply. The answer was short but pleasant—"Yes." We wonder if the busy man kissed the letter, or not. Perhaps, by the side of some deathbed, it struck a sober and subdued joy into his heart. The Scotch heart is a fine heart, but it never beats quite quick enough for us. Southey left his bride at the church-door to start for Portugal. John, the day he was married, did not miss his lecture; no more he did, years after, the day his own daughter was married. He would never even come to a consultation at two o'clock, the hour of lecture. Now, at this epoch of his life, before his first child was born, was written "my book," on his great simple doctrine of *The Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases*. It came out in 1804. He wrote to show the value and importance of the stomach. We do not live to eat, O ye aldermen! but eat to live. Says Abernethy, diseases consist of an alteration in the condition of some structure, or the function or occupation of that structure; therefore all structures, being fed by the stomach, must be influenced for good and harm by the state of the stomach. Hunter had taught him that the whole body sympathises with all its parts. Abernethy claimed for function—the work done by an organ—that which Cuvier insisted on and Owen exemplified in regard to structure; *i.e.* a relationship inevitable between the whole and its parts. He does not explain the nature of this sympathy, he only proved its existence. Doctors do not know what diseases are; they only as yet know their symptoms and their results.

"My book" sold well, because it was abused. The angry man in a dispute is generally the one wrong. John was making a large income; but still, after years of hard work, he was vexed at finding himself only assistant-surgeon. Those seniors, how they will live! Sir James Earle, Abernethy's senior, vexed him, on one occasion, by promising to resign his coveted post on a certain handsome property falling in. The property fell in, but Sir James, from habit or greediness, refused to budge. One day comes Sir James, who is bluntly reminded of his broken promise. Sir James retorts, angry words are exchanged. Sir James bounces to the door, and struts down to his chariot. After him, hot and hard, Abernethy, testily blunt, fires his parting shot, which re-echoes down the hall and staircase: "Well, Sir James, it comes to this; you say that you didn't promise to resign the surgeoncy at the hospital; I say you did; and all I have to say more is, d—— the liar."

In 1813 John the honest (for we want to brand that epithet into our readers' minds) became surgeon of Christ's Hospital, and in 1814 was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College of Surgeons. His waiting-room grew crowded; the theatre, when he spoke, ran over with students. He was neck and neck even with Sir Astley Cooper himself. He received patients at home; but when he did visit was punctual to the moment. Life and death turn on moments. Though he had a character, unjustly, for a rough, unfeeling repulsiveness, it was only the rough coat he wore to shield a warm and tender heart. His portrait was painted by subscription, and a piece of plate was presented to him.

Hitherto Abernethy's life had run on oiled and silent

wheels. His career had been of victory after victory. He was in his theatre and at hospital beds, among his band of crowding pupils, undisputed lord and king. A nature sensitive and irritable as his had hardly borne undisputed success: how would it bear the hot stinging fire of a disputant's sarcasms? Would he grow more noisy, arrogant, and rough? or would it tame and level him, and leave him no longer the Dr. Johnson of the medical schools?

It was in supporting Hunter's theory of life that he roused such a swarm of enemies, and chief among them ("*Et tu, Brute*") Mr. Lawrence, an old pupil. Abernethy took a spiritual view of that great mystery—life,—the *primum mobile* which sets matter to work. Lawrence, taking a lower, more sceptical, and restless view of it, refused to regard it as anything but a high product of organisation; not, of course, denying the special work in the world of a Divinity as master-workman, but carrying the miraculous to a higher level. As colleague of Abernethy, the controversy seemed the more painful and indecent. Abernethy denied that life was a mere mechanic electricity, or that mere motion implied sensation. Mind, he said, was a power added to life, as life was to structure. He called disorder a faulty action of nerves, which, neglected, became a faulty action of vessels, which was disease.

But we must hastily sum up the mere epochs of this eventful life, in order to get to deeper subjects. He worked too hard; he was ageing at fifty. In 1817 he began to complain of the fatigue of lectures supervening upon a mill-round of hospital practice. He had not husbanded himself; in the second battle Death was beating the man who had so often wrestled and thrown Death. The dimming eyes were tormented by the dust of controversy perpetually flying or being thrown into them. He was like the bull that, escaping sword and lance, dies at last from the mere loss of blood produced by the small barbs of the tormentors flung to rouse him.

After a long tenure of twenty-eight years as assistant, Abernethy became surgeon to St. Bartholomew's—the flayed saint of Smithfield. John, wanting quiet and air, took, at this time, a house at Enfield,—Lamb's Enfield,—where he would repair o' summer afternoons, after lecture, far from the moody stillness and murkiness of Bedford Row, and mounted on his favourite mare Jenny, happy as a school-boy, to get home. On such occasions he doffed his professional black knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes, and came to lecture, rural and squire-like, in drab kerseymeres and top-boots. He delighted in getting a chatty, clubable friend down on the Saturday. After London, the country is only another name for a lower heaven.

Already ominous knocks came at his door of Life. His heart became violent and disordered in action, his naturally-irritable nervous system more restless. In 1817 he took these ghastly hints and bravely resigned his professorship. It was time; for leaks were springing in the old bark. Inflammatory sore throats, ending in ulcers, began to renew their assaults, so often repulsed, upon him. Rheumatism searched his joints, spasmed and wracked him. Digestion grew exacting. Old carelessness about rain, transitions of heat and cold, and neglect of diet, began to exact a revenge. The breach grew wider every day; a crowd of diseases were shouting round the crumbling walls. In 1815, in manly (this man was always manly) accordance with his own assertion that a man should not hold such an appointment after sixty, Abernethy resigned his situation as hospital-surgeon. He became lame and more and more broken; but still seeing patients, and saving others, though he could not save himself. He grew thin, his features shrunk, his hair thin, his eye dull and languid. He died at Enfield, in April 1831.

He died tranquilly, not struggling with death, but like a beaten player who calmly avows himself beaten. "Is there anybody in the room?" he said to his servant. "No, sir,"—then softly went the worn-out head on the pillow, and the great man died.

Abernethy had a benevolent, penetrating face, and a high, well-balanced dome of forehead, which towered above the blue-gray eyes. In intellect John the honest was an athlete; his penetration swift, keen-dividing, deep-piercing, wide-reaching; his powers of analysis solved and separated everything—his mind was a digger's cradle, sifting the earth and leaving pure gold; it was practical, and at once rejected all the bark and husk, tossing it like a strong winnowing-fan behind. In doubtful cases he rose like a lion from sleep, and at once struck his claws into the mortal spot of the debate. When idle men were frightened and confused he leaped to the helm and drove straight into harbour. His imagination led him to suggestive theories; mere facts grew in his mind and bore fruit. His memory was ready, capacious, and retentive; that is, it held much, held it well, and was always ready to reproduce it. A quick perception of resemblances and relationships, such as wit loves, enabled him to draw together and focus remote analogies till, like scattered sunbeams knotted into a burning-glass, they turned into vital flame. His imagination helped him to adorn and jewel his logical reasonings, which, not so adorned, had appeared mere wire-tied bones, horrible to the daylight. In his hand, *humour* was as a sword. It was aided by a wonderful manner, a versatile eye, and apposite illustration, as when he said his friend Bartleman, the singer, was "an orator in music." He had a swift perception into character; and therefore, when he condemned, seemed often prejudiced and violent, till time had shown his severe judgment to be sternly true. He despised injustice and oppression, baseness and cruelty, and hated them strongly because he loved good things strongly. As to small failings, he was kind and charitably generous.

Abernethy was benevolent, and thought it no merit to be so. To poor students he was kind and considerate,—on one occasion, at a first interview, giving a young aspirant a free ticket to all his lectures. His much-abused roughness was the result of an irritable, settled hatred of sneering, flattering people, fools, and hypocrites. He became neither sour nor cynical, but chronically in arms against affectation and deception. He had no time for such fooleries, and so set his foot on them as mere vermin of the mind. Smooth, foolish people, who had never roughed it, did not like this rude plucking off of the tinselled society-mask. But this roughness was considerate, wise, and often studied for sanatory purposes.

For instance, to Abernethy, always in a grumbling fret at "a parcel of people who come to me with nothing the matter," enters one day a ribanded, simpering, silly gentlewoman with a red-nosed, silly, tight-laced daughter. John looks, with a puffing mouth, just a glance of contempt, and says, "Why, madam, do you know there are more than thirty yards of bowels squeezed underneath that belt of your daughter's?—go home and cut it." Out bounces enraged, silly mother and popping, foolish daughter, almost too much offended to remember the well-earned fee. Give Nature fair play, O ye daughters! and there will be less consumption and fewer red noses from tight lacing.

At the hospital Abernethy was often stormy or vexed, but never really unkind to a suffering or deserving patient; on the contrary, tender often as a woman. He "rowed" dressers for carelessness or neglect, but generally from motives of humanity or discipline. He was as grateful as forgiving, and even gave his casting vote to secure his old opponent Lawrence's election to the College council. In society Abernethy was sociable, but not merely gregarious; naturally shy, though rough, he liked a few friends with whom he could unbend and speak unwatched. He was the sun of his sphere, gay as a boy, delighting to romp, and then lie down and chat or sleep on the hearthrug till his carriage came for him. Shakspeare and the theatre were his delights. With much love of approbation, he had the courage to boldly stand up and defend John Hunter's theories, even at the expense of his own improvements upon them: his love of approbation led him not to shallow work, but excited him to exertion.

An old pupil of honest A.'s describes his rough but kindly humour as, in a subdued way, something between the geniality of Dowton and the quieter moods of Munden. Even his roughness was growled out with a sense of humorous and conscious enjoyment.

A miserable, peevish invalid, ailing and querulous, says to him, "Oh, Mr. Abernethy! I have something dreadful the matter with this arm. There! ugh!" (twisting his own elbow) "that gives me *intense* pain" (making a face). "Bah!" says Bear Doctor, "what a fool you must be to do it then!" Of all sham, puling patients he had a special horror. One *malade imaginaire* he told to eat oysters, shells and all; another, anything in the house but the bellows and poker. "Oh, Mrs. Grundy, that dreadful man!"

At lecture he never used notes and never hesitated. If he wanted attention he paused for a second or two. He was very impatient of interruption, and a chance knock at the door of the theatre often put him out. On one occasion the great Prince Esterhazy, who scattered diamonds where he walked, came to see him. Abernethy was at lecture and not visible. The Prince waited, fuming. He rang and called. Three times "the Prince" was announced by the servants, who were more afraid of Abernethy than even the great Hungarian Prince. It was just Sylla and Charybdis over again. At the third announcement a black cloud gathers on Abernethy's brows, he slammed his book to and said, "I will come to the Prince!" "Mr. Abernethy," said the Prince, "do you know who I am you have been keeping here?—I am the Prince Esterhazy." "And I," said the Doctor, "am John Abernethy, and this is my man James. James, show the Prince the door,"—a fine sturdy rebuke for fools assuming upon the vulgar accident of rank. When a student was laughing, or chipping the desk, or otherwise inattentive, Abernethy would fix his dreadful eye on him and say, "If the lecture, sir, is not interesting to you, I shall beg of you to walk out." Nothing could make him miss lecture. We see he went to it the day his daughter married. On another occasion he was being led with great reluctance across the hospital square, just at two o'clock, to an important consultation. Suddenly the staunch man (let us *not*, as enemies, call him pig-headed) stopped, drew out his arm from that of his bland snarer's, and growling, "No, sir, I'll be d—— if I do!" strode off to the lecture theatre. That rough bluntness makes sad enemies. A colonel comes to Abernethy: "Show me your tongue. Ah! that 's bad enough." "You 're right there," said the colonel, wishing to be familiar and fashionably gay. "Well, man," said Abernethy, "I don't require to be told that." Sometimes our rough, honest man got as good as he gave, and was rather pleased with the rebuff,—lowering his foil, if we may use a metaphor taken from the schools, to acknowledge a palpable hit. A gentleman came to him with excruciating neuralgic pains in his shoulder. Abernethy was unusually rough and impatient: "Well, I know nothing about it," he barked out, before the patient had half told his symptoms. The sick wit retorted, "I don't know how you should; but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps then you may." Abernethy at once said, "Sit down," and gave himself up with kind patience as a listener. Occasionally severer repartees were given him. A lady to whom he was blunt grew rebellious. She said, "I had heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I hardly expected this." Abernethy answered nothing, but went on at his books and handed her the prescription. "What am I to do with this?" she said. "Anything you like: put it in the fire, if you please," growled the honest bear. The lady, high-tempered, or bad-tempered, or hurt, laid the fee on the table, and threw the prescription, rolled up into an angry pill, into the fire. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back the fee or wait for another prescription. She, inexorable, huffed into her carriage and drove off. People were generally too sore or too dull to feel the warm hand under this rough glove. They took it for insolent, hard brutality. The slightest reaction brought up his real kindliness. One day a lady he knew was exceedingly hurt by his abruptness, and burst into tears. He instantly became kind and patient as a nurse, and the lady left pleased and forgiving. This rough man, too, gave people another reason for abusing him. He had a hasty way of telling men severe truths. To a fox-hunter his first words were, "Why, sir, you drink a good deal." "Suppose I do," answers the destroyer of vermin, "what the devil is that to you?" A literary man told him his stomach was out of order. "Aye," said John, "I see that by your nose." He was a fierce and dreadful exposer of shams. A smooth man called him in in a case of aneurism. Smooth man called it pulsating tumour, and had put on expensive plaster. "What is this?" says rough man. "Oh, that—that is a plaster," lisps smooth man. "Pooh!" says rough

man, ripping it off, with a "bah" like a cannon. "It's all very well," sighs smooth man to himself; "but, by Jove, sir, that 'pooh' blew twenty guineas out of my pocket!" Poor smooth man!—how we must all pity smooth man! But oh, how kind this rough man could be! what a large heart he had! On one occasion a room was preparing for an operation: the anxious assistant had arranged a long row of horrid shining knives and saws of various shape on the table. "It's all right," said Abernethy;—"no, there's one thing forgotten," and he threw a broad clean cloth over the instruments: "it's bad enough," he added, in a low voice, "for a poor dog to have to be operated on, without being obliged to see those terrible instruments." Another day he was performing a severe operation on a woman. He had given her a little kind dram of encouragement, and the patient bore the knife like a Roman matron. After a few seconds of living death, the poor woman muttered earnestly, but firmly, "I hope, sir, it will not be long." "No, indeed," said Abernethy, forgetting his caution, "that would be too horrible."

To that deeply-suffering class of men, poor gentlemen, Abernethy was always unostentatiously kind. He has been known to give up a visit to a duke to drive off to Somer's Town after some unknown poor man of intellect who had driven his brain too hard. Operations he considered justly the reproach of his profession. He saved where others would have cut. Abernethy was essentially, and we trust we have proved it (for we must shut the door suddenly on our subject), *a brave and honest man.* There is a good story told by Abernethy's biographer, Mr. Macilwain, of honest John attending a miser. He found him badly dressed and in a shabby room, and set him down at once as a poor gentleman. On going he refused his fee, kindly but decisively. The miser begged him not to be deceived by appearances, but to take his guinea; he could afford it—well afford it. Abernethy, stubborn and mistrustful, kept backing out and declining. The old gentleman, getting vexed, forgot himself at last, and fairly screamed out, poking it at the Doctor, "By G—, sir, I insist on your taking it!" "By G—, sir, I won't!" roared Abernethy, bolting out and slamming the door after him,—the rejected guinea dropping at his back and inside the door.

The stories of Abernethy's violence and bluntness are innumerable, but many of them are spurious. The cause of his irritability may be easily defined. A blunt, honest, pugnacious nature falling on a shy, sensitive temperament, that used it as a coat of armour. Climate, indigestion, and an overworked brain increased this irritated sensitiveness till it grew into a habit, perhaps heightened by a shrewd sense of humour, and a consciousness of the use of such a manner as a sword and shield against insolent pride. This manner of the Doctor's perhaps brought more patients to the door than it frightened away. People thought the rough man that every one dreaded could be trusted. They argued, he will not delay us with soft words, and, when we are past cure, pack us off to die forgotten in Madeira or Nice. No, he will at once slip off our bandage, probe us deep, and tell us if there will be "death or life."

But we must conclude, and shut the vault again on an honest doctor.

THE LOST DRAVE.*

THE sun dips west the water,
Never a cloud met he,
Crossing the isles of Orkney,
Since rising frae the sea.

All round the North-point running,
The crisp waves lightly leap;
The boats are launched and ready
Out from the bay to sweep.

The westlin wind is freshening,
But North-point men are brave;
For a three days' deep-sea fishing
This hour will sail the Drave.

Then why is Francie lying
Under the cliff so long,
His bonnie boat unheeded
Heaving amid the throng?

He waits to speak wi' Jeanie,
Trysted to meet him there—
In a' that far north countrie,
They make the comeliest pair.

There curl round Francie's bonnet
Brown locks as soft as silk;
And where their shade lies on it,
His brow is white as milk;

His mouth sweet as a woman's,
And blue his roving e'e,
And bright its kindly glances
As sun-glints on the sea.

Now with the shells and pebbles
He plays with listless hands,
Nor looks for Jeanie's coming
Till by his side she stands.

Oh, once he watched her coming,
And when she came in sight,
It was like morning on the sands
To the fisher in the night.

Then, like yon sky-blush westward,
A glow was on her cheek;
Like yon star-een in heaven,
Her een were clear and meek.

But now her maiden blushes
Are washen out wi' tears;
Her looks are wild and troubled
Wi' mair than maiden fears.

"Rise up," she said, "man Francie,
Rise up and speak to me;
Is this the last time till we 're wed
That ye gae forth to sea?

"Your word ye aft hae broken,
But this last word I 'll take;
Dinna deceive me, Francie,
This time, for mercy's sake!

"For a leal heart I looed you,
But, after what is gane,
If ye forsake me, Francie,
It must be hard as stane.

* A fleet of fishing-boats.

"My father sore will curse me,
My mother sob and sigh,
Without a word my brothers
Will pass me scornful by."

So sad a wail she uttered,
Low wafted o'er the sea,
He said, "I promise, Jeanie,
Look na sae wild at me."

"Listen," she said, unheeding,
In the wild wrath of love;
"May 't be the last time ye gae forth,
If false ye mean to prove."

II.

The moon shone on the water,
Never a cloud met she,
Sailing across the Orkneys,
Since rising frae the sea.

As through the yard went Jeanie,
A sough of wind went by,
Sounding, with ne'er a tree in sight,
As when the great woods sigh.

Lang at the door she lingered,
As loth to enter in;
While by the low fire on the hearth
Her mother sat to spin.

Upon the cliff of North-point
The cot stood high and bare;
Few were the flowers around it,
But the brier-rose was there;

The brier-rose and the marigold,
The low, sweet thyme and rue;
Its arms out in the moonlight
The ghost-like thistle threw.

The waves leapt in the moonlight,
The wind sighed sairer wae;
Shuddering in went Jeanie,—
The Drave had sailed away.

The mother stopped her spinning
To spread their simple board;—
"What ails ye, Jeanie, lassie?
I hardly ken your word."

All night the wind was rising,
And by her mother's side
All night, through wind and darkness,
Jeanie lay wakin' wide.

She heard the ebb's far murmur,
And the waves draw near the shore;
Louder and louder sounding,
Each wave her heart went o'er.

In through the cottage window
At length the gray dawn crept;
But ere then, winged with fury,
The storm round North-point swept.

At break of that wild morning,
Along the rock-bound shore
The waeful wives of North-point
Ran, and lamented sore.

Tost on the stormy water,
The hapless Drave in sight
Made for the shore, now belted
With breakers foaming white.

Dashing against each other,
Boat after boat went down,
And husbands, sons, and brothers—
Strong swimmers all—must drown.

O'er fathers, sons, and brothers,
The raging waves were heaped;
Ere, in their frantic gambols,
Upon the shore they leaped.

There are widows ten in North-point,
And orphans three times ten;
And many a brave lad lover
Will ne'er come back again.

A father and two brave brothers
Jeanie no more shall see;
But the only moan she muttered
Was, "Oh, gin 't war but me!"

In one great strain of anguish,
In the dark hours gone by,
Drowning her soul in sorrow,
The well of tears ran dry.

Now, come what will of sorrow,
And come what will of shame,
She 's bent to lift the burden,
She 's bent to bear the blame.

III.

Autumn was wearing over,
The nights were creeping in,
'Twas a dreary time in North-point,
With few the bread to win.

And Jeanie's mournfu' mother,
Has yet a grief to dree,
Beside her poor hearth sitting,
A bairnie on her knee.

She stilled the crying bairnie,
Her kisses salt with tears,
And through her laigh, sad crooning,
A feeble voice she hears:—

"Come here and kiss me, mother,
And a' my faults forgie;
God comfort you for evermair,
As now He comforts me.

"Up ower me chill and chiller,
I felt the cauld waves creep,
And their din went ringing through me,
But now I 'm gaun to sleep."

Soon upon Jeanie lying
White in her last death-swoon—
White in her burial whiteness,
Looked in the harvest-moon.

And a' her woes are ended,
But lang must wait the grave,
For many a grief that followed
The loss of North-point Drave.

C.



THE MODEL AT MISCHIEF. BY W. HEMSLEY.

MAGNIFICENT Apollo, radiant, beardless, golden-haired, has been condemned to sit for a model in conjunction with the scrubby boy before us, and his employer, luckless artist! having left the room on some small errand, the living boy, during the interval, has assaulted the plaster god, and decorated, or desecrated, his haughty lip, the unshorn and purely lined, with a moustache *à la D'Orsay*, somewhat after the fashion of those "beautiful" gentlemen one sees in the hairdressers' windows. This is not the first time the Pythian Apollo has been turned into a barber's block; for the observant or idle pacer of the streets of London, when "mooning," as *Punch* designated it some years ago, before the shop-windows, will not fail to have noticed how often a rude cast in wax of the glory of the Belvidere has been employed to hold a wig or set off a "head of hair." Curious is the transformation the famous statue undergoes when rouged on the cheeks of pink wax, its lips painted with carmine, with beads for eyes, and a *chevelure* of baked tresses, rankly unguented, placed instead of the long tangles of hair which add so much to the character of the original.

The son of the palette, whose first essay in art we here witness, seems well contented with his effort, and contemplates it, artist-like, with considerable satisfaction and critical approval, as he droops the loaded brush in his right hand, while the left sustains, not quite with professional freedom, the wooden palette and its lumps of colour. His expression indicates the probability of a further attempt at improvement on the pure Greek art; seemingly, by placing an "imperial" beneath the godlike lower lip. Some doubt on the subject, however, divides his mind, to judge by his hesitating action. Doubt of his own powers there is none at all, but simple hesitation as to the precise spot which shall receive the next beautifying touch. He will step back a little farther, perhaps, to contemplate his work, before finally deciding how and where it shall be. The foot that is now planted before him with indecision and elephantine grace may be withdrawn while he goes to stand at gaze farther off. Conceive the consternation of his employer, the proprietor of the bust, on returning, to find his choice "property" so adorned with a grace denied to art, and beyond nature herself!

Mr. Hemsley's picture is in Mr. Flatou's Exhibition, at Messrs. Leggatt's Gallery, Cornhill. L. L.

SMALL JOYS.

A good deal of moaning goes on against the small miseries of life, the mere flea-bites of misfortune, the pin-pricks of Nemesis, which afflict mankind. People are never weary of showing their sores: they like to make a wasp-sting do duty for a snake-bite, and call out lustily for sympathy if but a pimple starts out upon their skin. Who does not know the testy mistress whose table-cloth awry, or whose dinner five minutes delayed, robs her of a day's enjoyment and a night's repose? Who has not met Dives, with his one eternal story of how his old schoolfellow Lazarus borrowed five pounds to stay an execution, and never returned it from that day to this? What tears of vexation have not been shed because of that untimely shower at Chiswick, which took the starch out of the freshest of muslins, and draggled the lace of the tiniest of bonnets! What fits of bile and temper have not been the shadow, the umbra, of Mrs. Jones's brilliant ball, where Angelica "did not dance," but sat whispering in a corner with her cousin the Life Guardsman; and oh! how many of us have pouted, and flouted, and made home a place of penance for the rest, because the picnic was put off, or the opera-box was not forthcoming, or because, when it did come, Mario had a cold, and Rosati the rheumatism! All these are, and have been, counted among the miseries of life, for the which some pity themselves, and others demand sympathy from their neighbours. But how few ever speak of their small pleasures, their minor joys, their miniature, minikin delights! We take our sorrows thrice: the first time by anticipation, the second by experience, the last by reflection; while our pleasures glide down in a lump, barely tasted as they are swallowed. Indeed, it has been ungratefully put forth as an aphorism, that a past pleasure is a present pain; and half the world seems to think it true.

And yet how many small joys we have! In a country parsonage, I have known the pretty fair-haired Lucy radiant for a week over the advent of a batch of new music; while Lauretta simpered in fat content at a milliner's parcel of ribands and laces; and Rosa lost her headaches and her tears in a month's diligent prosecution of the slow murders of a vivarium. Then, what joy a new book gives! True, it may be a very small joy, a mere babbling baby of a joy, if the book is only weak and pretty, without the fibre or the nerve of manhood in it; but, limp and ragged as it may be, its parentage is none the less undoubted. If the book is grand and worthy, then is it a joy of vaster dimensions, such as stands at the right hand of all who think out noble thoughts, or accept noble deeds as their own by sympathy and admiration. In such a case, a new book is even more than a joy; it is almost a virtue, insomuch as it awakens the perception of virtue. Think, too, what a new Idea is to the poor brain-worn literary hack ambling in his mill, now right now left, now trot now canter, but always the same mill and the same spavined legs that carry him through his monotonous task. When a new step comes to him; when he spies out a corner of that old mill where he has not brushed down the dust, nor routed out the spiders; when the worn, wearied brain gathers back to itself a momentary vigour, and the gray evening of intellect borrows for an instant the flush and glory of the early morning; when the sap runs back in the withering branch, and the small, green, sickly bud, where never a bud was looked for more, pushes forth its leaves into the sunlight—call you not that a joy? Aye, and a tangible joy too; representing so many gold pieces to poor Scrub, usually not over well provided with Majesty's representatives; so much good oats and hay to the jaded hack plodding in his mill. Let no man count it a mean joy when Scrub elaborates an Idea.

Sophonisba loves flowers. When Sophonisba's husband wrote an order to the greenhouse-builder in town, and opened his money-bag wide enough for the builder's fat hand to thrust itself deep within, did not Sophonisba's heart acknowledge one pleasure in life the more? That glass dome glitters now an ever-present joy, the parent of many joys, as many as there are new flowers or rare plants unfolding themselves for the first time to her eyes. It is the well-spring of days and hours of quiet content when Nature and she stand face to face, as teacher and pupil, and she learns reverently what the great "All Mother" tells her. Not the Nature of English fields and meadows, with her head garlanded with daisies, and cowslips and primroses in her hands, but the flushed, rich, regal Nature of the Tropics, with the fiery pomegranate blossom in her streaming hair, and her robe bound with trailing passion-flowers and quaint unearthly orchids; this is the queenly captive of that gracious crystal prison; captive, teacher, mother, whose captor is her child and worshipper at once.

But this particular form of joy is not confined to those only who have purses wide enough for master-builders' hands, nor yet to such as study that royal captive, tropical Nature, in satin shoes and silken gowns. The wild young children whom I once knew swarming round that mountain-lake—as beautiful as if born of nothing more material than the nymphs and the fairies—their bright lives were as golden cups filled to the brim with such joys. What rambles over moor and fell for the first sprig of the fine-leaved heather; what impatient peerings into the clear depths of the lake rippling against the boat for the rising water-lily; what laughing, shouting struggles over marsh and bog for the silver shine of the grass of Parnassus, for the glorious globe-flower, and the sturdier "yellow gold," for the torn banners of the ragged robin, and the flaunting streamers of the coloured iris; what a festa was in their happy play-room when the first spire of foxgloves was set as a peal of triumphal bells above the ferns and mosses of their fairy arbours; and will ever the success of manhood give a brighter hour than that whereon the careful search of yon blue-eyed boy brought out into the light the hidden, undiscovered, and hardly distinguishable bird's-nest orchis? That "find" of the bird's-nest orchis stands to this hour as a red-letter day in the family calendar. I have known, too, a summer made to pass like a pleasant song set to delicate music, and all for the melodies rung out by the flowers of a garden not five feet square; and I have seen the one struggling plant of mignonnette, or the drooping bells of the crimson fuchsia, shining like a point of light in the squalid life of a garret: a point of light which had for its aureole moments of peace and joy, snatched like smiles from the sick and dying. Of all the smaller joys of life there

are none to which we owe more, none which have laid a wider blessing upon man, than the growth, and love, and culture of flowers.

There are joys lying nearer to the emotions and affections than these, which, indeed, are rather of the sentiment than of anything strictly emotional. The first intelligent smile of a child—not that smile in sleep to which old nurses give a pitiful, and poets a heavenly, origin—but the first real human smile, when its eyes rest on its mother's bending face, and a faint perception of consciousness dawns into them, like early daylight passing up from the silent night; what mother but has felt her heart swell and the tears come up like dew from the warm earth, when she caught the faint, fleeting light of that first smile of intelligence? The nursery has many joys; ranging from the lightest thistledown floating in the summer air, up to the image of the stateliest tree, under the shade of which a whole life may take its rest, and a noble future build itself a home. The past, the present, and the future, all meet there, as the three great primal colours meet together in the sunlight,—a trinity of diverseness blended into harmony and life. There is that first smile, which we have just seen; and there is the first uncertain step with those tender, tottering feet, and the loving hand to guide; and the first independent step,—the triumphant run from the mother's knee to the father's, with arms held out only to prevent mishap, not to guide or stay. Before this is the new frock—the short frock—when the sweeping sign and symbol of earliest babyhood is cast aside, and the careful swaddling-clothes of helplessness are exchanged for the freer liberty of growth; and there is the first intelligible and intelligent word, the first "Mamma!" babbled out with meaning and with love. But even deeper than all these lies the joy which watches the noble impulse, the loving kiss to a sorrowing sister, the tender care for the younger brother, the manful bearing of a baby pain, and the yet more manful confession of a baby fault; there is the joy which gathers up each separate indication of the great-hearted future which is to come like the speaking of an heroic word, and the joy which sees the seeds of love and truth germinate in the child's unconscious heart. Oh! that little human flower-garden, the nursery, is in very deed a nursery of joys and pleasures without end, infinite as nature, and changeful as development. But are not these larger joys than those of which we first began to speak together? They have grown out of the smaller ones; so natural to us all is growth, which, indeed, is the truest atmosphere of human life—the only one wherein life is possible, for stagnation is the forerunner of death; and so easy to us is it by care and love to foster our smallest joys into great and royal pleasures.

To go back to the small joys which are legitimately small—to the minikin pleasures confessedly minikin; of these we have abundance at our feet, if we would but stoop to gather them up. If not the true manna rained down from heaven, wherewith to feed perishing souls, they yet are of the manna class,—say manna-sugar, such as was spoken of in last month's number,—sweet condiments, not staple articles of food, but precious helps and aids. Who shall sneer at the pleasure to be had from the Royal Academy, or other like picture exhibition? I do not say that every Strephon or Damon who moons through the rooms leaves them either a gayer or a wiser man. There is a vast amount of floating inanity which disdains to be amused, and thinks that by writing "*nil admirari*" on the forehead of Folly she may pass for Wisdom's twin-sister, at the very least. And there is a vast amount of floating stupidity, which simply runs in the fashionable groove of the moment,—goes where Society goes, praises what Society praises, talks as Society talks, and is nothing but the favourite godchild of Mrs. Grundy, who never has cause to chide or condemn. But inanity and stupidity apart—as, indeed, they are apart from all that touches heart or brain—very few can visit a picture gallery without owning to the gift of a cherished, if but a small, joy. There was a joy in standing in the crowd that thronged about the "Derby-day," seeing your own pleasure refracted and multiplied by every living soul that took in the story and the action on the canvas; there was a joy in drinking in the sunshine resting on one of Creswick's quiet pools, and of sailing away to the far unknown on one of Stanfield's glancing, glittering seas; there was a joy in weaving histories for the fair young English faces smiling on you from the walls, in giving perfume to the painted flowers, and flesh and odour to the painted fruits: and there was a joy, too—of a kind, and yet not misnamed—in the sadder and sterner pictures, those painted tragedies of life. For all emotion is a gracious gift of God to man, and we ought to bless our very faculty of pain, by which we so often pass to good. For though it is nothing, when compared with the deeper emotions—the throb which reaches from heart to cheek as the contrasted Flower-girls bring before you all the tangled threads of their so sadly various lives, and you hear the merry laughter of the one echoed back in that hollow, ghastly mirth which sweeps up through its despair as a ghost wandering among the tombs—the emotion which you feel at this is but superficial and transient at the best: but it is real; and is it no joy that in our next judgment of the erring and the sinful, we may perhaps remember they are miserable as well; and, for sake of the Flower-girls' sorrowful lesson, learn to pity rather than to condemn? This, again, is a larger joy growing out from the smaller seed; but pictures are didactic as well as books.

A party of children at the pantomime—their first pantomime; Lucinda in her opera-box, with half-a-dozen opera-glasses levelled at her, each critically appreciative of her beauty; my famous friend of the hearty manner and the white waistcoat, primed with the latest anecdotes and the most artistically elaborated repartees, and conscious that he shall cover himself with glory in the eyes of that adorable lady, and in the presence of the whole dinner-table; Aurelia displaying her family diamonds, just bequeathed, and perfectly aware that Lady A. and Mrs. B., and even the wealthy heiress, Miss C., are definitively and for ever annihilated; Fiammetta, when the baronet's eldest son hands her in to dinner, leaving that designing Poppetina what polyglottic folks call *plantée;* and the baronet's eldest son himself, when Angelina snubs her professed admirer, the Earl, and smiles on him instead; Piscator, when a wretched little gudgeon nibbles at his bait, or

when the patient loss of a precious day is rewarded by the haul of a worthless jack, not fit to eat unless drowned in wine, and not worth the cost of his sauce when cooked; a French *grisette*, or even a French *grande dame*, with her first Cachemire; the regimental ball to my daughters, young, gay, and good-looking, with decided opinions on the respective merits of parsonages and barracks; Colin's quarrel with Chloe made up, and the privilege of wiping away Chloe's tears accorded, with additions; that delicious draught of Bass at the Feathers, after your twenty miles on a summer's-day; and the cigar which the benevolent Spaniard—with relatives in Havannah—gave you when you were shivering with cold and hunger together on the top of the Marseilles *diligence*, in January last; the smile which the young beggar-girl flung up into your face, like a rainbow springing from the clouds, as your kindly word and generous gift blessed her unsolicited; are not all these joyous things, each in its degree—to each? some only joys beneath the gaslight, and others joys in the full face of heaven. The smallest nature of us all epitomises a section of humanity; and when nations thunder forth the name of one man with praise and acclamation, and Monte Christo baffles rivalship and emulation let who will enter the lists of luxury against him, they are but larger editions of my dining-out friend, redolent of anecdote; or of Aurelia reducing the jewellery of her rivals to figurative dust and ashes. So is it with joys. Small in volume, insignificant in cause, mean in direction even as they may be, they are but abridgments and translations of those larger pleasures which, in their full bulk, all mankind have agreed to laud and envy.

My idle friend is one of the richest of all I know in minor joys. In the country he is as happy as a child among the flowers and forest trees, not one of which he knows by name, but all by heart; in town he revels in the shop-windows, possessing himself of every jest-book and picture he may see, if not by the exchange of so much filthy lucre, then by appreciation and memory, reading as he goes, and delighting in them somewhat more than Dives, who has them all in his magnificent oaken library, where they lie behind glass and morocco, never the better nor the worse for his handling. My idle friend loves the theatre too; storing up amusement for many a dull day afterwards by his imitations of Robson, of Wright, and of Buckstone. He is a famous mimic, and some among his acquaintances have been heard to lament that his destiny did not lead him to the slips and the flies. He can be a whole farmyard as well as a comic actor, and the very hens might cackle Eureka to his strut and call, as he scrapes a barley-corn from off the drawing-room floor. All these are small joys enough, but they have kept his heart fresh and green in the midst of a grinding life, and they have helped him to bear his idleness with equanimity. For it must never be forgotten that he is idle—unpretendingly, uncompromisingly, undeniably idle. My idle friend is a philosopher as well as a humorist. He knows his infirmity; he confesses to it pathetically; he swears that the sun does not set on anything in creation half so idle as he; and then he stretches himself out at full length before the fire or in the sunshine, and dozes between the paragraphs of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, or the pages of the week's *Punch*. When asked his definition of happiness, he gives "Nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in;" and he acts up to his motto. My idle friend is one of the happiest, best-natured, truest-hearted fellows in the world; but his life has never known a colossal joy, nor slipped one from the chain of the smaller ones. His young acquaintance, the aspiring poet, pooh-poohs those unexciting pleasures, so dear to him. The poet is all for the stars and whirlwinds, all for comets and the path of the red lightnings. He would rush through life embracing all mankind in one universal brotherhood; or violently proclaim the age of love and reason, and guillotine sin and sorrow on the places of the dying empires. And yet I doubt if poetry or philanthropy either ever gave him as much pure, unalloyed joy as he had on that day when he saw his first proof-sheet, and bought his mother a hideous yellow bonnet with the proceeds. Since then he has elaborated many a fine thought, and written many a worthy page; he has been fêted and caressed by the rich and the fair; he has been bought at high prices, and publishers have bid against each other for the honour of possessing him; but the small joy of that tremulous blundering through the unwonted corrections, with the printer's devil waiting on his pleasure—no, nothing of his grander days has surpassed the innocent intensity of this! His initiation might have begun in a garret, truly; but the garret led into the temple, and no one quarrels with the meanness of the gate which admits him into paradise and the presence of the gods. Small joys are the bars of that gate of paradise. Though it may need a mighty power to swing it back wide on its brazen hinges, and though but few of us may be able to command that power, yet we all can cluster round the gate, letting the light fall through the bars upon our faces, and warming our hands at the fire which never fails. If we are wise, we shall cherish our small joys; make much of them, love them and preserve them. We might do worse than live in their pleasant atmosphere; for many a soul has wandered in the cold and dark for want of heeding their mild radiance, and for lack of their gentle, loving words. E. L. L.

THE CERAMIC COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In a recent article on "Pottery and Porcelain" (vol. iv. p. 331), we gave a sketch of the history and manufacture of works of ceramic art, and of the leading differences which characterise the productions of various schools. The subject cannot be better continued than by a critical description of one of the finest, as well as most accessible, collections in existence—that which, under the care of Thomas Battam, Esq. F.S.A., has been for some time in progress at the Crystal Palace. Many pieces belonging to her Majesty, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Granville, Gen. Lygon, Baroness Goldsmidt, Baron Rothschild, S. Addington, Esq., the Curator himself, and other distinguished connoisseurs, have been lent for the purpose, and the result is a collection remarkable for extent, variety, and interest. Of the earliest productions of the potter's art which are known to exist, down to those of the most modern of contemporary factories, from Egyptian vessels in coarse clay to the delicate and mechanically perfect porcelain of Worcester and London, there are examples here; so that we may not only contrast the labours of one

age with another, but study the very diverse systems employed by contemporaneous artificers.

We propose to take an artistic view of the contents of the Ceramic Court, considering them not merely as manufactures, still less as curiosities and costly articles of *vertu*, but as evincing the intellect and taste of the designer, and judging of these by far other canons than can be supplied by the fashions of the day, however imperative and fanciful. The same great principles which Phidias or Da Vinci employed upon the "Theseus" or the "Last Supper" can be applied to the production of a coffee-cup or a scent-bottle. Taking this high ground, we find that no other branches of ceramic art will bear the noble test so perfectly as the Italian works of the Middle Ages, the Chinese, and the modern English school, of which Wedgwood was the founder. Almost all the priceless Sèvres, the invaluable Dresden, the Viennese, and other products of kindred schools, are in this respect valueless. They claim admiration for perfection of the paste of which they are constituted, the thickness and clearness of the glaze, the brilliancy of their colours, or the elaboration and solidity of their gilding; but some of them are preposterously ugly in form; the colours, while singularly brilliant, are inharmonious and glaring, for want of knowledge of the commonest rules of chromatics; and the ornaments are generally such as evince the complete blindness of the designer to all that is really beautiful in art. Many a common Chinese cup or figure contains colour which, although on a circumscribed system, is transcendently admirable, methodically beautiful, and artistically perfect; while the products of factories which kings have patronised for centuries are mere *bijouterie* and toys, perfectly unworthy to be named as works of intellect in any way whatever.

After this protest for the sake of art, which is precisely the very gist of the matter, though mostly overlooked, we may proceed to distinguish the several branches of ceramic production here illustrated. The oldest example existing is a set of drawings, wall-decorations, discovered at Thebes, wherein the workmen are displayed kneading the clay with their feet, moulding it at the wheel, baking it in an oven, and, lastly, painting it. This is unglazed; the Egyptians, however, also produced glazed ware with the greatest success, brilliancy, and beauty of colour, as many of the figures and emblems of their deities attest, and of which their beads, and especially *scarabei*, of a coarse clay, covered with a vivid green, are admirable examples. There are specimens of both classes of Egyptian pottery here. Some vases and bottles of a light greenish gray, the property of Arthur Anderson, Esq., are in character and form almost identical with the works of the same country four thousand years ago; they are extremely elegant in design, and excellently fitted for their uses (a thing which cannot always be said of modern pottery).

The next in date, of a divergent method of execution, are those splendid productions of the most refined taste and thorough feeling for art, the Italo-Greek, or, as they were originally called in this country, Etruscan, vases, mostly of red or black grounds, the ornamentation being counterchanged in colour from the ground. Although not one of the largest in size, yet certainly one of the most elegant in design, is a tall, votive vase, of very early date, which has probably been a prize at a public game—the Isthmian, one may surmise, from the figures of mounted men which ornament its circumference. The unusual beauty of the drawing of the figures, and the spirit of the design, we earnestly commend to the visitor's attention, as second in excellence only to the form of the vase itself—a tall, egg-shaped body, with a delicate, prolonged neck spreading into an elegant lip, over which rears the slender handle, that, arching down like a swan's neck, runs with perfect modulation into the lip: the foot upon which the body of the vase stands is also very beautiful in design. This vase belongs to Sir Woodbine Parish, and stands in a case adjoining the Mexican pottery, at the north end of the Court. While on the subject of Italo-Greek vases, we may call attention to some modern reproductions, manufactured by Battam and Son, admirable specimens of judiciously applied taste and skill.

Luca della Robbia's works next come under our view, for there was little progress made in ceramic art during all the centuries which intervened. One of the most magnificent specimens we have seen of this master's work is a figure placed in the centre of the Court, representing a negro-boy squatted sideways upon the floor, leaning upon one hand, the other one raised with an action as if addressing the spectator. This is full of spirit, and displays, moreover, extraordinary feeling for colour, in the disposition of the white under-robe and tawny jacket, with the purplish brown of the boy's skin. The great aim of modern ceramic colourists is to produce an extreme evenness of tint throughout their work; now, it is observable that the best schools of colour absolutely avoid this. The Chinese are remarkable for the variety in unity of their tints, so that a portion of their work is as infinitely divisible in colour as is the sky when we look carefully into it, or the green fields, or, indeed, any other of nature's displays of systematic colour; the Limoge enamels are as various in tint as jewels are; the Della Robbia ware shows as much variety as the surface of a rippled stream when reflecting the sky and its own banks; the Majolica has the same quality, which may also be observed in the works of Bernard Palissy.

The Majolica ware of Italy is well known from the prevalent dull orange and blue colour, always harmoniously arranged, and the use of figures and heads, the latter frequently portraits, with the names of the originals placed on scrolls. Scripture subjects were also frequently adopted, of which there are many specimens here. One of the distinguishing characteristics of Majolica is a metallic iridescence, imparted to it by a peculiar process of glazing, introduced, we believe, by the famous artist in Majolica, Maestro Giorgio Andreoli, one of the earliest as well as most successful workers in this material. Many specimens here display the heads of ladies, with the name appended, as we have just observed; these are called *Amatoriæ*, and were the gifts of lovers to their mistresses; the portraits themselves are generally so unflattering as to evidence rather the strength of the giver's attachment than the beauty of the lady. Majolica was not always of the colour we have mentioned; many examples will be noticed here of simple deep blue, and dark bluish white, some of which are admirable for intensity of colour, as well as variety and elegance of design. The vases as well as the dishes of this order of ceramic art are remarkable for the qualities of colour and form.

Curiously distinct from the Majolica, and yet allied, were the works of the Spanish potters, of which some very interesting examples will be seen here, especially a massive basin of pure white colour, modelled to resemble a rock; the cover has corals and shells placed upon it, and various marine productions are disposed about the foot: both these articles are lined with a dull, thick gold, which harmonises admirably with the other hues. The resemblance in feeling for colour to many of the specimens of Italian Majolica forcibly suggests the idea of a common origin for both schools, that is, from the Moorish artists. If this needed confirmation, it might be found in many of the ornaments employed in early Majolica, which are entirely Alhambraic in style. Much, indeed, that passes for Majolica ware is undoubtedly Moorish, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was extensively used in Europe.

The taste for Majolica found its way to France, and the ware was largely imitated in that kingdom. This is styled Fayence, and is interesting to us, as in some measure supplying a link between the last-mentioned style and those extremely beautiful works of Bernard Palissy, of which some most exquisite examples may be seen here. Two dishes, moulded in very bold relief of a prevalent dark, blue, green, and purplish tint, are coloured to the depth and force of nature herself. Two fishes which lie in them are in relief

as much as two inches; one of these, a jack, has had the peculiar scaly lustre imparted to his skin by the employment of an artifice worthy of notice. The surface of the dish, which is as deep as a soup-plate, or even deeper, is strongly and brightly glazed, as is also the fish's skin, and the oblique inclined surface between the rim and the bottom of the dish reflects itself upon the sides of the fish, so as to produce a strange *vraisemblance*. An eel also, placed in one of the dishes, is singularly life-like. These dishes are very exquisitely modelled from nature, with great vigour and power; indeed, they are incomparably more artistic than any other production of ceramic art, being carried further and more elaborated in this respect than are those of Luca della Robbia, which we have already noticed.

There is a large collection here of early Rhenish pottery, of bott'es and drinking pots, stamped in relief, some decorated with colour, generally a dingy blue or dark purplish red. A bottle will attract the visitor's notice by its admirable elegance of shape; it is stamped deeply with a sort of pattern of chevrons, the relieved portions of which are over-glazed with a deep brilliant blue, and bands of the same disposed horizontally and vertically upon the sides of the vessel. There are many examples of the famous *Gres de Flandres* in the same case, all worthy of notice for the quaintness of design displayed, either in the ornamentation or the forms of the jugs themselves. Some of the metal covers are very curious and excellent. Not unallied to these are numerous specimens of early English pottery, of the same order, Chelsea, Derby, Bristol, and Worcester.

We now come to that great encourager of genuine art, Wedgwood, under whose guidance a new branch of ceramic art developed itself; he not only improved old systems of manufacture, but introduced absolutely new ones, the technical merits of which were only exceeded by the artistic. Employing Flaxman, this improvement took a classical direction under his hands, and many of the fruits of this selection of the modeller are to be seen in these cases. The most notable example will be found to be a candlestick, sustained by a griffin, whose wings rise against its sides. The modelling of these wings is really exquisite, their downy under-surface being rendered with extraordinary elaboration and minuteness. The sharpness of form given to the head of the monster, studied as it has been from an eagle, well merits observation, being full of that spirit which distinguished the works of the great English sculptor. Flaxman's set of chessmen, which have been always famous for the spirit and variety of their designs, may also be seen here. Very noticeable is some early Wedgwood ware, the property of J. P. Knight, Esq. R.A., as examples of the development of the purest taste: a sugar-basin of dark ash-green, shaped in clusters of leaves, most exquisitely modelled; a dish with black vine-leaves on buff ground, and another of dark red on black, are singularly beautiful. Of later Wedgwood ware are a large collection of cameos in imitation of Greek work, whose delicacy is perfectly marvellous. Portions of a tea-service, the property of the Curator, Mr. Battam, of dull white on a buff ground, the ornaments arranged concentrically on the exterior, and an admirably-modelled border of leaves within, merit especial admiration. These are pure Flaxman work of the very highest and best taste.

We must except from our general condemnation of Dresden and Sèvres work three magnificent vases, the whole surface of which is covered with exquisitely-modelled flowers of the hawthorn: these vessels stand about five feet high, and their great size as well as the colour, which has been so truly reproduced, of the blooms lying on a tender pink ground, render them indeed admirable and noble works of art. Dresden china, in our opinion, far surpasses the work of its sister-factory at Sèvres, both in taste of design and purity of colour. With this class of porcelain was introduced the system of painting little pictures upon the vessels, mostly in the taste of Watteau; sufficiently appropriate ornaments for *boudoirs* in the modern taste, but not comparable as artistic work with many far coarser productions. Of the many branches of the Saxon school, numerous examples will be observed here, and some fine specimens of Viennese porcelain, exhibiting the gold ornaments in relief, from the thickness of the gilding laid on—the distinguishing mark of their school. Of Sèvres porcelain an immense quantity is here. The order called "jewelled" will attract much attention, from the sparkling brilliancy of its appearance. Its gorgeous blues, and gold ornaments elaborately overlaid upon an inelegantly-shaped vessel, do not render even the most splendid examples of the slightest *artistic* value. The jewels consist of pieces of brilliant glass, generally of a ruby colour, disposed upon the exterior surface of the vase or cup in bends or circles. The whole attention of the designer has been directed to the surface of these works: the result is showy, tawdry, and tasteless. Some modern porcelain from the factory of Alderman Copeland—a tea-service of a dull vermilion, ornamented with gold, and white pearls in relief—will bear comparison with the jewelled works of Sèvres, of which it is in some sort a reproduction. Duplicates of the service presented to the Princess Royal on her marriage, by the corporation of Henley, are also here. A sturdy-looking specimen of old English pottery, styled "Dr. Johnson's Teapot," is well worthy of notice.

Of Chinese porcelain we may note a tall vase of dark turquoise and gold, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, as being a magnificent specimen of colour; and another belonging to the same nobleman, showing deep-blue dragons weltering in green waves, is remarkable, not only for the quality of colour, but for that strange spirit which is observable even in the most grotesque and *bizarre* designs of the Chinese. Two other splendid vases of this class, with white figures in relief on a green ground, are really grandly beautiful, so rich and varied is their colour. There is a tolerably complete collection of Eastern pottery, illustrating the most strange uses, as the sacred chalice of the Siamese, having in its foot the holy tortoise, which, in order that accursed darkness should never surround it, is lighted by little glass windows inserted in the vessel. This is only one amongst the singularities of the kind. From pottery of China and Japan to Mexican and Peruvian vessels innumerable and diverse examples will be found.

A small number of enamels well deserve mention. Very beautiful in colour are a set of five Chinese enamel altar-pieces, the manufacture of which is curious: the observer will notice strings or lines of brass dividing one colour from another—making an outline, as it were, somewhat similar to the "leadings" which hold together the fragments of a stained-glass window. Each portion of enamel has to be poured into the matrix, or hollow, formed by these minute boundaries, so as not to overflow one into the other—a task of great delicacy. But the Limoge enamels, lent by S. Addington, Esq., are the most cheering of all these works to the eye of an artist; nothing can exceed the radiant depth, the vigorous brilliancy and delicacy of colour. A triptich, by Monocarni, date 1540, formerly the property of Baron Rothschild, represents in the centre compartment a crucifixion; the spectators stand round the foot of the cross in dresses the vivid yet chaste colour of which is absolutely indescribable—blue that has purple light upon it, green saddened with blue, and soft, rich purple hatched over with vivid gold lines, so as to distinguish the lights of its surface. The expressions of the faces are excellent, full of spirit and earnestness; the drawing is very delicate altogether, forming an admirable picture of the highest order of art. The wings of this triptich, which represent the scourging and the deposition from the cross, are equally spirited and beautiful. A Limoge dish, by Jean Courtois, date about 1550, also belonging to S. Addington, Esq., representing a battle, is a perfect blaze of colour.

In conclusion, we have to acknowledge the courtesy of the Curator under whose judicious management this department of the Crystal Palace is placed. F. G. S.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

HAVING lately contemplated what has been done towards scientific advancement by the British Association, we may now just glance at the proceedings of a kindred body, the *American Association*, recently convened at Baltimore. Mr. Henry Wurtz contributed two papers deserving mention—one on the effects of the human tissues upon lead long impacted in the system, the other on certain new applications of glycerine. In the first he relates that, while delivering a course on chemistry at the medical department of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada West, during the past winter, a case came under his observation, furnishing a rare opportunity for a chemical examination of the action undergone by metallic lead when imbedded in a human viscus. William Kelly, æt. seventy-six, a native of Ireland, was admitted into the Kingston General Hospital, Sept. 25, 1855, where he died Dec. 17, 1857. In early life he had been a soldier in the British army, and was engaged in the Peninsular War, in the course of which he received a wound from a musket-ball, it is believed as early as the last siege of Badajos: this occurred in 1812, and consequently forty-five years ago. Previous to his death the patient was affected with paralysis of the right side, the same side in which the ball was imbedded. The latter was of the old round shape, and originally weighed an ounce; at the time of extraction it weighed 370 grains, indicating a loss of more than 100 grains. Two spots on opposite sides of the ball, where adhesion to the walls had existed, were coated with a hard, whitish substance, like horn in physical characteristics. Near one of the spots there was a small incrustation of chalky, white colour, which, on analysis, turned out to be chloride of lead, containing no trace of either phosphoric or sulphuric acid. The most important part of the discovery was that the tissue of the lungs and of the muscular fibre both contained lead. Mr. Wurtz expresses his regret that he had no opportunity of submitting the liver to chemical analysis; but, unfortunately, that viscus had been irretrievably lost. This is a very interesting case; it shows to what extent metallic lead can be dissolved, even when encysted by a restorative operation of nature; and the final paralysis of the old man, taken in connection with the ordinary effects of lead on the human constitution, is suspicious. In the second paper, relative to the applications of glycerine, Mr. Wurtz observes that its resemblance to oils, in not being volatile at ordinary temperatures, whilst, unlike them, it is mixible with water, alcohol, &c., its resistance to congelation, its unchangeableness, its agreeable taste when pure, and harmless action upon the system, its wide range of solvent powers, together with its abundance, all seem to indicate that it must in future fulfil important purposes, not only in pharmacy, but also in the arts. Mr. Wurtz, firstly, proposes that it shall be applied to the preservation of articles of food—a proposition already carried out to some extent on this side of the water. He, in the next place, proposes that it shall be used for moistening chewing-tobacco—a hint which we commend to all who yield themselves up to that delicate luxury. Mr. Wurtz has formed great expectations of glycerine as an agent for lubricating the surfaces of metals; for which purpose we can assure him it does not answer, having the singular property of forming globules on metallic surfaces, instead of spreading evenly. More promising is the notion of using an aqueous solution of it as a substitute for water in gas-meters, seeing that it neither freezes nor evaporates.

Dr. J. Macgowan, of Ningpo, communicates to the American *Journal of Science and Arts* some curious information relative to Chinese poisons. He states that from the period of the Han dynasty to the present day poisoned arrows have been employed both in the chase and in warfare; less, however, by the Chinese proper than by the so-called aborigines, or Miauts, in whose hands they are formidable weapons, instant death resulting from the slightest abrasion. The Chinese possess no agents for counteracting the poisons of the hill tribes. The Pun-Tsau states that these inner barbarians sometimes apply borax with success to poisoned wounds; and it is commonly reported that for their various virulent poisons they possess perfect antidotes. The only one of the inoculative poisons with which Dr. Macgowan is familiar is a watery extract of *tsau-wu*, a perennial creeper found on the hills of the central provinces. Neither its botanical character nor its precise physiological action has yet been ascertained. Its active principle appears to be volatile, and great exactitude is necessary in its preparation. Small animals are stated to be kept in readiness for testing its strength; if they die immediately after being punctured, the poison is known to have been sufficiently concentrated. According to the testimony of a native physician, another way of testing its efficiency is sometimes practised. The operator, having punctured his arm, allows the blood to trickle down in a current towards the hand; then wiping the arm near the puncture, so as to intercept the stream, he touches the lower extremity of the blood with a little of the poison. If sufficiently concentrated, the part touched immediately turns black, and the blackness quickly extends up to the further extremity. Were continuity not intercepted between the blood externally flowing and the internal mass, the effect would be fatal. Like most other inoculative poisons, this is harmless when laid upon the tongue, or taken into the stomach. The dried roots of the plant are, indeed, administered medicinally. The Funghwa hunters kill tigers by arrows poisoned with this vegetable juice: if wounded in the limbs, the animals occasionally struggle for a few seconds; if in the body, however, they drop down dead at once. Attached to the imperial body-guard is a corps of hunters who, when in pursuit of edible game, kill the wolves they may encounter in the same way. Latterly poisoned arrows have fallen somewhat into disuse, in consequence of the gradual extension of fire-arms; but Dr. Macgowan states that he is acquainted with the inventor of a machine designed for use against the English during the late war, which answered so well against some goats, sacrificed for trial of its powers, that great hopes were expected of it when brought upon the field of human warfare. On the further testimony of the Doctor, it would seem that, when the late Commissioner Lin was devising means for the extirpation of the English at Canton, some of the gentlemen of that city actually proposed to his Excellency to rid the place of certain prominent and obnoxious individuals by infecting them with *leprosy!* To the honour of Lin be it stated, that he rejected the proposal as unbecoming a civilised people. The Chinese are said to have many stupefactive poisons, which take effect by inhalation. The Doctor relates that, when Ningpo was in possession of the English, a plan was laid for its capture by surprise. A number of braves were secretly housed in the city; and a few hours before the time appointed for rising, the mandarin sent for distribution amongst them a quantity of stupefying drug in the form of pastiles. Arrangements were made for a simultaneous attack by noxious vapour on the west and south gates and in the houses of the English, whilst others were to force open the gates. The plot failed through the dilatoriness of the fumigation squad; they arrived too late. The noise of the attack aroused the English, and a dreadful carnage amongst the assailants ensued. Yet their confidence in the utility of fumigation was not impaired; for it was not long after that a barbarian soldier was captured by this means, and beheaded. Arsenic, though cheap and abundant, is not easily procured, vendors being held responsible for its consequences. Both sulphides of arsenic, orpiment and realgar, are common enough. The latter is said to be mixed with tobacco, and used as an excitant, especially in the north of China. At Pekin, where arseniuretted tobacco is most in use, it costs little more than the unmixed article.

The disease amongst silk-worms which, contemporaneously with the vine-blight, has spread over Europe, caused the French and Italian silk-producers some little time ago

to try the experiment of naturalising two new species from China and Japan. M. F. E. Guérin-Méneville, who was first in the field, now publishes some records of his experience in this department of insect culture; from which it would appear that rational hopes may be entertained as to the future source of silk supply from these interesting strangers. It would seem, moreover, that hybridation of the two species can be profitably effected. Meanwhile two Venetian noblemen, Counts Castellani and Freschi, are now on their way to China, overland, with the object of obtaining a new supply of eggs from Eastern Asia.

M. Donny publishes some particulars relative to the contamination of bread in Belgium with sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), which have an especial interest at the present time, when the crime of adding poisonous materials to human ingesta has received such a painful illustration as that afforded by the Bradford tragedy. It may not be generally known to our readers, that the bad practice of aluminising bread, for a long time prevalent in England, is outdone in certain parts of Belgium, where sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is, or at least has been, extensively employed. Nothing, as M. Donny remarks, can be more easy than the discovery of copper when it exists in bread; but there is a difficulty in referring the origin of the metal to its proper source, as most, if not all, farinaceous materials hold copper to some extent as a natural constituent. On this point the author speaks positively, cognisant that in so doing he advances an opinion diametrically opposed to the teachings of MM. Sauzeau, Vandevyvere, D'Hauw, Orfila, and others. There is, however, a second difficulty, referable to the imperfection of chemical analysis; but M. Donny thinks he has discovered a perfectly unobjectionable process. It is as follows:—The flour to be examined, or the bread reduced to small fragments, is mixed with its own weight of concentrated sulphuric acid; and after one or two hours of maceration, is heated, in order to convert it into a dry and friable charcoal. This is incinerated in a porcelain capsule placed in the muffle of a little cupelling furnace, and the ashes triturated and heated with nitric acid. The mixture then being evaporated to a syrupy consistence, is exhausted by boiling water. As the residue still contains a certain portion of charcoal holding copper amongst its particles, it must be a second time incinerated, and the resulting ashes treated as before. The two solutions are then united, evaporated to dryness, and acidulated by cold, concentrated, sulphuric acid: this acid solution is next diluted, placed in a platinum crucible, and subjected to a voltaic current. If copper be present, it will be deposited; and the general conclusion, as to whether it be the result of falsification, or naturally existing, may be inferred from the quantity. M. Donny furnishes tables, specifying the amount of copper normally present in different farinaceous substances; they are too long for transcription here, but they may be seen in vol. xlvii. No. 14, of the *Comptes Rendus*.

MM. Balard and Dumas publish a report on a chemical process for the extraction of calcium, by MM. Liès Bodart and Jobin. Many years ago several chemists, of whom M. Bunsen and M. Mathiesen were amongst the foremost, experimented with the object of extracting calcium by purely chemical means, but without success. Chloride of calcium not undergoing decomposition when heated in contact with sodium, the iodide of calcium was essayed in its stead; but all efforts were unavailing so long as the process of heating was carried on in open crucibles. MM. Liès Bodart and Jobin have succeeded at last, by operating with iron crucibles, to which lids are firmly screwed down. Probably there is something more than a mere laboratory curiosity in this; the metal calcium may be found capable of helping to generate valuable alloys. Before long our readers will probably be surprised at some strange applications of an alloy of aluminum: we are cognisant of the particulars, but, for the present, are not at liberty to make them known.

According to Professor Bleekrode, of the Royal Academy at Delft, there exists at Borneo a considerable amount of platinum disseminated amidst auriferous sand, and which, according to many calculations, would amount annually to at least 300 kilogrammes, if it were carefully collected. Dr. Müller, who recently traversed the southern district of Borneo, remarked, that though the gold of that district is carefully collected, the platinum associated with it is rejected as useless, even by the Chinese. Dr. Schwaner, who traversed the same district in four consecutive years, from 1843 to 1847, has furnished a detailed description of the three valuable minerals therein found—namely, platinum, gold, and the diamond. Although the three are always found in association, the relative quantity of each varies. Where the diamond most abounds gold and platinum are rare; on the contrary, where the two metals are most plentiful the diamond is scarcest. In many districts the platinum ore is found associated with cinnabar. Usually the ratio of platinum to gold in the Bornean regions is as one to ten; in some localities, however, it is as high as one to five; and in a few others as low as one to twenty. Connected with the manufacture of platinum it may be remarked, that the lamp of M. Deville furnishes an easy means of fusing, not merely platinum but its associated metals; some of which had been, up to the discovery of his lamp, considered next to infusible. At the great Paris Exhibition numerous articles were displayed manufactured from platinum by fusion. The amount of heat necessary to effect the fusion of 300 grammes of platinum can only fuse 50 grammes of rhodium, and only 20 grammes of iridium. An alloy of platinum and iridium is less affected by chemical reagents than platinum itself, still retaining the property of malleability and lamination; the iridium, however, must not exceed a certain limit, otherwise the alloy becomes too brittle. During the past year M. Chapuis discovered that rhodium, when fused in certain proportions with platinum, forms a compound both malleable and laminable, and which, moreover, has the singular property of being completely unattackable by *aqua regia*. An American patent recommends an alloy of iridium and copper for the purposes of art-engraving. If the advantages attributed to this composition are confirmed by experience, a new field will be opened to the applications of iridium.

A new planet was discovered, on the 20th of October, by Herr Luther, of the Bilk Observatory, near Dusseldorf.

M. Bobierre has communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper of some importance in relation to that process of sugar-refining which consists in the filtration of syrup through beds of animal charcoal, for the purpose of decolorisation. Occasionally, and for the most part in summer, solutions of sugar thus treated suffer deterioration, the rationale of which M. Bobierre imagines he has traced to the employment of putrid blood mixed with the sugar in an earlier stage of the manufacture. The albumen, thus altered, deposits sulphur, or rather generates sulphides (as M. Bobierre thinks he has proved), in the grains of bone-black, to which he attributes the deterioration of the syrup. The ordinary means of purifying animal charcoal, distillation in close vessels, gets rid of the sulphur thus deposited only in part; M. Bobierre proposes to treat it by weak hydrochloric acid, freeing the charcoal subsequently from excess of acid by copious washing, either with water alone, or water slightly impregnated with carbonate of soda.

For some time past, the members of the French Academy of Sciences have had their attention directed to the scheme of substituting vapour of ether instead of steam as a motive force. Machines on the ethereal system yielded results which at first sight appeared satisfactory, but which further experience did not confirm. It would appear, however, that the ether apparatus is now reduced to equal simplicity with an ordinary steam-engine, and that by incorporating the ether with a portion of essential oil (not turpentine), alkali, and fixed oil—the two latter forming soap—some points of difficulty hitherto experienced are obviated, and there is a chance of ether steam-engines coming into general use.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

No. II. The Section of Jurisprudence.

It may not be a matter for exultation; it may scarcely be a source of unmitigated satisfaction; it may, in point of fact, be anything but creditable to human nature; but nevertheless it cannot be denied, that one of the surest signs of civilisation and domestic peace, on any part of this earth, is the existence of Lawyers.

The "good old rule" about taking and keeping dispenses with their services, but does not make things very pleasant on the whole. To carry one's title-deeds in one's scabbard and quiver; to consolidate all subordinate tenures into a certain simple tenancy at will; to make contracts with the mouth, enforce them with the hand, or break them by the *vis inertiæ* of the whole resisting animal; to compress all criminal codes into the single article of opposition to one's own desires; to make a court of justice of one's passions, a court of equity of one's benevolence, with summary jurisdiction, no fees, no forms, and no appeal but an appeal to arms; this *summum bonum* of juridical simplicity, which every one of us does his best to re-establish in the days of his babyhood, would, if generally returned to, relieve the earth of every vestige of a lawyer; make wigs and gowns as fabulous as satyrs; take from such hard-worked words as "whereas," "aforesaid," "indenture," and "indictment," their worth and occupation; render it easy to think of six-and-eightpence, or its multiples, without any sinking at the stomach, and remove one of the chief justifications of melancholy madness from the bosom of society; but the thought of such a remedy makes the disease a luxury, and gives one an appetite before which wigs or woolsacks, parchments or empty purses, are swallowed like cream by kittens, or honey by bears. In fact, there are certain plagues which, unlike the plagues of Moses, are tokens of deliverance to those who suffer, and of bondage to those who escape them. We build our houses, aware that they will be a tax and a trouble; we put on our clothes, conscious of being fidgeted and teased; we marry one another, with full foresight of bills and children; we hire our servants, knowing them to be a judgment on our sins; because, after all, exposure, nakedness, solitude, and self-dependence absolute, are masters as grievous as the most unpleasant dynasty of Egyptian kings. Thus, too, do we reconcile our souls to the plague of law, because of all the beasts of the earth the cruelest and most abominable is Lawless Liberty.

Many theories have been propounded for the abolition of law; that is, of all human laws. But they all presuppose a state of society in which either every body is virtuous, or else in which all the virtuous people will sit contentedly to see not only themselves, but their neighbours also, eaten up by the vicious ones; and as neither of these conditions of things has yet occurred, or is very likely to occur, the theories make no progress. Law is as much a part of civilisation as art or learning, and law soon begets lawyers, who indeed, as a race, are fruitful and multiply. Nor are we to regard them only as necessary evils. They are occupied quite as much in ministering to the reasonable wants as in controlling the unreasonable passions of men. Defect of memory, imperfection of language, absence of foresight, and ignorance concerning facts, are four great difficulties in the course of human transactions. Two men make an agreement together, with mutual consent and perfect understanding. But in a week or two their memories fail them in regard to some of the details, and their views of the matter differ. If they have committed the affair to writing, they have probably used language which to a third party, or to themselves at some distance of time, carries an uncertain meaning. Moreover, something unforeseen and unprovided for has, in the meantime, upset all their calculations; and, finally, they discover that the original agreement was altogether founded on a mistake about the facts of the case. To prevent these difficulties; to make contracts independent upon the caprice of memory; to find language which will convey permanent ideas; to provide against such contingencies as experience has shown to be possible, and to see that nothing is taken for granted unless it can be proved; this is at least half the business of the legal profession; and its members may comfort themselves with the reflection that to this extent their good offices will always be wanted, even in the most peaceable of worlds, because they are only doing what every honest man desires to have done, and knows that he cannot always do himself. The more intricate the relations of society, the more need there is for these services. In pastoral valleys, where a few ideas go a long way, and there is a very great saving of trouble and a very small amount of change, old Mr. Acres may let three fields to young Mr. Beans, and may be content to describe them

only by their aboriginal names of "Thorp Dyas," "The Big Meadow," and "Dobson's Piece." But when Thorp Dyas has got a railway running through it, and the Big Meadow is in the hands of a building society, and there is a villa at one end of Dobson's Piece, and a projected coal-pit at the other, a far more elaborate description as to places and boundaries will be necessary to keep the occupiers thereof from going together by the ears.

The work of lawyers is charged proverbially with uncertainty; but though some of this is due to causes which may be, and are from time to time, removed, the grand cause of it is the imperfection of all human work, and especially of human language. Generally speaking, a lawyer does his best to express his client's intentions in unmistakable terms; but then, with very few exceptions, perhaps without any at all, there are no such things as unmistakable terms. Every word in the dictionary has several meanings or shades of meaning, and the utmost that can be done is to put a certain limit to the amount of mistake that may possibly be made by those who, forgetting or knowing nothing of the original intention, have before them only the written words in which it was believed to be embodied.

So that civilisation, as it multiplies the number of contracts between man and man, necessarily multiplies also the disputes that arise from uncertainty as to their meaning, and for the settlement of these disputes another class of lawyers comes to be wanted. These are the legal arbitrators of a nation's differences. The work of our civil courts, when honest men make use of them, is nothing more or less than a process of arbitration, where decisions are made, as far as possible, according to certain fixed principles of justice, elaborated by the experience of ages.

The hope, therefore, that lawyers may be got rid of by the progress of society seems about as promising as the dyspeptic's dream of a world in which there are no stomachs, since it is not the sins alone, but the natural necessities of mankind, which give them their occupation. They are at once the proofs and the promoters of social order; for, notwithstanding the pleasant satire which sees in a lawyer killing a viper the repetition of a certain notorious case of fratricide, nobody doubts very much whether it is not better for an angry man to sue his brother in the worst court in the world, rather than settle matters with him as Cain did with Abel.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is justified, therefore, in making the Section of Jurisprudence the first of the five divisions among which the subjects of its inquiries have been distributed. Those who attended the Liverpool meeting did not find this section by any means the least interesting. Lawyers are often clever fellows, and are always accustomed to keep such wits as they are blessed with at their fingers' ends; and when a good many of them get together and begin to talk, one is pretty sure of entertainment, to say the least of it. But law itself, when considered as a part of social science, has a peculiar interest, both in its theory and its practice. We live in a legal atmosphere, and our very noses tell us that its sanitary condition might at least be mended. We are conscious that the stars of truth and the sun of righteousness do sometimes look very dull indeed, when seen through it. We are sure it breeds diseases. We know there are nasty smells. We suspect bad drainage, and a consequent accumulation of much that is foul. We feel a little stifled by it, and fancy it produces low spirits and confusion of the brain. The case is not wonderful. Attorneys, barristers, benchers, and judges put together, there are not very much short of twenty thousand of them in England and Wales. About half a lawyer, let us say, for every hundred families. These men are mortal; they have their temptations and their opportunities; the half of each of them must get its living out of the hundred families set before it; and we are not to expect that, in every act performed by them, the advantage will be on their client's side, and the self-sacrifice on their own. Nothing, in point of fact, is more desirable than a careful, disinterested examination into the whole legal system of the country, with a view of detecting the abuses of law, and separating them from what is in itself excellent and noble. Such an examination has never yet been made, and never can be made by professional men only. The impartiality of laymen is needed quite as much as the knowledge of lawyers, and on this account the Association, which includes them both, is specially fitted to take the lead in such an inquiry. A beginning has been made; not, perhaps, a very skilful one; but mistakes are to be expected in the first instance.

The most obvious want in the system of English law is the want of simplicity. The rules, both of the statute and common law, are not condensed, but scattered; cannot be found easily in a certain allotted place, but must be searched for through undigested Acts of Parliament and decisions of the courts. The evils resulting from this complexity make men cry out vigorously for redress, and the idea of consolidating the whole law into a permanent code is suggested as a remedy. The idea is a very taking one. The thought of being able to run one's finger down an ample index, to find there one's very want, and to refer at once to article six hundred and sixty-six, where the whole law on the subject is explicitly laid down, seems very easy, perfectly business-like, and unusually pleasant. The matter is of vast importance, and there is a good deal of misunderstanding about it.

That defect of language which makes it impossible to draw up perfectly unmistakable contracts, makes it equally impossible to frame perfectly explicit laws. The moment a law is put down in definite language, it acquires more or less of an indefinite meaning. You cannot help this—words are only the mirrors of thought, and they are mirrors with faults in them. What is straight from one point of view is crooked from another. Now, the Common Law of England seems to have been founded upon the consciousness of this inherent defect in all written laws. It is not a written law itself. It is the voice of national habit and the national conscience pronouncing judgment between man and man. The cases brought before its courts have been decided, each on its own merits, not according to any verbal formula, but according to the principles of natural justice and the custom of the country. Each decision, having been made with grave deliberation, in the pre-

sence of the public, and with the right of appeal to other courts open to the suitors, is taken, when finally given, as a definite settlement of the law in that particular case, and in all future cases precisely similar. This is the great rule of Precedent, so potent in our courts; a cumbrous piece of old machinery, in the eyes of careless observers, but, in fact, the finest combination of strength and elasticity, of legal consistency and equitable re-adjustment, that has ever been brought to bear upon the administration of justice. For precedent differs from formal law in this important respect, that it is always a rule accompanied by an illustration, and that the facts of the illustration explain the rule in a way which words could never do. The rule is absolute only for that particular combination of facts. Any shade of difference in regard to those facts can be at once detected, and its bearing upon the justice of the case made part of the consideration. So that, while the law is permanent for all the permanent relations of life, it is flexible where those relations change. As new sets of interests arise, bringing with them new complications, there is a constant recurrence to the original principles of justice and custom. The law for regulating the new circumstances grows up with them, and is the practical solution of their real and ascertained difficulties. Precedent, moreover, is binding only by consent of the courts; and if at any time it can be shown satisfactorily that any former decision has been an erroneous one, the courts consent no longer to abide by it, the next case of the kind is decided differently, and a new rule of law supersedes the old one. The final consequence is, that the rules of the common law of England are, in fact, the decisions of the highest legal intellect, revising the results of the widest legal experience, from age to age.

It is pretty clear that no code of laws could produce a result like this. The common law bears the same relation to a codal law that the Gospel does to the Book of Leviticus, and precedents are to statutes what the parables are to the decalogue. When a precedent is quoted, a judge looks to the spirit of the example, because the example is there. When a law is quoted, he looks to the meaning of the words, because there is nothing else to guide him. The tendency of the common law, therefore, is to broaden the principles of justice; the tendency of a code is to contract them. Neither the public nor the Association, therefore, should allow itself to be run away with by a sudden passion for codifying, or to quote the praises or the substantial merits of the Code Napoleon as a settlement of the question. When France, in the midst of revolution, was destitute alike of law and habits, or possessed them only in fragments broken from an old mass of hopeless corruption, the best thing that could be done for her was, undoubtedly, to give her a code of fundamental principles to begin again with; and the merit of the code lay in the superior justice and enlightenment of those principles, when compared with the dreadful systems that preceded them. But the appearance of superior simplicity, which also catches the eye at first, vanishes in practice. So far as the letter of the code is adhered to, it partakes of all the disadvantages of every literal law; and when the letter is relaxed, in order that the spirit of the enactment may be taken into consideration, the result is, that either the code itself becomes only the first of a constantly-increasing line of precedents, or the opinion of each separate judge becomes the practical law in his own court, and there is an end of legal certainty and consistency.

The cry in favour of a code, however, like most cries of the kind, has got its rational side. Though the radical defect of language can never be got rid of; though common justice, therefore, can never be so well secured by statute as by precedent; there is no doubt that a vast amount of needless difficulty, uncertainty, and delay results from the want of a more concise arrangement of the Written Law as it stands, and of a definite provision for notifying the changes that are made in it. A dozen statutes often refer to the same matter; but only individual research can ascertain the fact that they do so. Some of them, perhaps, are contradictory; some are needless; some are obsolete; but every one of them must be examined before the whole law of the case can be known. They get repealed or modified; but there is no public erasure of the old law to make the alteration patent. These are great social evils. They very much increase both the amount of litigation and the cost of law. No unprofessional man can be his own lawyer where there is the least complexity in the matter in hand; but there are thousands of simple cases arising daily, perplexing every body, and leading to endless trouble, in which any man could ascertain the law for himself, and save himself from coming into collision with it, if he only knew where to look for the necessary information.

Now here is a work in which the Association may speedily win for itself the gratitude of the whole country. We want a complete compilation of all the written laws we live under, so arranged that the existing state of the law relating to each particular subject, and the extent to which it is definite or indefinite, can be seen at once. This is the first step, and it would lead necessarily to many others of incalculable value. There is no need to wait for an Act of Parliament ordering this work to be done. It must be done at last by a few men working together; and they may as well set to work at the instigation of the Association as at that of the Legislature. No great expenditure would be needed, nor would there be any difficulty in getting the requisite funds.

The laws of bankruptcy and of partnership have occupied a good deal of attention at the meetings of the Association. The law of bankruptcy is rather a grim subject for social consideration; but, as every body knows, its importance is immense in a commercial country. When a man has lost all his money, incurred debts which he cannot pay, and got into a predicament, there are only five ways of getting out of it. In the first place, he may hang himself; an illegal process, and not at all a satisfactory one to his creditors, or, it is to be feared, to himself hereafter. In the second place, he may leave the country if he can; and there are still some warm and pleasant places on the earth—the sources of the Nile, for instance—where he may begin life again without much fear of pursuit; not quite so cowardly a proceeding as the first, perhaps, but not so very different in other respects. Thirdly, he may call his creditors together, tell them the truth, offer them what he believes

he can pay, and get them, if they are so minded, to accept this as a composition; the law so far helps him that, under certain conditions, the agreement of the great majority to release him on these terms makes it compulsory on the rest to do the same. Fourthly, he may go to prison for a little while; petition the Insolvent Court to search him, strip him, and liberate him; and be searched, stripped, and liberated accordingly, in due course of time. Finally, if lucky enough to have been a trader of any kind, he may go before the Court of Bankruptcy, and come out of it, naked indeed, and with a character dependent upon circumstances, but in regard to his debts as free as when he was born. To one of these alternatives every Englishman who brings his affairs into a state of hopeless insolvency has to come at last.

In such cases the office of the law is twofold. It has to punish fraud and to prevent persecution. The wisest thing society can do, when one of its members owes what he has no means of paying, is to accept the fact, submit to the loss, make the best of it, and let him begin again; to punish him for dishonesty, if he has been dishonest, or for the carelessness by which others have suffered, if he has been grossly careless, but to say no more about his debts, as such, after he has relinquished all his possessions. The defect of the present law of composition is that, in a numerous class of cases, it makes fraud very easy. A clever scoundrel goes into business; contracts immense liabilities; calls his creditors together; informs them that he is insolvent; offers so many shillings in the pound, if they will take it quietly; and, if they hesitate, tells them to make a bankrupt of him, and get what they can. The creditors, aware that bankruptcy will probably result in a smaller dividend and a longer delay, accept the offered terms. The man pays his composition, and is found, after all, to have retained a very comfortable property; nay, the threat of becoming a bankrupt often enables him to do this with the full knowledge of his creditors. In these cases the evil appears to lie, partly at least, in the Court of Bankruptcy itself. If estates could be wound up in that Court as advantageously as out of it, creditors would not be prevented from appealing to it by the fear of loss to themselves. Now, how far this is possible, under any system, becomes one of the most serious questions connected with our commercial law. The expenses of bankruptcy might be very greatly reduced. The attendant trouble and delay, also, might be very much lessened. But these are not the only difficulties. The difference between privacy and publicity in regard to the state of a man's affairs is often prodigious in its effect on the present value of his property; and the settlement by private composition, because it is an immediate and definite settlement, will generally be preferred by creditors in those very cases which, for the sake of public morality, call the most strongly for judicial investigation. Creditors, it has been said, are found in general to be more lenient than harsh, and more indolent than either. It might be added that, most of all, they are simply selfish. If it pays better to connive at dishonesty than to expose it, they will connive at it. Moreover, there are fraudulent creditors as well as fraudulent debtors; men who make it answer their purpose to back up a needy speculator, and, reaping enormous profits in the meantime, to take their chance as to the amount of loss that will have to be deducted from them in the end. Their interest, also, is generally to maintain secresy; to buy it even, if necessary.

These difficult and complex matters have very properly attracted the labours of the Association; but instead of confining themselves to a complete and searching inquiry, they have proceeded at once to draw up a new Law of Bankruptcy—a law intended to supersede twenty existing Acts, and which Lord John Russell has undertaken to introduce in the next session of Parliament. This law may be a great improvement on the existing one; but it is certainly not based on anything like an exhaustive inquiry. One finds at the outset that its framers have not ascertained the present ratio of expense, or the possible amount of reduction, or the relative proceeds of estates under composition and under bankruptcy. Points of great importance, also, which ought to be reduced to questions of fact, are still left as matters of opinion. For example, the distinction between traders and non-traders produces certain practical results, which ought to be known and stated. A trader, when he fails, receives an absolute release from all his liabilities. A non-trader may receive only a partial release, which sets his person free, but leaves any property he may afterwards acquire still liable to his creditors. There is a strong feeling against the maintenance of this distinction; but it ought to be traced out to its practical consequences before a decision is made.

When it is quite clear that a certain course is the right one, or that, at all events, a certain experiment must be tried, it may be wise and fitting in all respects for the Association to prepare Acts of Parliament, and do its utmost to get them carried. But an Association for the Promotion of Social Science ought, above all things, to take care that whenever it does come to a definite conclusion, the conclusion itself should be incontestable. This might, again, have been remembered with advantage in the discussion which took place about the registration of partnerships. At present, any man may do business under any name he likes to assume. The great firm of Golddust, Ivory, Tusk, and Company, may be represented only by Mr. Joseph Johns, and bills may be accepted by Athanasius Oldman and Sons, when not the sons only, but the great-grandchildren, have made their last appearance in the bills of mortality. This is thought by many to be a grievance. It is said that every creditor should have the means of knowing whom he is really dealing with, and, further, that actual losses often occur through misunderstandings in this respect. On the other hand, the evil of interfering with private matters, and the danger of driving away from commerce a large amount of capital embarked in it on condition of secresy, are pleaded as arguments against a compulsory registration of partners' names. The matter is not ripe for decision. Very little information has been gathered concerning it. Inquiry is what is immediately wanted; and the Association was guilty of another error, when it put the question to the vote in a small meeting of the section, and committed itself there and then to the opinion of the majority.



A DAY'S EARNINGS. BY H. S. MARKS.

Mr. Marks has here presented us with his idea of a hapless minstrel, who, after a hard day's work upon his lute or viol, surveys sorrowfully the pecuniary result in the shape of a coin of very small denomination. Times have sadly changed for our friend here since his order was held in high and honourable estimation; when Alfred disguised himself in their costume to enter the Danish camp; when Taillefer sang before the Norman host at Hastings the song of the indomitable Roland, and chanting and tossing his mighty sword in the air, rushed upon the Saxons, a leader for victory, although along the road of death. Small are the remains of the glory of Blondell, the friend, the deliverer, and brother bard of Richard Plantagenet, or of Rudel of Blaye, for whose death queens wept. Sadly indeed were the times changed from those recorded in Domesday Book, where Strutt informs us, "It appears that Berdic, the king's joculator, had lands in Gloucestershire; Rahere, or Royer, *mimus rex*, the mimic or minstrel belonging to Henry I., was the founder of the Hospital and Priory of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield; and the minstrels contributed towards the building of the splendid church of St. Mary, at Beverley, as the inscription on one of the pillars plainly indicates." The capital of this pillar is decorated with the figures of five minstrels, one of them holding an instrument like a lute. When Edward IV. formed the guild of minstrels, their prosperity seems to have been at the highest, for the charters of that fraternity authorised Walter Halliday and others to regulate and govern, as well as punish, all pretenders to the craft.

The unfortunate before us has fallen upon evil times, more akin to those which came about when the Emperor Henry III. of Germany, "at his marriage with Agnes of Poitou, disappointed the poor minstrels, giving them neither food nor rewards, although they had assembled in great numbers to honour the occasion; sending them away," says the chronicle of Wurtzburg, "with empty purses and hearts full of sorrow." Our friend's scarlet coat, one of the signs of his office, is decidedly old, threadbare, and out at elbows; his hose are of the same unfortunate description; and altogether he, like many other rash sons of Apollo, has found the profession of music rather an unprofitable one. He must have had the misery to know that it was not only himself but his art that was contemned in his person,—the ancient splendour of the guild being typified by his own coat, once a radiant and handsome garment, that glittered in the sun, and called attention to the proud wearer, now old and outworn, as we have described it from Mr. Marks' clever painting, which was in the late exhibition of the Royal Academy.

L. L.

LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.*

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has performed a graceful duty in giving to the public a life of his illustrious father. He has also performed this duty exceedingly well—for he has executed his labour of love with judgment as well as ability. A most excellent feeling pervades the narrative, and the materials are arranged in a sensible and agreeable manner, more in relation to the nature of the late Douglas Jerrold's works than the chronology of the subject. And this is right, for it is the use we make of it that constitutes the value of time; and seldom has a man made more or better use of his time than the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*. This biography from an early age is the record of work. Work—work; nothing but work.

There are some who believe that a life devoted to science, art, or literature, is a life of comparative ease and pleasure. The rougher forms of labour appear to be the more exacting. But this is a mistake. Bodily labour has its intervals of repose, its hours of occupation. It works, too, mostly by day;—"the night cometh when no man can work." But the intellectual worker has no such limitations—the thinker produces at all hours, in the height of noon, and in the midst of night. Night-dreams, as well as day-dreams are his; and with him to dream is to work; for his dreams are never idle. Thinking always, he thinks in sleep; and his visions are not seldom suggestive of the next day's task. So far constant work is the condition of the productive mind, and like to it is also the material condition. Such are the exigences of the ordinary literary life, that the worker must begin early, and practise constantly, in order to obtain facility; and this done, he must pursue the same course with still greater energy, in order to obtain acceptance. Nor is then the labourer emancipated; he must work still harder to render that labour remunerative, to extend his public, to establish his name, and by oft-repeated efforts to make it a household word. More labour then lies before him to maintain his new position, with its increased expenses, and to achieve his ultimate triumph.

Every page of Douglas Jerrold's life teems with illustrations of the above remarks. His father, Mr. Samuel Jerrold, theatrical manager in the provinces, was himself a hard worker, and could only live by incessant effort, ceaseless travel, and the hourly exercise of his utmost skill. In 1793, or 1794, he married a second wife, Miss Reid, a young lady of great energy and ability, and both were required under the circumstances. "The match," says our biographer, "was a happy one, and brought prosperity to the management; for Mrs. Samuel Jerrold could rule a theatre as cleverly and more vigorously than her elderly lord." Of this well-assorted pair Douglas William Jerrold was the issue, on the 3d January, 1803. He was born in London, but carried by his grandmother almost immediately to Cranbrook, a market-town in Kent, with which the earliest recollections of the boy were associated.

In 1807 his father became lessee of the Sheerness theatre. Sheerness was then a busy seaport town. The Blue Town was crammed with sailors and their officers; and Mr. Jerrold's little wooden theatre in High Street was habitually visited by both. It was, in fact, a lucrative establishment. On this stage the infant Douglas appeared in several pieces, when a child was needed. Edmund Kean once carried him on in Rolla. But his grandmother, Mrs. Reid, had other views for the boy. She it was who saw to his education and bringing-up. He was taught to read and write by Mr. Wilkinson, a member of the Sheerness company, at the age of six, and soon showed a remarkable love of reading. Well for him that he did so; for the careful old lady used to lock him in his room every evening before she went to take the money at the theatre.

We next trace the boy through the school of a Mr. Herbert, having been probably taught arithmetic, but certainly not algebra. Intimations are likewise given of his having brooded over *The Death of Abel*, and *Roderick Random;* but his practical experiences were of the seafaring life, with its impulse and its coarseness, such as it showed itself at Sheerness. From these he conceived a hatred of the French, and a desire to become a sailor. In 1813 he was on board the guardship "Namur," at the Nore, a first-class volunteer, not a little proud of his uniform. It is not necessary to render an account of Jerrold's naval experience, as he has set it forth at large in his record of the fortunes of *Jack Runnymede*. In 1815 he was discharged. Still, his son contends he never ceased to be at heart a sailor.

In the following year, on the first day thereof, Douglas Jerrold arrived in London. His parents were ruined; the place of retreat for the family was Broad Court, Bow Street. Here, for the first time, the incipient author "came to hob-and-nob with the stern realities of the world. As yet he had passed a youth not remarkable for its vicissitudes, and he had been two years in his Majesty's navy, in a position and with the prospects of a gentleman." Now he had to seek food and fortune. Ultimately he was apprenticed to a printer, Mr. Sidney, of Northumberland Street, Strand.

"I have heard him describe his work at this period of his life with honest pride. He would tell me how he had risen with the first peep of day to study his Latin grammar alone before going to work; how he had fallen upon Shakspeare, and had devoured every line of the great master; and how, with his old father, who was a thoughtful, if a weak man, he had sat in the intervals of his labour, to read a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, obtained, by pinching, from a library."

In the intervals of business Jerrold tried his hand at literary composition—small efforts, but including some dramatic ones, which afterwards bore fruit. In 1818 he wrote his first piece, which was sent in to Mr. Arnold of the English Opera-house, and by whom it was impounded for two years. In 1821, April 30, it was produced at Sadler's Wells, under the title of *More Frightened than Hurt*, by his friend Mr. Wilkinson. Before this event, however, his master had become bankrupt, and Jerrold was transferred to Mr. Bigg, in Lombard Street, the editor of *The Sunday Monitor;* to which, in due course, the *employé*, accomplishing a little *ruse* for the purpose, became a contributor. He had, however, it seems, contributed to other small publications previously.

Such were the small beginnings that introduced

* *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.* By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. London: W. Kent & Co. 1859.

Douglas Jerrold into literary life. His dramatic efforts soon multiplied, but the remuneration was very trifling. The theatres for which he worked were minors, and then excluded by law from performing the legitimate drama, so that he had no opportunity of trying his talents in a long and important work. Under these circumstances he selected domestic subjects, and treated them in a natural manner; throwing into the dialogue the wit that he could not help expressing. Mr. Jerrold was engaged by Mr. Davidge, of the Coburg Theatre, to write pieces for him at a weekly stipend. He also wrought for other stages—Sadler's Wells, Vauxhall, and the Surrey. The last was under the management of Mr. Elliston, who engaged Mr. Jerrold, after his quarrel with Davidge, as dramatic writer for the establishment, at the salary of five pounds a-week. Meanwhile Jerrold had made good way with the periodicals of the day, and was realising a decent income from his contributions. He was now, in fact, very well off. His first production at the Surrey was "the nautical and domestic drama of *Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs.*" It was brought before the public on Whit-Monday, June 8, 1829, in the author's twenty-sixth year. Mr. T. P. Cooke performed the part of William. Its success has passed into a proverb.

"But the piece was not greatly successful from the first night. Its popularity grew by degrees to the prodigious height it reached. By degrees people began to flock to Mr. Elliston's deserted theatre. The pit and gallery filled, and then the boxes presently showed, every night, packed seats of goodly company. There were points to touch all: the poor, in the sorrow suffered by Susan, dunned by the hard landlord, Doggrass, and in the error against authority of William, who struck his commander to shield his wife from wrong; the respectable and the representatives of authority, in the frank forgiveness and noble alacrity to save the sailor on the part of the offended officer. More—there was, in 1829, an enthusiastic love for the navy, which is in no way represented to us in that sentimental regard with which we look upon this noble service of ours now-a-days. The spirit of Nelson was yet abroad. His name thrilled the national heart. 'All London,' wrote Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his tender farewell to my father, printed in the *Athenæum*, 'all London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an after-piece. A kackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street; and Mayfair maidens wept over the stirring situations, and laughed over the searching dialogue, which had moved an hour before the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the three hundredth night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success, but Jerrold's share of the gain was slight—about 70*l.* of the many thousands which it realised for the management. With unapproachable meanness Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chanting the praises of Elliston for producing *Black-Eyed Susan*, forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run three hundred nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness, 'My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?'"

Another drama, on the subject of *Thomas à Becket*, was produced at the Surrey, with some success, on which the author was congratulated by Miss Mitford. We cannot, however, follow the story, and enumerate the dramatist's triumphs. Suffice it that "Douglas Jerrold had done with Messrs. Davidge and Elliston in 1830. The shower of gold provoked by *Black-Eyed Susan* had fallen into the pocket of Mr. T. P. Cooke, and into the treasuries of Elliston and others; but the laurels, lightly as the wearer estimated them, were his." On the 16th December, in the same year, we find him producing, at the Adelphi, a romantic drama, in two acts, entitled *The Devil's Ducat; or, the Gift of Mammon;* which, being in blank verse, indicated an increased ambition. Later still, in 1832, *The Rent-Day*, from Sir David Wilkie's picture, was produced at Drury Lane; and "its author now felt that his footing was firm in the principal theatre of England."

The ground that we have so rapidly traced indicates a large quantity of work accomplished. As much more remained to do. The daily bread was yet to be the fruit of daily labour. Let us cursorily register the names of *Nell Gwynne*, *The Housekeeper*, *The Wedding Gown*, *Beau Nash*, *The Hazard of the Die*, *The Schoolfellows*, *The Man's an Ass*, and *Doves in a Cage*.

An attempt at theatrical management with his brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Hammond, of the Strand, failed, though the author appeared as an actor in a piece of his own, entitled *The Painter of Ghent*. This, and other circumstances, gradually disgusted Jerrold with the stage, and made him prefer the more quiet walks of literature. His projects assumed the periodical form; and accordingly we find him successively connected with the *Punch in London*, of 1832, and the *Punch* of 1841; *The Illuminated Magazine*, *The Shilling Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, and ultimately with *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, the last of which he retained to his death, as editor, at a thousand pounds a-year. He raised its circulation to 182,000 copies.

We can only glance at the rest of the contents of this interesting biography.

In 1842 his comedy, in five acts, *The Bubbles of a Day*, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre; and at the rival house, under the management of Mr. Macready, his *Prisoner of War*. In September of the same year appeared *Gertrude's Cherries*, at Covent Garden; and in 1845 *Time Works Wonders*, at the Haymarket, the most successful of Mr. Jerrold's five-act comedies. At the same theatre, in 1851, his three-act comedy, of *Retired from Business*, was produced. This is a decidedly good play. Then came an equivocal piece of fortune to him, in 1853, the production of a new play of his before her Majesty at Windsor Castle, under the conduct of Mr. Charles Kean. It was a comedy in three acts, entitled *St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune*. Strange to record, the author was not invited to attend the performance! Probably Douglas Jerrold felt a bitterness on this occasion, as matters went on rather ill between Mr. Kean and him afterwards. In 1854 *A Heart of Gold*, in three acts, was produced at the Princess's, but Mr. and Mrs. Kean did not perform the principal characters, as originally intended. Some remarks in *Punch* had offended the manager, and he thus manifested his resentment. Some correspondence between him and the author also

was printed by the former for private circulation, and this act was severely commented on by the latter in *Lloyd's*. In the document alluded to, Mr. Jerrold bade public farewell to the stage.

Mr. Jerrold had many literary friends; the chief was the lamented Laman Blanchard, of whom the volume before us contains many interesting memorials, and some examples of his graceful poetry. Mr. Douglas Jerrold was the member of several clubs—the Mulberries, the Museum, the Hooks and Eyes, and lastly Our Club. Never was a better member of a Club than Jerrold—he was convivial, lively, familiar, conversational, humorous, witty, serious, or silent, as the occasion suited. There was an entire absence of *hauteur* or self-importance. He was, indeed, the life and soul of such meetings. But in more public ones, Jerrold was not equal to himself. A public invitation to Birmingham, in 1845, and another to Manchester, in 1846, only too painfully showed to him his want of preparation for a public orator. In 1847, however, he had improved in the art, and opened the Whittington Club, in a speech of considerable length. He made another, too, to Louis Kossuth, on presenting him with the Shakspeare, bought by penny subscriptions. He had so far matriculated, indeed, as a public speaker, that he was invited to stand for Finsbury, but he wisely declined.

The outline we have traced shows an assiduous worker—one always at work. No wonder, therefore, that though he was always talking of visiting the most distant spots, he seldom found leisure for travel. Once, on compulsion, he went to Paris for a month or two. In 1839 and 1841 he visited Boulogne, and there, on the latter occasion, wrote *The Prisoner of War*. Mr. Charles Dickens would have tempted him to Switzerland; but the overtaxed author was without the means of complying. However, in 1854, he was induced by Mr. Hepworth Dixon to take the route. "Together with their respective wives, they set forth to see Switzerland, and return by the Rhine. They had marked Italy on their programme; but, on going to the Austrian Consul in London for the *visa* of his passport, this functionary remarked that he had orders not to admit Mr. Douglas Jerrold within the Austrian territory. 'That shows your weakness, not my strength,' said the applicant to the consul. 'I wish you good morning.' So Italy was given up; but remained—free Switzerland."

We leave the reader to peruse the pathetic narrative of the circumstances that attended the death of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, on the 8th of June, 1857. The event is too recent for us to dwell on it.

Mr. Jerrold was the author of many stories which appeared originally in magazines and periodicals. Among these the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, *St. Giles's and St. James's*, *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, and *The Story of a Feather*, are the most esteemed. *A Man made of Money* was the only story ever published by him in a separate form. It was also his best.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold was, as we knew him, a kindly-hearted man. The smack of the lemon in his compositions is not one of malicious unpleasantness; but something quite agreeable to a rightly-cultivated taste. He is not sharp upon modest merit, on unprotected virtue, or neglected poverty; but on the supercilious wealthy, the ignoble titled, and the unproductive sinecurist. His heart beat for the industrial population—from the lowest artisan to the highest artist. His sympathies were with the worthy of the earth; he reserved his contempt for the worthless. His writing, also, was not only full of thought, but finished in style. It was highly imagerial, too: it flowered into beauty, and there was an aroma withal which courted the reader's enjoyment. Such, moreover, was the result of his self-teaching; for he had, as we have seen, none of the so-called advantages of a regular education. In all, it is the Mind voluntarily manifesting itself, and developing its energies in the plenitude of its fruitfulness. Of such a man, and of his works, England has good reason to be proud.

DUNSTANBRO' CASTLE.

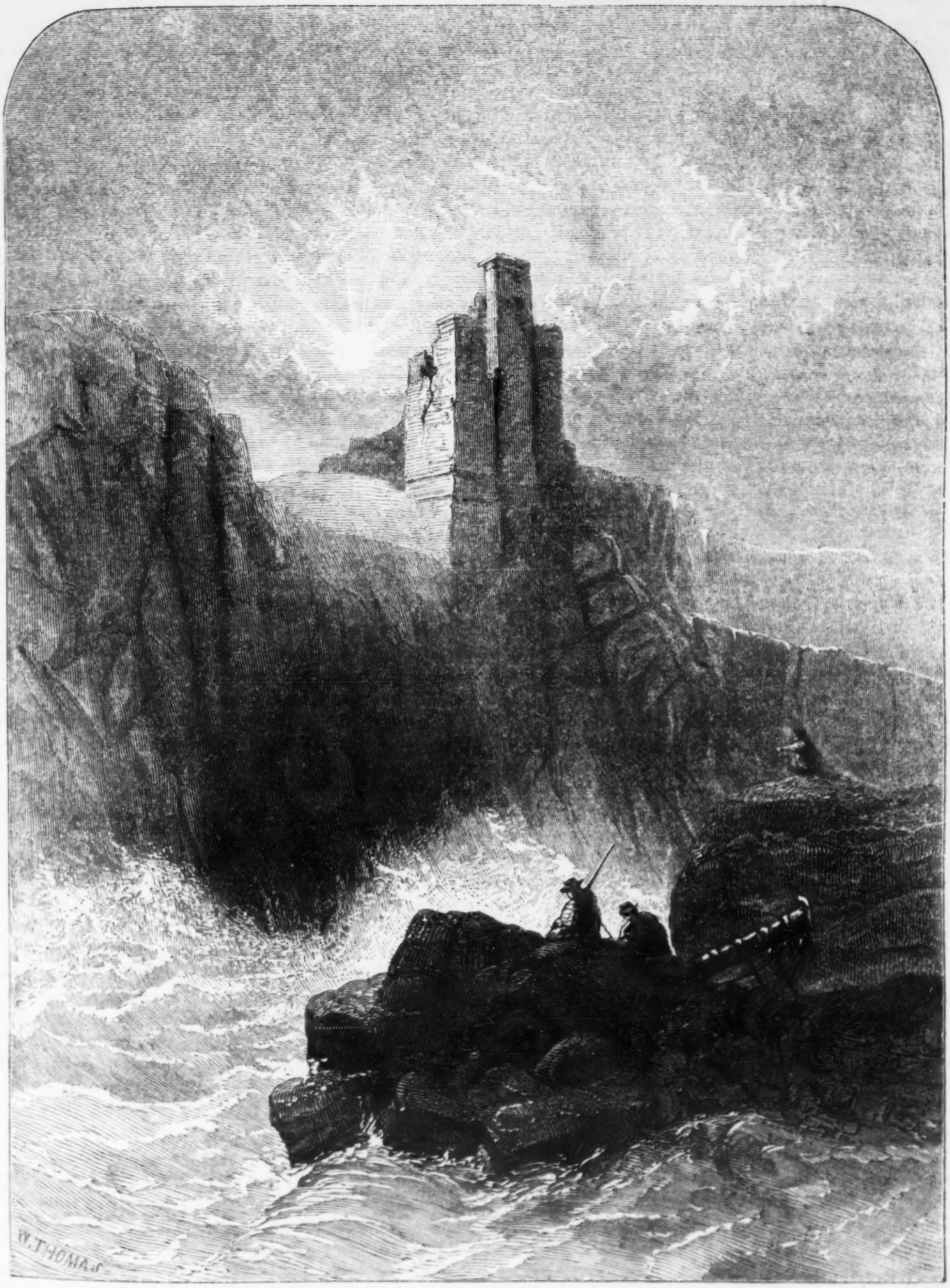
By J. W. CARMICHAEL.

"They crossed themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
When, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore."

Thus Sir Walter Scott expresses the feelings of the Abbess of Whitby and her nuns on their voyage to Holy Island, which is so picturesquely described in the second canto of *Marmion*. This voyage was performed in the summer, and therefore we must make a little allowance for the poetic license taken by Scott to heighten his effect; but the pious, and not over-courageous, ladies might well have crossed themselves if they had made their passage in the winter, and heard the sea breaking into the chasm beneath the ancient towers, which is shown in our engraving, and called by the country people "The Rumble Churn." When the wind is from the north and eastward, the uproar of the breakers is said to be appalling, and the spray often driven over the castle walls. This chasm is sixty yards in length, and forty feet deep; and it is to this that Scott alludes in speaking of the "caverned shore" of this ancient place of strength. A rustic legend avers that beneath the castle extensive caverns exist, and moreover, as usual, appends a marvellous tale to their history. A knight, a long time ago, having discovered an enchanted place within the vaults of the castle, which was the entrance of these unexplored caverns, set about to search them out; but having forgotten the spell, wandered for years from echoing vault to vault; indeed the narrator, sinking his voice, says with a shudder the doomed knight wanders there still, performing a doleful penance for his short memory. "Sir Guy the Seeker" is the title of the knight, according to Monk Lewis, who, in his *Tales of Wonder*, made this legend the basis of one of his most effective romantic stories.

Dunstanborough Castle is about seven miles north-east of Alnwick. An edifice of military importance stood here in very early times, built by the Anglo-Saxons; but of the present building no portion is older than 1316, when Thomas, earl of Lancaster, obtained the king's license to crenelate or fortify his house at Dunstanborough. After the battle of Hexham, in 1464, it was held for Henry VI. by a body of French, under the command of Sir Peter de Bressy, and stood a sharp siege from a party of Northumbrians attached to Edward IV. under Ralphe, Lord Ogle. It was at length taken and dismantled by the victors. In the reign of Elizabeth it belonged to the Crown; and James I. gave it to William Grey, afterwards Lord Grey of Wark. It is, or was recently, in possession of the Earl of Tankerville, whose ancestor, Charles, Lord Ossulton, obtained it on his marriage, in 1701, with the daughter and heiress of Lord Grey, earl of Tankerville, son of Lord Grey of Wark.

The chief portion of the existing remains of Dunstanborough Castle are the outer walls to the south and west, and the tower shown in our drawing, that overlooks the sea, while on the south two circular towers defend a gateway.



DUNSTANBRO', NORTHUMBERLAND. BY J. W. CARMICHAEL.

SQUIRE MILTON'S TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

THE FIRST.

PERCHED high among Lancashire fells, and yet well sheltered by them from roving Winter's blasts, was Redfern Grange, where Squire Milton lived all the year round. Roaming tourists were pretty sure to stop and ask whose was the low, old-fashioned, rambling tenement on the hill; and were told by gaping, unlicked rustic (in stupid wonder at such ignorance), "Whoy, thot be Squoire's, o' course!"

Sometimes inquisitive Tourist would set off on a smart trudge up the fells, and arrive quite blown at the old porch; when, if it was show-day (Friday always), Dame Housekeeper would take him round, and say her lesson before every picture. Round through the great gallery, with its dark oaken floor and deeply-recessed windows, looking out, one on the wide, rough, Lancashire country and the Italian ponds, between which ran the avenue; the others on the great paved court which travellers and visitors had to cross. The sepulchral curtains of the windows seemed to hang heavily, as though carved out of red oak too. Round, also, through the great banqueting-room, shaped crosswise, with oak again here for panneling, and huge swinging doors at top and bottom, of the same dark material; with the mullioned windows, filled in with arms and escutcheons of the family in stained glass. Then would he be given over to one outside, who took him through the quaint old English garden, laid out trimly and pertly as stiff yew-trees and busy shears could make it. Down, then, if he should so fancy it, the dark hobgoblin walk, with trees meeting thickly overhead, and where ghosts were said to wander at night. Which, taking in trudge and all, would be a pleasant day's entertainment for one with stout limbs, and of a walking turn. Putting up then, well wearied, at his inn, say in Longley village, he would have sketched in for him, by genial hostess, speaking portraits of "Squoire," and "Squoire's daughter." How he was the bravest, "koindliest," true-heartedest old gentleman in the world; how open-handed and hearty he was; and how his word came as welcome as a golden guinea. You must be up early, it was said, to catch sight of him tramping across his fells, drinking draughts of fresh morning air, jumping drains and ditches, and coming in to breakfast quite pink and glowing. You should have strong limbs to keep up with him as he took you over the farm — across the heavy furrows and steep stiles, up to the old Red Barn, then across to the ten-acre field, down by Penny's copse, and home again by a short cut, taking in the new sheep-washing place and the piggeries. You must have had good lungs not to arrive all puffing and gasping: while Squire would be merely fresh as a rose, and ready for another start after lunch. The finest old man in the world! said all the neighbours, enthusiastically. The real old English gentleman of the song! The genuine old stock, which was dying out, unhappily, too fast! The best portion of Squire Western, the sporting nature of the late Mr. Thomas Moody, whose glories may be yet seen in old coloured prints, the gentle manners of Sir Charles Grandison, were all united in Squire Milton of Redfern Grange.

But, coming on towards that famous season of Christmas-time, when even heaviest hearts lighten, and unconsciously forget their trouble, it was well noted how the Squire became literally brisk as a boy, and overflowing with spirits; how his eyes brimmed over with kindliness, and his hands never wearied distributing his bounty to the parish poor. It was his grand jubilee — his high festival. With extraordinary satisfaction he looked to that customary stocking of his larder-magazines; to the wholesale slaughtering of beeves, and curing of meats; to the brewing of mighty ales. For a month before he was, as he said, busy as a bee. He had that notable Christmas Saw eternally in his mouth, to the effect that Christmas only came round once in the year, and that its advent should be welcomed with abundance of good cheer. There should be plenty of everything, and everything should be of the best. There should not be a soul within a circuit of many miles who should be found in want of anything against the eve of the festival. The land should be made, if not to run with milk and honey, at least to overflow with good coals, and warm blanketing, and strong, wholesome ale. This was Squire's Christmas gospel. A good and fruitful one, beyond dispute.

These particulars, with many more at the back of them concerning Squire's fair daughter Alice, who alone kept house for him, and the estate, and the people on the estate, would Tourist hear abundantly over that inn fire. Over that same Longley fire would they have been gladly told again to a fine gentleman from London, who was warming himself there one December evening, a great many years ago; but he was too fine to listen to village tattle, or, most likely, knew already more about the Grange than they could tell him. He had come down by the fast coach "Lightning," and was waiting while a chaise was being got out to take him on. This was Captain Carter, on his way to spend the Christmas,— his last Christmas, for some time at least, as he was soon to join his regiment at some remote penal colony. Neither was it his first at the Grange, for he liked the place, and its pheasants, and its good air, vastly; tolerated the Squire as well-intentioned, though a bore; and fancied exceedingly (more than place, pheasants, good air, and Squire) the daughter of the house, whose name, Alice, was so pretty, and whose prospects were so good. It was a little surprising that a man of figure and *ton*, whom my Lord had asked to the Abbey, and Sir Charles and Sir John to Charlestown and Johnstown, to meet housefuls of choice company, should have preferred a rough Lancashire Squire's hospitality; but the fact was, he had come down with a curious plan working mistily in his head, which, as he warmed himself at the inn fire, began to take shape and figure. He might have spared himself the trouble, for any neighbour could have told him that young Bullington of The Hall was the man — the man after Squire's own heart, though, perhaps, not after his daughter's. With the plan, however, still working in his head, he settled himself in the chaise, by this time brought round to the door, and lit a fragrant cigar. The evening was fresh, with sharp blasts abroad; and there was a cold, bluish tint outside,

just on the verge of deepening into earnest darkness, through which mysterious tone Captain Carter might have seen, as he rattled by, the forge of the village in full work, and blazing cheerfully, where came every horse in the parish to be measured for shoes. He might have seen, too, Longley village church and tower in its ivy cloak, where, by the by, lay many of Squire's ancestors, in purest Carrara marble, sleeping prone upon their backs; where Squire himself had already selected a snug spot for his own resting-place. He might have seen the old bridge just at the turn of the road, and looked for an instant down the swollen river, and its blunt twists, until, darkness having now well set in, nothing was to be made out clearly but the lights of Redfern Grange twinkling far up among the fells; from which point our Captain (being wholly incurious of Nature and her beauties) enjoyed sweet and refreshing sleep, until wakened by the sudden halting of the chaise at the porch of Redfern Grange, where was standing, with both hands out, Squire himself, welcoming him with heartiest squeeze, and most painful wringing of his arm, which was the probation Captain Carter most dreaded on these visits. Then Squire took him in, and brought him to his daughter, —a tall, fair girl, busy reading poetry,—who seemed a little confused at the meeting. Then Squire shook him again by the hand (our poor Captain wincing a little this time), and said he was very, very glad to have him under the roof of the old Grange once more; that he must not think of leaving them for a good round month; and that they should have such a merry time of it. "For," says Squire, intoning his favourite stave, "Christmas comes but once a-year, and when it comes," &c. &c. On which Captain said they were such kind friends to him, and pulled a deep sigh. During the course of dinner he broke to them, tenderly and carefully, the heavy news of his approaching expatriation; and how he knew not the hour when he should be compelled to depart. The order would come quite suddenly, he said, in low, melancholy tones,—quite suddenly. Which tidings damped Squire's spirits somewhat, and affected his daughter to a degree that young Bullington of The Hall could scarcely have credited, or, at least, approved of. After dinner, however, Captain Carter told some experiences of his London life, in that droll way for which he has a reputation, and made Squire laugh and laugh again, and Alice smile.

Such a Christmas as it was to be—Squire told him this next morning, as they stood under the porch—no man could so much as form a conception of it! The whole country round should ring with it! The world should admire, and adjacent counties hear with envy! Redfern Grange was to overflow with company; there should be satiety of mirth, of dancing, and of festivity.

"I so love this merry, merry time of Christmas, as they call it in the songs," Squire said, his eyes beaming, "that I care not how far I go to glorify it. I get quite downhearted when I think that I am to see so few more of these pleasant days. I tell you," Squire said, with extraordinary vigour, "they may talk of its being old-fashioned, and of the world's getting too business-like for such things, but my mind is, that it is the holiest and happiest feeling a man can have, and that he is all the wiser and better if he have it."

To which Captain Carter could only answer that it was very proper,—highly proper indeed; and that he had always made it a point to cultivate so healthy a feeling—'pon his word, he had. He was all the while laboriously lighting a cigar.

Squire then took him to view the monster beast that was presently to furnish forth baron of beef and other cheer; and thence to the buttery, to taste the famous October ale, which made the Captain's strong head feel curiously all the day after. Then both went out over the fells, with dogs and keepers, shooting.

"It 'll be here in a week," Squire said, snuffing the air, and looking over at the valley. "The snow, I mean. What say you, Kenrick, man?"

"Aye, sir," says the keeper; "it 's coming, surely."

"I am glad of it," Squire says, stamping vigorously; "very glad of it. I like it on the ground half a foot deep."

"It be hard weather on the poor, Squoire," keeper says; which damps his spirits a little.

"Hang it, it shall be made up to them in coals!"

After the morning's work, Captain Carter had usually the rest of the day to himself, which he generously devoted to the task of amusing his young hostess. He read with her in the library; walked with her in the garden; rode out with her in the demesne; in short, conscientiously discharged all the duties of a guest. The only thing that might possibly suggest itself to lookers-on was, what young Bullington would have thought of it. But he was not present to have any thoughts on the matter, and was not to arrive until Christmas eve.

In this way things went on, and the great festival was very close at hand. Latterly Squire's hands got to be so full, that he had no time for the shooting; and so Captain Carter was now enabled to devote entire mornings to the amusement of the Squire's daughter, who, curious to say, was now and then observed to be in low spirits, to come down with faint pink rims round her eyes. Perhaps the coming of young Bullington, who would arrive, Squire had gleefully (and not without significance) announced, on Christmas eve, had something to do with the matter; at all events, Captain was good enough to speak with her on the matter, and impart a little consolation of his own.

"Hang it," Squire said privately to the Captain, "I think Alley is not looking so well; but young Bullington will make it all right. Between ourselves, I hope to see that a match before long. She likes the fellow, I think—speaks of him to you, I daresay? Come, now?"

"Very often," the Captain says, coolly.

And so it came at last to be Christmas-eve morning, with the snow upon the ground several inches deep, as the good Squire had wished and prayed for. He was so happy that morning, bounding and skipping like a child, shaking hands twice over all round, and wishing happy returns from the very bottom of his honest heart. Even cold Captain Carter found a slight blush come upon his cheek as he was so greeted, and had to walk hastily to the window. He was ashamed, perhaps, of that ugly plan which had been working in

his head since his arrival. Morning post-bag was brought in, and its letters sorted, as it were, on the breakfast-table. Many for the Squire, two or three for Alice, and one huge one, with overgrown red seal, and something printed in the corner, for Captain Carter. It seemed to trouble him very much, that official document.

"They are all coming!" Squire said, tearing his letters open one after the other; "they will be here to-night—Bullington and every one of them! We shall have a roaring Christmas of it!"

But Captain made no mention of his official despatch—only biting his lip very savagely as he read. But when Squire was gone out, he told Alice that he should have to leave much sooner than he had calculated on—in fact immediately.

It was holly-cutting day with the Squire, and he went out to see it done—for him the choicest pastime in the world. He had been rambling about for a week before, marking the greenest and most flourishing; and this morning he led a party of stout fellows with bill-hooks to lop vigorously under his direction. The red-berry-laden branches fell fast, and were heaped into carts standing by, some of which Squire followed down to his own parish church at Longley, for the dressing of its chancel had been for many years back a favourite feature in the day's programme. The old chipped pillars were swathed handsomely in that genial green livery. Men on ladders festooned it prettily among the old beams of the roof; and all the sleeping ancestors were made warm and comfortable with thick prickly ruffs, and snug overclothing. The preacher of next day's homily would have to speak as from a great bush of green holly. A brisk, inspiriting scene it was, too—figures with glowing cheeks trooping in up the aisle processionally, and Squire's voice at times heard from top of a high ladder calling cheerily for more material. He was the happiest man within the length and breadth of the country; for this, he thought to himself, was only sweet foretaste of the morrow. And so, the work done, and that cold evening gray descending, he trotted home blithely. Soon the glowing red lights of his own windows were before him, as beacons. I must hasten, he thought; our guests will be arriving. And with that he touched his horse's flank gently with the spur.

o o o o

Those were scarcely the faces of Christmas guests that met him at the door. Young Bullington was there, and so, too, was Doctor Ruby, oldest and best of his friends. But why did they stand there so doubtfully? and why were the servants crowded in the hall?

"In Heaven's name, are you afraid of me?" poor Squire said, stamping the snow from his boots. "Wish me a merry Christmas—can't ye?"

"Oh, Squire, Squire!" young Bullington said, with something like a sob, for he was a soft-hearted country lad, "there is to be no merry Christmas this time. She is gone—Alice, your daughter!"

"Gone—my daughter!"

"Gone away with the officer!"

Squire Milton gasped out something, and kept looking from one face to the other for several moments. They saw he was falling to the ground, and caught him in their arms just in time. That fit held him many, many days. It went near to killing him.

With which sudden metamorphosis of green, cheerful holly and red berries into dark cypress, ends the first act, as it were, of this little chronicle.

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS EVE.

By a hard struggle, and good aid from that stout constitution of his, Squire Milton fought off the terrible sickness that had stricken him down. But he was no longer to be seen tramping over his fells at early morning, or following hounds and horn with cheerful shout. He looked listlessly on all things about him, and moped solitarily in his garden all day long—leaning on his stick, which was now for the first time of real assistance to him. Poor Squire, said the neighbours; what a change! Heaven forgive her who was the cause of it! It was, indeed, there only that she was likely to obtain pardon; for the few words her father was ever heard to speak concerning her were those of hatred, and even vengeance. When his eye fell on any relic or memorial of her, his breath came fast, and his fingers closed nervously. "She has disgraced me," he said, over and over again,—"disgraced me and my family! I shall never forgive her—never, never—not if I was to die within an hour!"

By and by came round Christmas; but he could not bring himself to wait for that festival. With what sort of gladness could he celebrate its coming? with what heart cut holly? So he shut up the place, as it is called, and set out for foreign parts—his old friend Ruby bearing him company. Their Christmas day they spent in a small, wretched Italian town—heavy rains pouring down all day long. Everything was drenched, and the street was turned into a mud-swamp. Squire and his friend looked out from a window with heaviest hearts. There was no holly—no ivy—no snow—no cheerful faces. Squire was thinking how at that moment, across the seas at Redfern Grange, the yeomen and their wives, all in their best, with the brightest, happiest faces in the world, were trooping in to the village church—decked out, perhaps, in verdant livery, as he had been used to do it with his own hands. Just at that hour would Redfern Grange have become as a beacon-light to the whole country—cheerful red curtains being drawn close before every window. Well, well, those days were gone for ever! and instead—here were wretched, drenched Italians struggling through the mire. No holly—no red berries—no ivy! All gone for ever! And as he thought over these things, his teeth became set together, and he muttered again, "Never, never, shall I forgive her!"

So went by two and three years more; during which time the two travellers wandered together from city to city, with steady mending of Squire's health. They saw all the wonders that travelling folk are brought to admire, and admired with the rest. During which time came, as was to be expected, penitent, heart-broken letters from the daughter, dated from that distant colony whither she had gone with her Captain. The penitent letters were genuine enough, filled with despairing yearnings after that lost home. The Captain was cold and careless, but was at present grievously sick. Money she did not want; nothing but one little

word of forgiveness from the best and tenderest of fathers—cruelly wronged and outraged. "Never, never, never!" said Squire, burning the letter.

Presently it got about among the tenants that Squire was coming home again, having grown weary of foreign places. Folk went up to the Grange to know if this news was certain, and there had it from the steward himself, that by the middle of December, at furthest, Squire would indeed be back in the old place. Great and tumultuous joy at this intelligence. The old place, they said, had never been itself since his departure—a certain decay and neglect having set in. Now everything would be made straight, now that the absent master was coming home.

So one night (it was about the twentieth or twenty-first of December), when the snow was pretty thick upon the ground, and every pond and canal up and down the country was frozen hard, a chaise passed through Longley village, taking the road to the Grange, with two gentlemen in cloaks inside. By morning it was known through the parish that Squire was come home at last, and that the old house was tenanted again. That same morning he was seen walking over his grounds—much bent, much altered, and leaning on a stick, shaking hands with many.

"Ruby," he says, at the end of the day, "my old, chilled heart is warming up at the sight of these old faces. I thought it had been frozen to death long ago!"

His friend tells him, that as they are just on the eve of that famous festival—once so loved and cherished by him—he should rouse himself, and strive to keep it as they had kept it of old. It was, besides, a duty that he owed his people.

"Ah," says Squire, with a sigh fetched from the bottom of his heart, "those days are gone for ever!—ever since ——"

And then Ruby diverts the subject to the place, and its people, and its improvements; but takes care to come back to it again shortly, and with visible effect. The old man is seen looking wistfully at the holly-bushes and green ivy. He thinks they never were so fine as this year, or the berries so red.

Meantime the Grange post-bag has been bearing to Ruby many notes, in delicate female hand, which, had Squire been at all curious, he might have recollected as being once very familiar to him. Matters plainly growing out of these little letters had he been hinting of to the Squire, but, seemingly, without avail; for the fatal "Never, never!" forcing itself through set teeth, prevented his going much further. Still the letters came.

The days went by swiftly enough, and Squire's heart warmed gradually. He seemed to be struggling with himself, but at last gave way. Soon it was known that Christmas was to be once more kept in the old fashion. Orders had gone forth, as of old, for promiscuous slaughter of stock and fat poultry—for gathering in of provision; and one prime beast had been marked by Squire himself for furnishing the great baron of beef. There was curing, and preserving, and gathering, and garnering—all as of old—with which brave work they were busy down to the night before Christmas eve itself.

That night were Squire and Ruby sitting together over a great crackling fire. Outside, the snow was coming down with extraordinary vigour and perseverance.

"Heaven help all poor wanderers such a night as this!" said Squire. "We who have staunch roofs over us should be thankful!"

On which opening, Ruby began to press dexterously enough the subject which had been so long working in his head. But Squire, with flushed cheeks, and quite excited, rose up suddenly and said he would hear no more of that matter, that his mind was made up for good and all, and that he would take it ill of his friend if he was troubled again with it. On which Ruby, quite as warm, protests against such hardness of heart. "You must hear me," he goes on, "if you take it ever so unkindly. She has written to me that her husband—for you know well he *did* become her husband ——"

"I don't believe it!" says the Squire, still with flushing cheeks.

"Her husband," Ruby continues, "is now dead, and will not trouble you or her longer!"

"Dead!" says the Squire, starting.

"Dead!" continues Ruby; "and she is left helpless, destitute, and abandoned by every one, relation and all."

"And whose doing was that, pray?" says the Squire, trying hard to sneer.

"It was her misfortune," Ruby answers, "and the fault of her poor foolish head. However, thank Heaven! she has one friend who will see that she does not starve. As you said awhile ago, Heaven help all who have no roof over their heads!"

Squire looks at him, and breathes hard, but says not a word more.

By next morning, which was Christmas-eve morning, the snow had stopped for good, and it was as fine and fresh a day for walking abroad as could be desired. The ground, too, was hard and crisp, and it was famous Christmas weather altogether. Squire had gone forth well nigh as briskly as in the old times; only there was a little shade of trouble in his eyes. That night was to arrive a troop of guests, all bidden to keep up the old Christmas reputation of the house. Squire felt himself irresistibly drawn into the absorbing spirit of the time. That very night, too, was there to be a feast and high revel in the oak hall to tenants and retainers, who were to eat, drink, and be merry under the Squire's own eye. Perhaps, too, the best occasion they could have of welcoming back the old lord of the soil. That evening they would be seen, all decked out in their best, coming up processionally along the avenue—a glad and a cheerful sight.

Meantime, drawn on by the spell, Squire had wandered down to his village church, where they were putting up the holly once more. The people were on ladders, and there were the carts of green material standing at the door. Their ivy cloaks were being fitted on once more to the marble ancestors, and the prickly ruffs tied about their throats. Squire Milton looked on at the work until it came to be dusk—looked on without speaking a word, for his heart was overflowing with the strangest emotions. He was

thinking of the last time he had witnessed that holly-clothing, and with what a glad, youthful soul he had stood by—with what joyful anticipation he had ridden homeward, and what had met him as he reached the door. This was his entertainment as he now mounted and proceeded slowly back to the Grange.

Across the whitened country he could see crimson lights in the Grange windows, gladdening every eye that turned thither with suggestions of inexpressible comfort within. All up the avenue there were deep wheel-marks in the snow, betokening arrivals fast and frequent; and presently empty chaises passed him by returning, whose drivers wished his honour a merry Christmas, which he returned absently, yet not without a strange agitation in his breast. Coming then into his hall, there were there many cloaked and muffled travellers to surround him thickly, and wring his hand heartily, and wish him joy of his return. One after another the old faces shone out on him—kind speeches, words of welcome, rung in his ears ceaselessly—the hum of dear familiar voices confused him. His eyes grew dim as they wandered from one to the other. Yes, it was the old time back again, thank God!

Young Bullington, who had travelled some hundred miles for this meeting, was standing beside him. The lamps were lighted in the great hall; the people were gathered there and waiting; all things were ready.

"Dear friend," said the Squire, in low tones, "take the gentlemen with you; leave me to myself for a few minutes."

And so they departed for the hall, whence came the hum of many voices expectant; and Squire Milton, sinking back into a chair, covered his face up with his hands. Presently he felt a hand upon his shoulder. His friend Ruby was standing over him.

"Look up, dear old friend," the latter said, hurriedly and in much agitation; "tell me what is it troubles you?"

"I am thinking," said the Squire, lifting his head wearily, "what a generous, heartstirring day this might have been—all but for this dead weight upon my heart, which I cannot shake off."

"It lies with yourself," Ruby went on, speaking very fast. "Heaven knows this is no season for perpetuating hard feuds and cruel thoughts. This is time for forgiving of greatest injuries—for offering up of old offences at the foot of your own holly-dressed altar yonder, at Longley."

Still the Squire answered not a word, but let his head drop again.

"You have not a hard heart—I know you well by this time," Ruby went on. "Why, then, this cruel turning of your face away from me, once so dear to you? You said last night there should not be one soul unhappy within the length and breadth of the parish."

Squire Milton started—the colour came again to his cheeks. "What do you mean?" he said, nervously.

"Do you hold to that noble purpose?" continued Ruby. "Think—only think—this is Christmas eve—the holiest season."

"I durst not," Squire said, faintly. "I have sworn never——"

"What, if all in the parish are happy!" Ruby went on, turning to the door,—"and one—only one—is to be turned from this door—out upon the snows—from her own father's hearth——"

"Where, where?" Squire Milton said, wildly. "What do you mean? It cannot be. I have sworn to——"

There was a sudden rustle as of woman's garments, and a sobbing figure in black at the Squire's feet, clasping his knees!

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That was the most famous night ever known within the walls of Redfern Grange—a night of joy and thanksgiving, and crowned by the exercise of the holiest of all virtues. Beneath the cold snows outside lay the Squire's oath and resentment, covered up by them carefully; and they never entered that house again!

THE CARE OF THE DEAD.

APART from the theological testimonies to the immortality of the human soul, there are a number of evidences, more or less incidental, which have been suggested in successive ages to thoughtful minds. The universality of the belief in a life after death, varied as it has been by a thousand fantastic superstitions, has been adduced by many (and Massillon may be cited as an instance) as a strong proof of its truth. The impatience of the narrow limits of our physical existence, which assumes the form of an instinct, is manifested in a great variety of ways. Of these the love of posthumous fame is one of the most obvious. The desire to be remembered after death of itself betrays the anticipation of a consciousness beyond the grave; and this is the secret of the custom of mankind in all ages of perpetuating the memory of the departed by the most lasting monuments which human ingenuity can devise. We think it is Coleridge who suggests, that the poignant interest we feel in gazing at any distant object is another illustration of that intolerance of the restraints of a physical organisation which is felt by a mind consciously destined to an ampler sphere of existence. It will be remembered that Campbell developes the same idea in his well-known introduction to the *Pleasures of Hope*. This feeling indeed supplies, perhaps, the strongest motive-power (at least to minds of the highest order) to the toils of perseverance and the aspirations of ambition:

> "Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
> The last infirmity of noble minds,
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."

But while this is the instinct of philosophers and heroes, it is shared, in an inferior degree, by the lowest tribes of mankind. Even savages honour with rude songs and barbaric monuments the memory of the illustrious of their tribes; and we are told of a race in Africa, whose language does not contain the synonyme of Deity, who nevertheless cling to the notion of a life after death, and testify it habitually by uncouth and unintelligent observances.

But the tender sensibility which cherishes the memory of the loved and the departed may be fairly regarded as an accurate gauge of the degree of civilisation and mental refinement existing in human com-

munities; and of this the care of the dead may be taken as a tolerably safe criterion. Not that the mode of disposing of the deceased is of itself a sufficient guide. Very different methods have been adopted among highly-civilised nations for this purpose, which would seem to be controlled by two somewhat antagonistic mental instincts. The one prompts mankind to the removal of the dead from the presence of the living; the other to the consecration of the vacant chair to its former occupant, the departed being regarded, by an expansion of the boast of Horace, "Non omnis moriar," as in some sense still present among us, and influencing our thoughts, feelings, and actions. Hence the notion which has prevailed so widely touching the reappearance of the dead; and hence, too, the still more fantastic idea, of which Cicero is not the only expositor, when, in noticing the facility with which children receive instruction, he intimates that they do not so much appear to adopt it for the first time as to be recollecting things familiar to them in a previous state of existence. Some, who have dwelt much upon the phenomena of sleep and dreams, have been led to the same notion; and many of our readers will be reminded, perhaps, of a curious passage, in which distinct allusion is made to it by Sir Walter Scott, in *Guy Mannering*:—

"Why is it," he says, "that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollections, such as my old Brahmin Moonshee would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious, ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place."

Notwithstanding what we have said respecting the proportion found to subsist between the degree of attention paid to the remains of the departed and the degree of civilisation and refinement existing in different ages and countries, some of the greatest and best men of antiquity held that sepulture, and all other methods of preservation, are altogether non-essential. St. Augustine argues that no disadvantage can arise from the want of sepulture, from the words of Christ: "Fear not those who kill the body, and after that have nothing that they can do;" and reflects on the *sepulchri supervacuos honores*, by comparing the pompous obsequies of the purpled rich man with the angelic ministrations to Lazarus. Lucan, too, has a majestic passage, apostrophising Cæsar in reference to those who fell at the battle of Pharsalia, the translation of which, by Nicholas Rowe, though greatly reducing by dilution the strength and beauty of the original, is, perhaps, worthy of reproduction:—

"Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world one common lot shall have:
One last appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heavens, the earth, and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguished pass;
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet know,
High as thy own can soar, these souls shall go:
Death is beyond thy goddess Fortune's power,
And parent Earth receives whate'er she bore.
Nor will we mourn those Romans' fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the sky:
That starry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns!"

The treatise of St. Augustine, *De curâ Mortuorum*, to which we have referred, is curious, as being in all probability the first, at least of an ethical kind, which is extant upon the subject. His view of the natural cause and origin of posthumous observance in general is given in a passage which may be thus translated:—

"If the garment, or the ring, or anything of the same kind which belonged to a father is endeared to his children in proportion to their filial affection, those bodies can by no means be slighted with which we are so much more intimately connected than with any garment. For these belong not to the extrinsic decoration or convenience of the man, but to his very nature. Hence the posthumous rites of ancient just men were attended to, and their obsequies celebrated, and their sepulture provided for with a careful piety; and they themselves, while they were alive, gave directions to their children with regard to the burial, and even the removal, of their bodies."

Of the various modes of disposing of the dead, Cicero considers the practice of inhumation the most ancient; while other writers on the subject affirm that no historical record exists as to the date or the place at which it was first practised. From the Pentateuch we learn that this was the mode observed in the patriarchal age; and instances are given of the purchase and devise of land for this specific purpose. The practice remained throughout the history of the Jewish nation, and, though not a part of their religion, was observed with all their characteristic tenacity of ancient and national usage. The place of burial among the Jews was never particularly determined. They had graves upon the highways, in gardens, and upon mountains; though, from the scriptural notices which we possess, as, for example, the funeral of the son of the widow of Nain, we may presume that these interments were, at least for the most part, extramural. Even among the Romans, when the practice of burning the dead prevailed, the preservation of their ashes appears to have been confined to tombs on suburban highways. Hence, probably, the origin of the expression "Siste viator;" and hence, certainly, the lines of Juvenal, when noticing the danger of satirising the living,—

"Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ."

It cannot be matter of surprise that the practice of burying, instead of burning, the dead should have been perpetuated by the early Christians. This would not only be accounted for by the fact of the origination of the Christian religion among the Jewish people, but by the significance which it gives to various passages in the Old and New Testaments, as well, indeed, as by the ever-cherished memory of the sepulture of Christ. The celebrated passage in the book of Job will occur to every reader; and there are probably few, except the very young, who have not heard too often the passage in which Paul illustrates the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, by comparing their burial with the sowing of grain in the soil.

Next in antiquity to the practice of inhumation is



THE CASTLE OF CASTALLA.

THE Fort of Castalla is situated in the Spanish province of Murcia, and is one of the strong places of that part of the kingdom, as indeed it was when Murcia was itself a kingdom, for such were all the provinces of the Peninsula, until Castille and Leon, united, got the mastery of the others. On the hill where the castle stands, as shown in our engraving, there has doubtless stood a fort of some sort for more than two thousand years. The country round about being wild and rough, not mountainous enough to preclude military operations, but offering places of strength, and difficult passes, which it required both skill and courage to force, has often been the scene of combat between the many invaders the unhappy soil has known. The Roman, the Visigoth, the Moor, the Frenchman, and the Englishman, have all stained the *locale* with their blood. The most memorable incident, at least memorable to us, connected with this place, occurred during the late Peninsular War; a battle took place here between the French and the forces sent from Sicily by the English government, to affect a diversion for the benefit of the Duke of Wellington, who was then engaged in the western parts of Spain against the armies of King Joseph Bonaparte, and the follies and cowardice of his own Spanish allies. Murcia was at this time in a remarkable position; Suchet, probably the ablest of Napoleon's marshals, had seated himself in the province, and so admirably managed its revenues, and the administration of justice, that the population were loyal to him as a sovereign, notwithstanding his position as invader of their country. The English troops were assisted by a body of Spaniards, principally from other provinces. In the neighbourhood of Castalla the hostile armies met, and a battle, of some gravity and importance, took place. Sir George Murray was ostensibly the commander on the Anglo-Spanish side, with the great marshal for his antagonist. Both the French and the Spaniards claimed the victory, totally ignoring the English. It was a drawn battle, then, we may say, but its importance lay beyond even the few thousand lives that were "spent," as the phrase was. For from this, and the correlative operation of the English, Suchet learned that the object most dear to his heart, the foundation of a monarchy in the south-east of Spain, was not to be realised. Had Napoleon been able to trust Suchet as a subject-king, and this scheme been brought to perfection, another end might have come to the Peninsular War. At any rate, it would have been a far more difficult task for Wellington to expel the only French general who seems to have understood the native character than to deal with the vacillating Joseph and his reckless court, despite Soult's brilliant talents.

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that of embalming, a custom of the Egyptians, arising out of their belief in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. The most ancient and minute account of this custom is given by Herodotus; and the antiquarian curiosity of modern times has made it familiar to every reader. In connection with this, however, another custom, equally peculiar to the Egyptians—that of trying the dead, deserves notice. Of this remarkable practice we find the following description in the first book of Diodorus Siculus:—

"Those who prepare to bury a relative give notice of the day intended for the ceremony to the judges, and to all the friends of the deceased, informing them that the body will pass over the lake of that district to which the dead belonged, when, on the judges assembling to the number of more than forty, and ranging themselves in a semicircle on the further

side of the lake, the vessel which those who superintend the funeral have prepared for this purpose is set afloat. This vessel is managed by a pilot, called in the Egyptian language Charon; and hence, they say, that Orpheus, travelling in old times into Egypt, and seeing this ceremony, formed his fable of the infernal regions, partly from what he saw, and partly from invention. The vessel being launched on the lake before the coffin which contains the body is put on board, the law permits all who are so inclined to make an accusation against it. If any one steps forth and proves that the deceased had led an evil life, the judges pronounce sentence, and the body is precluded from burial; but if the accuser is convicted of injustice in his charge, he falls himself under a considerable penalty. When no accuser appears, or when the accusation is proved to be an unfair one, the relations who are assembled change their expressions of sorrow into encomiums on the dead; yet do not, like the Greeks, speak in honour of his family, because they consider all Egyptians as equally well born; but they set forth the education and manners of his youth, his piety and justice in maturer life, his moderation, and every virtue by which he was distinguished, and they supplicate the infernal deities to receive him as an associate among the blest. The multitude join their acclamations of applause in this celebration of the dead, whom they consider as going to pass an eternity among the just below."

Egypt also adopted that mode of perpetuating the memory of the dead which has been the wonder of all subsequent ages. The mightiest structures that ever were reared on the face of the earth, the pyramids, were built to enclose the remains of monarchs, in the hope of conferring on their memory a duration of fame coeval with that of those edifices, which have withstood the casualties of so many ages, and which seem destined to remain unchanged "to the last syllable of recorded time." They have, indeed, failed of their purpose, and, while they are the marvel of modern times, only stand as the everlasting memento of a frustrated and futile ambition. This ostentatious method of commemoration finds its exact opposite in the practice of other ancient nations. In describing the observances of the Germans with relation to the dead, Tacitus has a characteristic passage, of which the following may be accepted as a translation:—

"They have no ambition in their funerals. This is their sole observance, that the bodies of illustrious men are burned with certain kinds of wood. They load the funeral pyre neither with vestures nor with perfumes. The sepulchre is raised with turf. They repudiate the arduous and laborious honour of monuments as oppressive to the deceased. Quickly they lay aside their lamentations and tears, but slowly their sorrow and sadness. It is fitting for woman to lament, but for men to remember."

And this suggests another beautiful passage from the same author, which for its eloquence might be termed the peroration of his life of Agricola:—

"Not that I think we should dispense with those effigies which are made in marble and brass; but as the countenance of men, so the representations of that countenance, are perishing and mortal; but the cast of the mind is eternal, which you cannot catch and express by a foreign material and by art, but only by your own individual conduct."

The classical method of disposing of the dead was by burning. We are told, however, that the Romans at first usually practised interment, though they early adopted the custom of burning from the Greeks. This did not become general till towards the end of the republic. Sylla is said to have been the first of the patrician branch of the *Gens Cornelia* that was burned, which he is supposed to have ordered, lest any should dig up his body and dissipate his remains, as he did those of Marius. Pliny ascribes the first institution of burning among the Romans to their having discovered that the bodies of those who fell in distant wars were dug up by the enemy. The body was placed upon a funeral pyre, and when it was consumed, the remains were collected and placed in funeral urns, which, together with other vessels, were deposited in tombs. To this custom the references in classical literature were incessant; and even modern literature adopts, though with a practical inaccuracy, the word "ashes" as well as dust, as descriptive of the remains of the departed. It is to this custom that we owe one of the most curious books in our own language—the *Hydriotaphia* of Sir Thomas Browne; a work by no means popularly known, but which, like the other writings of that remarkable man, is about equally distinguished by ingenuity and learning, eloquence and pedantry. Before entering upon it, however, we may notice the superstistition of classical antiquity, that no spirit could pass to its destination unless the body to which it belonged had been, if to ever so slight an extent, covered with earth. Hence the fantastic line of Horace:—

"Injecto ter pulvere curras."

And hence, also, the descriptions in Virgil and other Roman poets of the tedious delays of the unburied, who, for want of sepulture, were forbidden to cross that stream which separated their shivering spirits from the regions of repose.

It happened, about the year 1658, that certain sepulchral urns, evidently Roman, were dug up in the county of Norfolk. These, having attracted the attention of Sir Thomas Browne, gave occasion to the production of the remarkable treatise we have mentioned above. Referring to the general subject of the care of the dead, he gives us the following characteristic passage:—

"That carnal interment, or burying, was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus or Mount Calvary. According to some tradition, God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture-expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses. But the practice of burning was also of great antiquity, and of no slender extent. For (not to derive the same from Hercules) noble descriptions there are hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patroclus and Achilles; and somewhat elder in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Menœceus and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair, the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burnt before the gates of Troy, and the burning of Penthesilea, the Amazonian queen; and long continuance of that practice in the inward countries of Asia; while as low as the reign of Julian we find that the King of Chionia burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn."

The author observes that—

"Christians abhorred this way of obsequies; and though they stickt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a depositure than absumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence

of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformable unto the practice of the patriarchs, the interment of our Saviour, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient martyrs."

The time at which the practice of burning the dead ceased is matter of uncertainty and conjecture, the general belief being that it ceased in the Roman empire about the time of Heliogabalus; and from that time the practice of inhumation has been generally observed throughout the civilised world.

With reference to the varieties which have obtained as to the places and modes of interment, much curious information will be found in a work recently published under the title of *God's Acre; or, Historical Notices relating to Churchyards.* For the first five hundred years of the Christian era the old practice of extramural interment appears to have been most generally observed. Only royal personages were allowed to be buried within the city, and these not in the church, but in the *atrium*, or churchyard, before the church, or, as the Emperor Constantine, in the porch. The spirit of the Church was always opposed to interment in churches, though the principle was ever practically set aside in regard of bishops and persons famed for sanctity, who were interred nearer to or further from the high altar; whilst founders of churches were usually buried within the porch; and by degrees the privilege of interment in the church came to be extended to the laity. In the ninth century a claim was made in France to graves in the church as an hereditary right; and this, though strenuously opposed at that time, was acknowledged at a later period, about the year 1270.

"In the tenth century, the twenty-ninth of the canons enacted in King Edgar's reign ran thus:—'And we enjoin that no man be buried within a church, unless it be known that he in life was so acceptable to God, that on that account it be admitted that he is worthy of such a grave.' For by that time so much inconvenience had accrued from the practice of interment in churches, that a rule was made in the Council of Tribur, which seems to have obtained in England. It was as follows:—'Let no layman in future be buried in the church; yet such bodies as are already buried there may not be cast out, but the pavement shall be so made over the graves that no footstep of a grave shall appear. And if this cannot without great difficulty be done, for the multitude of corpses buried there, let the place be turned into a polyandrium, or cemetery, and let the altar be removed thence, and set in some other place, where the sacrifice may be religiously offered to God.' The reason given by Pope Gregory the Great for permitting interment in churches tallies, in some sort, with the one quoted above, referred to by Bingham to Varro—viz. 'That the sight of the tombs of the dead might move the living to say prayers for their souls.' At the Council of Winchester, under Archbishop Lanfranc, anno 1076, a more stringent order was made: 'Let *no* bodies of the dead be buried in churches.'"

In modern times, it is well known to what an extent this salutary injunction has been disregarded. And within the last few years a strong opposition has been made to the practice on purely sanitary considerations. Churches have ever been the most coveted place of sepulture; though Burke, on his first visit to Westminster Abbey, is reported to have said: "I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust; the good old expression, 'family burying-ground,' has something pleasing in it, at least to *me*."

And this leads us (passing over the topic of catacombs and the modern subject of suburban cemeteries) to notice that which seems to us the most pleasing method of disposing of the departed, which, from the days of Joseph of Arimathea, has been the sole privilege of the rich—we mean the practice of interring relatives, through successive generations, in mausoleums erected on hereditary estates. Many of these are scattered over the domains of our own aristocracy; and the mention of Edmund Burke reminds us of the beautiful epitaph he wrote for the tomb of the Marquis of Rockingham, on the mausoleum of the Fitzwilliam family, erected in the noble park of Wentworth House, of which Prior, the biographer of Burke, says: "The inscription, for force, precision, and fitness, has, perhaps, like the mausoleum itself, no equal among the mortuary remains of the country." We can only find space for the closing sentence:—

"Let his successors, who from this house behold this monument, reflect that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach. Let them be persuaded that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

"Remember—Resemble—Persevere."

The subject of epitaphs is inviting, but cannot be entered on here. The desire for this mode of perpetuating the memory of the dead has been almost universal, especially in modern times. We conclude with the mention of two or three remarkable exceptions. The lines of Byron, written in his youth, will be familiar to most:—

"Oh, let my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns,
No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone,
My monument shall be my name alone;
That, only that, shall single out the spot—
By that remembered, or with that forgot!"

Pascal left a special injunction in his will, characteristic of his singular asceticism, that the place of his interment should not be notified even by the simplest epitaph. Yet some devout admirer of that wonderful man placed, with a reverential apology, a small wooden tablet on the wall of the church of St. Geneviève, at Paris, informing the visitor, or worshipper, that he was standing over the dust of Blaise Pascal. The celebrated John Howard had the same repugnance to any posthumous memorial. After indicating, on his death-bed, the spot in which he desired to be buried, he wrote what we believe were his last recorded words: "Place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten!" The first part of his dying injunction was probably attended to: the last it was not in the power of man to obey.

COOKED AND EATEN.

Among the various generalisations by which philosophers have attempted to express the concrete man, that which terms him a "cooking animal" goes nearer than any other to the heart of the matter. What specialty is there in his title of a "featherless biped," when a plumeless cock can share it with him? or in his being called a "laughing animal," when the hyæna laughs too? If he is a "reasoning animal," the elephant reasons, in a certain sense; so do the dog and the

horse, cats and monkeys, donkeys which lift up latches, and pigs that unhinge gates and grunt out the letters of the criss-cross row. But as a cooking animal he has no competitor, biped or quadruped. Cocks do not boil their barley, and hyænas do not broil their mutton; dogs and horses would never think of tripe-stews or warm mashes for themselves; and even monkeys, who can make a fire, cannot cook by it when it is made. Man alone is essentially and sovereignly the cooking animal of creation; and, as such, what he cooks, and how he cooks, are among the most interesting facts of his existence. So thought Mr. Lund Simmonds; wherefore he wrote his entertaining little book, called *Curiosities of Food*, which we lay under contribution for this present paper.

Almost all nations have special national dishes. The Englishman has his roast beef, the Scotchman his haggis, the French have their pot-au-feu, the Spanish their olla podrida, Germany feasts in hazy content on sauer kraut, Russia on caviare, Greenland on train-oil and blubber, Naples on macaroni, Ireland on potatoes, and Wales seasons her hatred of the Sassenach with her national leek. England and America are the two meat-eating countries *par excellence;* the average of London and New York is almost the same—as nearly as possible half a pound to each person daily. In France it is one-sixth of a pound for the whole population; but then it must be remembered that in the hamlets and villages only the very well-to-do indulge frequently in meat; the ordinary poor seldom touch it more than once, or perhaps twice, a-year; always on the fête-day of the patron saint of the village, sometimes on the *jour de l'an*, or new-year's-day, which is to them what Christmas-day is to us. Also, as a rule, we cannot expect the proportion in Catholic countries to be as high as in Protestant; their one or two "no-flesh days" in the week, with the stricter fasts of Lent, of course greatly lessen the average, which, to be true, ought to give them but five days to our seven. But even with all these reductions, it is certain that England and America are the two largest meat-eating countries; perhaps because they are the two wealthiest and the two most hard-working. Still, far more is consumed than is absolutely necessary, at least among the wealthier classes. Sydney Smith calculated the amount of his superfluous food, between the age of ten and seventy, to have been forty-four one-horse wagon loads of meat and drink, and its value 7000*l.* As we go south and east we find very little animal food, and still less ardent drinks,—fruit, grain, and light, thin wines, taking the place of the huge mounds of flesh and foaming tankards, or smaller and more insidious drams, which the north and west especially patronise. A handful of rice feeds a Hindoo; a bunch of grapes and a pound of bread delight an Italian; but the Highlander who cannot get meat makes up with whiskey; and the Cossack of the bleak steppes maintains his caloric at the proper pitch by khoumis, an ardent spirit made of mare's milk. In other countries, where they have nothing to distil or ferment, they eat raw meat, or devour huge quantities of fat and oil, all of which answer the same purpose as spirit, though by a longer process; for fats and oils of every description are highly carbonised, and keep up the heat of the system—put coals on the internal fire—whereby the whole bodily mansion is warmed and cherished, and the waste occasioned by the rapid respiration of cold countries repaired and restored.

Man is omnivorous generally; but of all men the Chinese are the most omnivorous—more so even than savages; partly because their country is more densely populated, therefore they are in even greater straits for food, partly because they are civilised, so have fewer prejudices and less ignorance. A Chinaman will eat anything. Rats and dogs, slugs, caterpillars, worms and snails, mice, bats, birds' nests, and bad eggs, the chrysalides of the silk-worms after they have wound off their silken shells, monkeys, snakes, sea-slugs, black frogs, sharks' fins, stale fish, and half-formed embryonic poultry; these, with other connate delicacies, make up the luxuries of a Chinaman, who wisely receives what Nature gave him, and makes no fanciful distinctions between the clean and the unclean. For most of our distinctions are fanciful; and if we can eat with relish sea-snails or periwinkles, sea-snakes or eels, the half-poisonous mussel, the scavenger shrimp, the living oyster, and pigs and ducks—the foulest feeders known—we need not sneer at the sea-slug or the land-slug, the land-snail or the land-eel, the granivorous mouseling, or the milk-fed puppy; nor, with our high game on the table, speak disrespectfully of ancient fish, or of eggs that have been warmed once too often under the mother's breast. It is all habit and prejudice—nothing else. Why should a frog, with his tender and delicate flesh, be discarded as anti-Britannic, when tripe-shops abound, and diseased livers, set in *pâtés*, are worth golden coin? when all manner of internals are cooked, eaten, and belauded, and a sheep's fry is a national dish? for all that sheep are seldom healthy, and are always dying of some damaging disease or other. As for the disdainful word "reptile," dear madam, which we see hanging in delicate curves about your lips and nostrils, pray what is turtle but a reptile? yet you did not despise that basin of soup at Birch's, last week; neither does your worthy husband, the alderman, reject his calipash and calipee, when his turn comes for the helping. Names go for nothing. We do not eat frogs—because we do not; but the fact of their being reptiles has nothing to do with it, excepting for those in want of a reason. So with many other scorned articles of food. A tender, juicy, milk-fed puppy is disdained as something horrible; but a huge, foul porker, grovelling in every kind of imaginable filth, and eager for every kind of imaginable garbage, is one of the culinary institutions of our land. We say nothing against the use of pig, and we are by no means fanatical on the subject of dog; we merely bring the two in juxtaposition, as a better illustration of our argument.

In some countries monkeys are favourite food. "African epicures esteem, as one of their greatest delicacies, a tender young monkey, highly seasoned and spiced, and baked in a jar set in the earth, with a fire over it, in gipsy fashion." Monkeys, parrots, and the paca, are generally sold together in the Rio Janeiro markets. In the Malayan peninsula, in Ceylon, by the Gold Coast Africans, and by the South American aborigines, monkeys are held in great repute. Mr. Wallace



THE MAID OF ATHENS.

FEW of Byron's songs retained their popularity so long as "The Maid of Athens;" and the subject of it must have been not a little pleased with the composition of the noble poet, which has made her famous; the Romaic burthen of each verse would not be less a compliment, from being in her native tongue. The young lady was the daughter of the Consulina Macri of Athens, the widow of a deceased Consul, who, by courtesy, retained her husband's title, or rather designation. This lady had three daughters, Theresa, Catina, and Miriana, the first of whom was the famous "Maid." She is said to have been of singular beauty, with very expressive dark eyes, and dark hair, which she wore bound in simple braids under a kerchief of a dark colour; her complexion was pale, her nose straight, and her cheeks rounded. A traveller who followed Byron a few years after the publication of the verses described her thus, and added, that her ordinary expression was pensive and thoughtful, except when roused by conversation, at which time she became vivacious and sprightly, and seemed to enter into the thoughts of others with singular felicity and quickness. She married, we believe, an English gentleman, and was described, not many years ago, as having become unromantically stout and motherly in appearance. The cap which, in the engraving, she is represented as wearing, is one of the few relics of genuine Greek costume retained by the subjects of King Otho; the coins which surround it are mostly of gold, and form frequently the whole or greater part of the dower of the girl who wears it. This custom prevails extensively in the East, and is common amongst the Armenian, Circassian, and Syrian girls. We remember to have read of a modern Arab, who spoke of a former comrade as capable of robbing a girl of her ornaments,—a depth of degradation almost beyond imagining, in the opinion of the speaker.

says the flesh is like the flesh of rabbits, without any peculiar or unpleasant flavour. But their appearance is so disgusting—they look so fatally like roast child—that few Europeans can be prevailed on to touch them. It is not unlikely that the taste for monkey has often been the first step to cannibalism. The larger kinds of ape are so human in form, and so human, too, in their manifestation of suffering, that the man who, in cold blood, could kill, skin, cook, and eat an unoffending ape, would not have many scruples in doing the same by an enemy, when all his passions were roused, and long fasting had made him very savage and very hungry. At all events, ape is good; and, if sent up in cubes, curried, stewed in rice, or in a pie, might pass for rabbit with all who did not ask for the bones. Fancy any one eating hyænas and polecats! Yet these, too, are actually turned into articles of food, the first by the low-class Arabs, the second by the North American Indians. Foxes, once held good against consumption, are still eaten in Italy, where they are sold as luxuries, and in the Arctic regions fox-pie is held equal to rabbit-pie. But the Esquimaux dogs, which eat everything they meet with, strangely enough will kill foxes, but not eat them. The North American Indians eat the prairie wolf as well as the skunk; and a tribe of Arabs, between Tunis and Algeria, lives almost entirely on lion-flesh. Our friends the Malays relish the tiger, which they believe to be a sovereign remedy against all diseases, and the most powerful fortifier known. The American panther, and the wild cat of Louisiana, are said to be excellent eating, and the cougar or puma is eaten in Central America. The general antetypical flavour of these carnivora is veal: all more or less resemble veal. Bears' paws were once as great delicacies as pettitoes and pigs' feet are with us now; but the rage for paw has passed away, and the tongue and hams rule in its stead.

Australia has a wide range of game-like dishes in her marsupials, or pouched animals. Kangaroo steaks, like venison collops; kangaroo-tail soup, sending its ox-tail congener far into the shade; a smaller kind of kangaroo, called pademelon, when cooked like hare, leaving nothing to be desired; and stewed wallaby, another kind of kangaroo, making a soup which no gourmand need fear to taste: these count first in the bushman's native larder of Australia. The aborigines have—beside all the varieties of kangaroo just spoken of—flying squirrels; bandicoots; snakes; porcupines like unto piglings in taste, and suggestive of edible hedgehogs to be found under English hedgerows; opossums up the gum-trees; the kangaroo-rat—no rat at all, by the way, save in name; the wombat, a bear-like marsupial, ugly to look at, but venison-like to taste; crocodiles, eating marvellously like veal; and lizards, that are good make-believes for fowl. These constitute the natives' chief range of animal food. They eat rats and mice too, whenever they can catch them; and the jerboa, or vaulting-rat, of which they will dispatch a hundred at a sitting, is much prized by them. Europeans do not join in all these dishes; but the Chinese settlers at the diggings are not so squeamish, and for the most part keep their quarters pretty clear of rats and mice, and other such vermin. But they get a per-centage of abuse for their

practices from the beef and mutton-loving Englishman, who despises universality of diet even more than he abhors crime. In California, where there is a splendid specimen of rat, the Celestials are in clover. There they make a Heliogobalian kind of dish of rats' brains, said to be something wonderful, the sauce to which is of garlic, aromatic herbs, and camphor. Other nations eat rats and mice; and the fat dormouse (*Myoxus glis*) is fatted specially for the table in Italy. We can fancy its appearance:—two or three plump little dormice laid on toast, like woodcocks or snipes in England, flanked by fox cutlets on the one side, and porcupine steaks on the other; for porcupine is said to be eaten in Italy as a stimulant, though the information is given with caution. We eat two of the rodentia—rabbits and hares: why, then, should we disdain squirrels? They are wonderfully pure feeders, and the Dyaks think them superior to most other kinds of game. The marmot (*Arctomys marmotta*) is fat and delicate; the rats in the sugar plantations are plump as partridges, and perhaps of finer flavour; but, indeed, rats and mice in general are exceedingly well-tasted; the beaver is prized by the North American hunters for its flesh, as well as for its fur, and the tail, which yields the best of the one, yields also the best of the other; a porcupine is a cross between pork and fowl, thus supplying, in one dish, the divided characteristics of our ham-and-chicken sausages; the capybara, or water-hog, an ugly-looking, tailless beast, is better than it looks, and eats like idealised pig; the guinea-pig is also porcine in flavour; the agouti is white in flesh, tender, plump, and delicate; and the brown paca, its congener, is also fat and palatable. All these are rodents, of the same natural history division as our hares and rabbits; but we much question if any Englishman between the four seas, not actually starving, would consent to touch one among the number, notwithstanding that all are dainty, cleanly graminivora, and delicate and well-flavoured in taste.

Bats are eaten in China; bats are eaten in the Indian Archipelago; the Dutch in the Mauritius are said to be fond of bats, but this wants corroboration; the Indians of Malabar, and through the East generally, eat bats; but they are not very bewitching to the eye, however satisfactory to the taste. Mr. Simmonds does not paint them enticingly. "Fancy," he says, with pathetic horror, "a great, frightful animal like a weasel, with wings two feet in length, being served up at table!" Still they must be palatable, since one species has been named by naturalists the "eatable" bat. The flesh is stated to be white, delicate, and remarkably tender, and is regarded by the inhabitants of Timor as a dainty. The body is ten inches long, covered with close and shining black hair, and the extended wings are about four feet. The sloth is tender and palatable; the ant-eater is black and musky, but esteemed; the armadillo, when baked in his scales, is a good treat, like a rabbit in taste and colour—but others say like a sucking-pig: and baked elephants' paws throw pettitoes, sheep's trotters, and calves' feet to an incommensurable distance in the gastronomic scale. Pickled in strong toddy-vinegar and cayenne pepper, they are considered "an Apician luxury" in Ceylon; but even baked fresh and eaten hot, or kept till cold, they are exceedingly delicious; so is the trunk, which eats like buffalo's tongue. Salted hippopotamus is very like excellent fat bacon—fresh, it is sold as a first-rate delicacy; hippopotamus' fat makes delicious cakes and puddings, and is preferred by cooks to butter; the rhinoceros is eaten in Abyssinia; the peccary, and the wild or musk-hog, are held superior to the domestic porker; and roasted tapir is an admirable succedaneum for the roast beef of old England. In this group, though, stands the pig, the crowning grace, as some think, of edible creation; the luxury for which, according to Charles Lamb, the Chinese homestead was burnt, as one might make a sacrifice to Fo, with small blame to those who gave a house to roast a pig. Piggy deserves his encomiums. Infantine or adult, fresh or salt, pork or bacon, he is equally seductive to the sons of men; though a certain American journalist has been so ungrateful as to deny him his due honours of gastronomic canonisation,—saying that from his flesh alone have come the various forms of tubercular disease now afflicting humanity, and that pig's flesh and scrofula are interchangeable terms with cause and effect. We wonder if the shade of Charles Lamb haunts that rash American journalist!

In France horseflesh has become the fashion. Horse-bone soup, horseflesh steak, horseflesh pie, hot or cold, boiled horse, broiled horse, fillet of horse, and horse bouilli, have all been tried, and found most dainty, cheap, nutritious fare. On no young or valuable horse has the experiment of hippophagy yet been tried, but on old, broken-down hacks, of twenty years' hard services, which have been taken from their labours, fatted for a few weeks, rested and rendered sleek, then turned into food for the elegant epicures of Paris. Under M. St. Hilaire's guidance, a knot of practical philosophers have inaugurated hippophagy as one of the new eras of human progress. At the grand dinner of horseflesh in Paris, in 1855, where each horse-dish was flanked by one of beef of similar cut and mode of preparation, it was unanimously declared that horse was better than cow-beef; and some even said there was little difference between it and ox-beef. Dr. Amédée Latour was especially eloquent in his comparison of the two; and the experiment was summed up thus, in favour of horse:—"a superior soup; a good and very eatable bouilli (the meat boiled in the soup); an exquisite roast." It is "a fact that the tongues of horses and the best portions, as the hind quarters, are generally sold to mix with collared brawn, or pigs' heads, as they are called with us (in Manchester), and for sausages and polonies. I understand also, from those who have been in the habit of making them, that horseflesh materially assists the making of sausages. It is a hard fibrine, and it mixes better, and keeps them hard, and they last longer in the shop-window, before they are sold, because, otherwise, the sausages run to water, and become soft and pulpy. I believe horseflesh also materially assists German sausages; it keeps them hard." This was in Mr. Richardson's evidence before the Committee on Adulteration. Asses, wild and tame, are also good eating. The domestic donkey is eaten largely in Paris, at the cheap restaurants, under the name of veal; perhaps our veal-and-ham pies own

the same origin. Hottentot gourmands eat the quaggas; and the Persians and Tartars hunt the wild ass in preference to any other game.

The manatus, or sea-calf, is one of those cosmic beasts which are like to every other edible. The flesh is white and delicate, like the flesh of young pork; the fat forms excellent lard; the cured flesh will keep for several weeks in climates which putrefy meat in a few hours; the fibrous and lean parts are like beef, but redder; the fat of the young is like pork, and can scarcely be distinguished from it, while the lean eats like veal; the fat lying between the entrails and the skin has a pleasant smell, and tastes like the oil of sweet almonds; it is an admirable substitute for butter, and does not turn rancid in the sun; the fat of the tail is firmer, and soused or pickled, is a luxury no man would refuse to taste twice. This is a very tempting account as it stands, but, as Simmonds says, "it appears horrible to chew and swallow the flesh of an animal which holds its young to its breast, which is formed exactly like that of a woman, with paws resembling human hands." The tongue of the sea-lion is very good eating, preferred by some seamen to ox-tongue; walrus is strong, coarse, and game-like, but the tongue, heart, and liver are passably good; seal-flesh is oily and unpalatable, though Sir Edward Parry and his crew once lived for weeks upon seals, when they were frozen-up in the ice. In Japan whale-flesh is eaten with much relish; the porpoise used once to be a royal dainty here in England, but even sea-faring men turn against it now; sharks' fins are delighted in by the Chinese; and sea-bear is like lamb in the female, and roasted pig in the cub.

One of the oddest of all edibles is the esculent nest, so prized by the Celestials. These nests are extremely difficult and dangerous to procure, require immense labour to cleanse and fit them for the market after they are procured, and, in the end, are converted into a soft and somewhat insipid jelly, floating in soup; not half so good as the fat of mock-turtle, and far away from anything like equality with the green fat of real turtle-soup. The nests are procurable twice in the year. The best, which are sent to the court at Pekin, and are worth twice their weight in silver, are dry, white, and clean; they are brittle and wrinkled, the size of a goose's egg, no thicker than a silver spoon, and weighing from a quarter to half an ounce. Externally they are like ill-concocted, fibrous isinglas, white, with a reddish tinge. They come chiefly from Java and Sumatra, though they are to be found on most of the rocky islands of the Indian Archipelago. Only the Chinese use these edible nests, and by them they are considered tonic, and specially stimulant.

Birds are in favour everywhere. In Italy the becafico; in England, the woodcock and the snipe, not disdaining even the humbler lark, strung on sticks, and sold at so much a dozen; the ortolan in the south of Europe generally; the rice-bunting in South America; the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia, when the acacia-seeds are ripe; and the hideous diablotin of the West Indies, when the palms are in fruit; these are some of the most famous "fat tit-bits" of the winged world of food, not forgetting quails and plovers, or the larger game-birds, which, however, come into another category. The Italians eat all manner of small birds, nightingales even, when they can get them; and robin-redbreasts, thrushes, and even carrion-crows, are carried to market, and hawked about in mellifluous Tuscan, with, "Ah, Signora! cara Signora! per carità, e per amor di Dio!"—buy my birds! "Amor di Dio" in beautiful, mendicant Italy ends always in buy or give.

What a saving to our housekeepers a few tame ostriches would be! One ostrich egg is equal to twenty-four of the ordinary hens' eggs. The Hottentots make fine omelets of these eggs; they break a small hole in one end, and set the other upright in heated ashes, then stir the contents till sufficiently roasted, and, with pepper and salt, have a famous omelet, barring herbs or sweet sauce. One nest will have, perhaps, twenty-four eggs at a time, and the sportsman bags them all; for, if he leaves them, the bird is sure to trample them to pieces, in revenge at their being disturbed. Plovers' eggs we all know of, and very delicious they are, embedded in their baskets of moss, like foster-nests; wild turkey eggs are also prized by travelled epicures; and bustards, called in Australia wild turkeys, are worth trial and commendation. The emu may pass in parts for fowl, in other parts for coarse but tender beef; and the flesh of the clucking-hen of Jamaica is close, compact, and tender, and a compound of ham, partridge, and pigeon; yet the clucking-hen feeds on snakes, toads, lizards, wood-snails, gully-crabs, and all sorts of unpleasant organisms. Flamingo tongue is a delicacy, but the rest of the body is coarse and ill-flavoured; parrot-pie is excellent eating; and the ugly blue flesh of the toucan is wholesome and delicate; but peacock, about which, when "in his pride," there used to be such royal state, is poor, dry, and flavourless. Young puffins are mere lumps of fat, of oily taste, best when cold and salted, but even when hot and fresh not to be rejected by hungry men; they are also made into firewood, split open like our salted herrings, and dried, when they burn like resin torches; and their fat is good as lamp-oil. But very few sea-fowl are eatable. For the most part they are rank, coarse, and fishy; and even sailors, generally glad of fresh meat in any shape, refuse them, unless hard pressed by hunger or scurvy. Sailors are fond of the hearts and livers of the penguin, for instance, but the black, perfumed, and oily flesh they refuse, with deserved disdain. Penguin eggs are good eating. The gathering them is a sport essentially congenial to nautical tastes, but it reads rather cruelly, though said not to be so. Eggs of all kinds are generally relished, even when the full-grown inhabitant is declined. There are the land-tortoises, for example, which civilisation makes no account of, but which savagery roasts and delights in; yet civilisation and savagery alike take the eggs, and find them delicious. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his search for El Dorado, found, at the mouth of the river Orinoco, some "tortuggas eggs," which he and his famishing crew doubtless thought finer food than anything they had eaten at court or in hall. We know that turtle is esteemed a royal civic dish, but tortoise has not crept into Western favour as yet; neither have the small green-tree frogs, which yet are singularly delicate;

nor the tree-lizard, or iguana, one of the ugliest beasts alive, something like a miniature alligator, which, in spite of its ugliness, gives one of the most dainty and delicious of all white meats. The eggs of the iguana are also extreme delicacies; they are about the size of a pigeon's egg, with very soft shells; the yolk does not harden in boiling, but becomes like rich marrow. As many as eighty of these eggs are found in one nest, and are quite sufficiently delicious to repay careful preservation and costly importation. All lizards are held good for food by the natives of their several birthplaces; and even alligators and cuïmans are cooked, eaten, and relished by appetites more often hungry than satisfied. The iguana, and perhaps the lizard family *en masse*, resists prussic acid to a wonderful extent. A moderately large iguana can swallow a small bottleful of prussic acid, and be all the livelier for the operation; but it succumbs to arsenic and spirits of wine. A small dose of these will effect what a quantity of prussic acid, enough to have killed a regiment of grenadiers, was powerless to do. Snakes, too, of both kinds, venomous and harmless, are eaten. Dr. Buckland once tasted boa constrictor, and found him very like veal. All these reptiles, lizards, alligators, frogs, bull-frogs, toads, serpents, &c., belong to the fowl or veal types of food; but some snakes remind their devourers of Twickenham and eel-pie. Snake-broth was once a famous medicine; the Italians still hold viper-jelly in great repute; and bush-rangers and hunters rejoice in fried rattle-snake, or "Musical Jack," as they call him.

As strange to us as this taste for reptiles is the taste for worms and grubs. The grub of the palm-weevil, a large, fat, white maggot, as big as one's thumb; the grubs of certain species of beetles; beetles which, cooked, taste like marrow, and raw, are plunged in lime-juice; Goliath beetles, for which thirty, forty, and fifty pounds have been given by naturalists, and which would even now fetch five pounds, for a good specimen; large, white worms called cobberra, and found in decayed wood under water; these are about the principal of the grub and worm tribe proved to be nourishing and palatable food. But locusts (their eggs make a kind of coffee-coloured soup), the larvæ of the white ants (termites), the maggots of the palm-tree snout-beetle, yellow and red ants, butterfly caterpillars, ants' eggs, the larvæ of the hawk-moth tribe, spiders, and even centipedes, are all eaten by this tribe or by that, by this nation or by that—wherever, in fact, man has to live by his wits, and not by his industry, and to trust to unaided nature for his food, instead of helping in his own harvest. Also where man is more thickly clustered than Nature intended, as in omnivorous China: omnivorous because crowded beyond its ordinary food-bearing powers, and therefore continually hungry.

From this multiplicity of food among men we gather these two facts—that fastidiousness is ignorance rather than delicacy, and that we might, if we would, introduce among ourselves, and engraft on the stubborn dietary of our poor, many wholesome articles of food now rejected as "unclean," simply because they are untried; for want of use and knowledge leads invariably, and in all things, to disdain and misconception. In the Irish famine the poor refused to eat Indian corn; and men starved by the wayside where they had emptied out sackfuls of this "dog's food," preferring death to their idea of degradation in its use. With such a patent example of prejudice before us, we may well doubt of our own revulsion to any strange foods found to be nutritious and palatable, and even more than palatable, by others. He was a bold man who swallowed the first oyster, but we bless his anonymous memory daily; a bolder who cooked and eat the first eel, yet do we not cook and eat thousands yearly? In like manner, we do not despair of seeing our unemployed "game" yet utilised as food for our hungry masses. Curried cat, horse-steaks, dog-cutlets, fricaseed frog, rat-pie, minced mouse, and snake-soup—shut your eyes; call them beef, mutton, veal, and fish; would you know to the contrary? We may be very sure that, as it is, much uncatalogued game goes down the throats of our lieges, under the generic terms of pork-pie and sausage-meat. Give the thing its proper name, and what difference could it make to the unimaginative and the unfastidious? There would be simply one recognition the more—one falsehood the less. E. L. L.

VALENTINE, SILVIA, AND THE DUKE.

BY A. ELMORE, R.A.

"*Duke.*—This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunned),
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me."

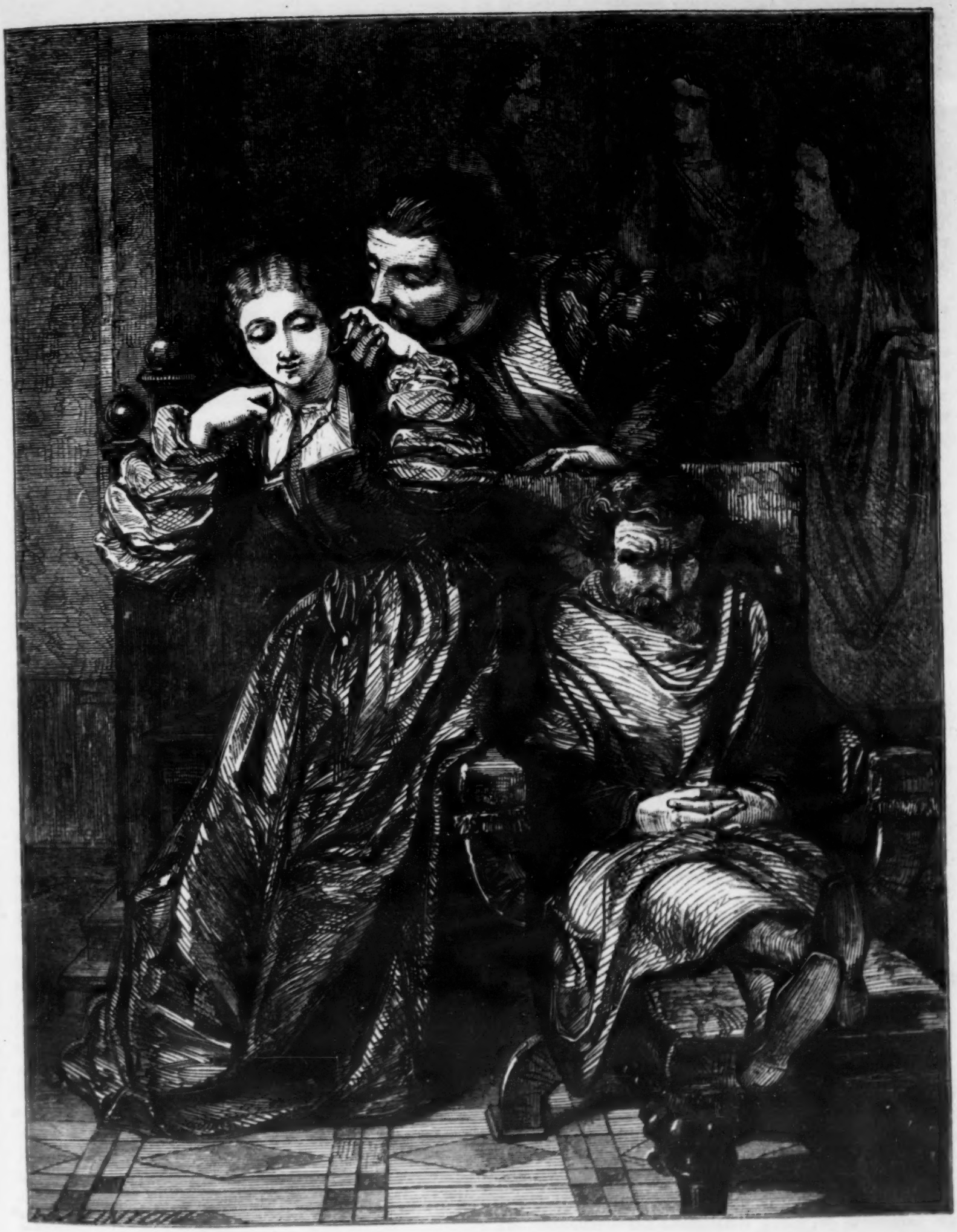
THIS is the speech of that over-cautious parent, the Duke of Milan, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, made in reply to the false traitor Proteus, on his betrayal of the project of Valentine and Silvia to fly the court. Valentine, enraptured with the success of his love, had proudly confided to Proteus the scheme of their flight; and Proteus, who, true to his name, had discarded the loving Julia from his heart, and set his unstable fancy upon Silvia, proceeds, though conscious of the crime, to justify his treachery by the force of love,—

"Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will."

Upon this he goes straight to the Duke, betrays his friend, and gets the thanks most traitors receive in the first instance.

We consider Mr. Elmore to have been eminently successful in his delineation. There sits the Duke upon his couch, while under the bushy eaves of his over-hanging brows his keen gray eyes look out, not to see, but with that expression which comes when one of the other senses, as hearing in this case, is thoroughly roused. Did he hear the little gasping laugh of "Madam Silvia" when the bold lover seized her hand? Was he shaken when Valentine's heavy palm rested on the back of his couch? or was it the rustle of the lady's dress that woke him from his doze? Whichever it was, wide went his eyes, and up went the long wrinkles of the forehead, stirring his hair, which, growing off the ears, gives to his face an expression of listening so intently. Meantime he kept his body and the long, lean fingers of his hands unmoved, so that the lovers caressed without suspicion of discovery.

It is the custom with the Royal Academicians, on attaining the full honour of R.A., to present to the Academy a specimen picture, which is styled a diploma work. Mr. Elmore was elected Royal Academician last year; and this, his diploma work, was exhibited at the recent exhibition. Our engraving is taken from a finished sketch in Mr. Flatou's collection, at the New City Gallery, Cornhill. L. L.



VALENTINE, SILVIA, AND THE DUKE. BY A. ELMORE, R.A.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

No. I.—MARK STRETTON.

A FIRE suddenly burst forth late one winter evening in the stables attached to a large house on Wimbledon Common, then in the occupation of David Stretton, Esquire, a retired merchant of large wealth. I happened to be not far off, and, as in duty bound, hastened to afford what assistance I could. By great exertions, and good fortune, the fire was confined to the stables, which were totally consumed; and being, like most Yorkshiremen, pretty skilful in the management of horses, I succeeded in saving two very valuable fillies, which, frenzied by the flames, and plunging wildly, could not be brought out till, with considerable difficulty and danger, I had managed to blind them to the red glare of the conflagration.

There could be no doubt that the fire was accidental—a groom had let fall an open lighted lantern upon a heap of loose straw; and being satisfied upon that point, I was about leaving, when I was told that Mr. Stretton wished to speak with me.

Obeying the summons, as a matter of course, I, in two or three minutes, found myself in the presence of David Stretton, Esquire, an aged invalid, very nearly used-up by the fret and fever of fifty years of successful trade. Mr. Stretton was by no means of a niggardly disposition, as the present he made me gave twenty golden proofs. The fillies I had mainly helped to save were not only of great value, but his especial pets; and he would not, he said, for any sum, that they should have been injured, much less burned to death. Besides the master of the house, there were in the drawing-room two gentlemen whom I had noticed at the fire, and a Miss Clara Vignolles, Mr. Stretton's niece.

This lady was plain in features, which were somewhat coarsely marked by small-pox, and could not, I guessed, be much less than thirty; but there was an expression of sweetness, of mild goodnature about her clear brown eyes and placid mouth, which was pleasing at first sight, and would, I was quite sure, improve upon acquaintance.

Miss Vignolles was, I observed, an object of sedulous attention to the elder of the two youngish gentlemen, whom I heard addressed as Monsieur Morny. I supposed him, from his name, to be a Frenchman, and from his fierce moustaches, *a militaire*—moustaches in those days not being such common civilian appendages as now. Indeed, a gentleman with the heroic baptismal name of Achilles, which I afterwards knew to be his, could not properly have been anything else. A tall, well-set-up personage was M. Achilles Morny. His face was a hard, handsome one; his complexion a swarthy saffron; and his dark eyes were full of light—not light from heaven, was clear to my practised ken at a glance.

Mark Stretton, the younger man, and Mr. David Stretton's nephew, was unmistakably a product of home growth. His complexion was as fair as that of his cousin, Miss Vignolles; his eyes and hair bright brown, like hers; the *ensemble* of his countenance presenting a much more striking contrast to that of M. Achilles Morny than even the difference of contour and colour, in its aspect of intense nervousness, dejection, timidity, which, in an Englishman of sufficiently vigorous physical health, could not but strike the beholder with surprise. He looked me sharply in the face, upon hearing my name mentioned by his uncle, and as quickly withdrew his gaze; a slight colour flushing his fair, pale face as he did so. Had I been professionally engaged in any affair with which Mr. Mark Stretton was ever so slightly connected, I should have felt a curious interest in those symptoms of a mind disturbed: as it was, they excited but a momentary curiosity, and vanished from my memory, till revived by subsequent events. M. Achilles Morny did not honour me with the slightest notice, which, as matters turned out, was fortunate.

Five or six months had slipped away, and I was passing along Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly, when my attention was challenged by a violent uproar in the first-floor of No. 11 in that street. Up flew one of the windows, giving egress to volleys of glass and crockery, flung out upon the pavement by a woman, who, whilst doing so, screamed "Murder! murder!" with might and main.

I hurried to the street-door, and knocked peremptorily till it was opened by the landlady, a Mrs. Parkins, whom I knew to be the widow of a naval officer, eking out a scanty pension by letting furnished lodgings. She explained that the furious hubbub going on upstairs was merely a violent quarrel between a foreign gentleman and his wife who occupied her first-floor. The lady, who was of a very jealous temperament, suspected her husband of an intrigue with a Miss Vignolles——

"Vignolles! Vignolles!" I interrupted; "the name seems familiar to me."

"The husband, Monsieur Morny——"

"Morny! Vignolles!—I remember now. Excuse me. Pray proceed."

"From what I can make out," resumed Mrs. Parkins, "the husband, in changing his dress for dinner, left a note in the waistcoat he put off, which Madame Morny, chancing to pounce upon, found to be from a Miss Vignolles, and at once gave way to a torrent of invective rage, accompanying the same by smashing every breakable thing of value upon the floor, or by hurling them out of the window."

This explanation was given during a partial lull in the marital storm, which again broke forth with augmented fury and renewed cries of "Murder! *On m'étrangler!* Murder! Help!" &c. &c.

Remarking that I was bound to ascertain personally the cause of those frantic outcries, I ascended the stairs two or three at a time; the landlady, meanwhile, securing the door with bolt and chain against the intrusion of the mob, rapidly collecting outside.

I passed into the back first-floor room, which communicated by folding-doors with the front apartment. The violence of the altercation going on prevented my entrance from being noticed, and I paused to ask myself whether I had a legal right to interfere. I saw that not only a furious conflict in words was going on, but a bodily struggle for the possession of a note, which, as I came upon the scene, the gentleman was on the point of wrestling from the lady's clutch. This was not the kind or degree of violence to justify cries of murder;

and I was about to make a movement in retreat when the man turned round by the swing of his successful effort to secure the paper, and brought within my view the reflection of his face in a chimney-mirror, which at the same moment revealed my presence to him. I at once recognised the M. Morny I had seen at Wimbledon Common.

Fiercely confronting me, he asked who I was, and what I did there?

"I am a police-officer; and I am here because I heard cries of murder, which issued from this room."

The lady, a fine creature, in a frenzy of rage, rushed by him towards me.

"A police, are you?" she exclaimed. "My God! that is what I wish. This man is a wretch—a monster! He is trying to seduce ——"

"Silence!" thundered M. Achilles Morny, catching her by the arm, and swinging her away with such force that she fell over an ottoman on the floor. "Silence, fool!" he added, with deadly malignity of tone, as he seized and raised her; "or, by all the devils, thou shalt repent of it!"

Fear quelled the woman's rage, and she burst into tears.

"And now, sir, will you begone?" said M. Achilles Morny, turning fiercely upon me; "or must I kick you from my apartment?"

"If the lady is willing to declare upon oath that she is in fear of personal violence at your hands, I will take you to the nearest police-station at once."

"You take me to the police-station, you cursed English dog!"

"Do you, madam, apprehend further personal violence from this man?" I asked.

"No—no—no," sobbed the woman; "I was violent—wrong. It is a man-and-wife quarrel. Go away—go!"

"And quick! in one moment!" shouted the husband; "or, thunder of hell, I shall help you down stairs! Like this, do you see? Ah, the devil!"

He had seized my arm to help me down stairs, and was unpleasantly surprised to find himself tripped up and sprawling on his back. I laughed, and walked away. In the passage below I found Mrs. Parkins awaiting me. She said Monsieur and Madame Morny had resided in her house about six weeks only, and that such scenes as I had witnessed, though not always so violent, were of frequent occurrence. What was she to do? I could only advise her to get rid of such undesirable lodgers as quickly as she could, and then left the house, outside of which a small crowd of curious idlers were still assembled.

Extraordinary! *very* extraordinary! thought I, that such a person as this Morny appears to be should have obtained a footing of intimacy in Mr. David Stretton's family! The wife's suspicion, that he is engaged in an intrigue with Miss Vignolles, must be the coinage of her own jealous brain. The supposition was simply absurd. Far likelier that the lady calling herself Madame Morny was her pretended husband's mistress, and that the handsome Frenchman was wooing Miss Vignolles for his wife. A pity if that were so; but certainly no business of mine.

M. Achilles Morny could not forgive the outrage I had inflicted upon his personal dignity; and, chancing to see me about a week afterwards, as he—much the worse for wine—was leaving Crockford's Club-house, St. James's Street, he seized the opportunity of taking a little pleasant revenge. He had recognised me by the glare of the gas-lamps before I noticed him, and, suddenly shaking off his companion's arm, he sprang down the club-house steps, and, with arms a-kimbo, hurtled full at me, with the intention of tumbling me upon the sloppy pavement (it had been raining all day), or, better still, into the roadway slush, by accident, as it were. He nearly succeeded, too—would have done so, entirely to his own satisfaction, I have little doubt, but that he was half-drunk. As it happened, I just managed to step back clear of his rush, and, unable to check himself, he went headlong across the pavement, slipped, stumbled, fell into a heap of slush-mud, and, quite unable to regain his feet, wallowed helplessly therein, till picked up by his friend and one of Crockford's porters.

The mud and slush-soused spectacle which he presented was so irresistibly ludicrous, that the volleys of abuse he sputtered at me were quite powerless to check the malicious merriment it excited; and it seemed that the man must have gone mad with rage had not Mr. Mark Stretton, whom I had not at first recognised, compelled him, with the porter's help, to re-enter the club-house.

I had not gone far when I was overtaken by Mr. Stretton, junior.

"May I ask Mr. Waters," said the young man, abruptly, "where he became acquainted with Monsieur Morny? and how he has contrived to make an enemy of that gentleman?"

"My acquaintance with M. Morny is of the slightest," I answered; "it happened that I witnessed a disreputable scene between him and his wife. That 's all."

"He has no wife," was the rejoinder. "Would to God he had! You must mean Adèle St. Ange, a fine brunette, some thirty years of age."

"Yes; a fine brunette, as you say, but not, I think, so old as that."

"Mademoiselle Saint Ange bears her age well." Having said that, Mr. Mark Stretton was silent for a minute or two, looking me in the face the while, with anxious inquisition. "You have a reputation, Waters," he resumed, abruptly, "for singular acuteness and daring in your profession."

"I am sometimes fortunate. Quite as often the reverse."

"I have vital need of the services of a sagacious, resolute man. Yet I see not," he added, checking himself,—"yet I see not how any degree of skill or resolution could help me! At all events, it 's ill talking in this wretched weather. Some other time, perhaps. Good night."

Another faint gleam of light was thus thrown over what I could well believe was a very gloomy business. Achilles Morny must, in some way, have got young Stretton in his toils,—most likely by pillaging him at the gaming-table,—and was now making use of that evil influence to obtain the hand of amply-dowered Clara Vignolles. Else what meant, "He has no wife—would to God he had?" It might be, too, that Mark

Stretton himself loved his lady-cousin! No,—that was not likely. She was four or five years his senior, and young men seldom get crazed by charms of which thirty winters, to say nothing of small-pox, have marred the bloom and beauty. The affair would no doubt run its course without, or in despite of, my assistance, should it be asked for, to its natural termination,—a mercenary marriage, desertion by the foreign husband, followed by years of unavailing regret and bitter self-reproach on the part of the wife. A trite story, old as rascaldom, common as woman's faith and folly!

I erred in supposing that my aid would not be required in a matter which seemed quite out of my line. It was near upon the close of that year's autumn when my attention was caught by the following paragraph in a morning paper, copied from *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*:—

"DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.—We deeply regret to announce that Mr. David Stretton, of Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, near London, who had been, for some time past, residing at Clifton for the benefit of his health, fell, on Tuesday evening, at near dusk, from the lofty cliffs which beetle over the Avon. He was watching the play of the fading light upon the Leigh woods opposite, from the very edge of the precipice. Some portion of the ground gave way suddenly beneath his feet, and, unable to spring back, the unfortunate gentleman toppled over with a loud cry, and fell headlong down the face of the cliff. This, it will be seen, is the account given of the fatal accident by Monsieur Morny, a French gentleman, the only person within sight or hearing of the deceased when the catastrophe occurred. The lamented gentleman's large property is said to be bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. Mark Stretton, and his niece, Miss Clara Vignolles, in equal portions. The verdict was, of course, 'Accidental death.'"

I need not dwell upon the vague doubts, suspicions, which, knowing what I did of M. Morny, arose in my mind as I ran over the above paragraph; and I turned eagerly to the report of the proceedings at the inquest, which, considerably condensed, was given in another column. Only one witness besides M. Achilles Morny had, I found, been examined—a Mr. Leonard Bayton—who deposed that when it was quite dark he heard, not one cry only, but several, of horror and despair, it seemed to him, from about the spot where the accident must have occurred. He hurried in the direction of those cries, but could see no one, and after searching about for some time he resumed his way homeward. This evidence had passed without remark; in fact, the only pertinent question put to the witness Morny was this, by one of the jurymen: "How, if it was dark at the time of the accident, could the deceased have been watching the play of light upon the Leigh woods?" Before M. Morny, "who was much agitated, Mr. Stretton having been his intimate and attached friend," could answer, the coroner, referring to his notes, said the witness Morny had stated it was dusk, not dark, when the catastrophe occurred. This explanation must have been held to be satisfactory, as a verdict of accidental death was at once and unanimously agreed to. Strange! Passing strange!

Late in the following week a hurriedly-scrawled note, directed to me, was delivered at Scotland Yard. It was signed "Mark Stretton," and expressed an urgent request that I would write at once to Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, stating where he, Mark Stretton, could see me privately on the morrow.

I lost no time in posting a reply, appointing the Fox Tavern, Kingsland Road, as the place, and two p.m. as the hour of meeting. Arrived there, he was to ask for Charles Smith, and would be shown into a private room.

I had been at the rendezvous about ten minutes when a hack-carriage drove up, and Mr. Mark Stretton presently entered the room.

I started with uncontrollable surprise. Mark Stretton was the spectre of his former self. The paper upon which I am writing was not whiter than his face, his eyes glared with unnatural fire, and his whole frame shook as with ague. I had ordered brandy-and-water, and, as he dropped into a chair, I pushed the untasted glass towards him. He emptied it without a word, and at a gulp. The strong spirit partially re-strung his nerves, and he said, huskily,—

"Waters, I am in a fearful strait! Will you stand by me?"

"Be calm, Mr. Stretton," I replied; "and when I am informed of the nature of the fearful strait you speak of, I will frankly state whether I can stand by you to any useful and just purpose."

"You refuse to commit yourself! I feared so, and —— I care not! you shall know all! It can, at worst, but hasten the inevitable catastrophe. Have you seen in the papers," he added, with quivering eyes and tongue,—"have you seen in the papers an account of the death of—of ——"

He broke off abruptly, bursting into a passion of tears.

"You were about asking me, Mr. Stretton, if I had read in the newspapers an account of your venerable uncle's death? I *have* done so, and have formed a strong opinion upon the case."

"And that opinion is—*must* be—that the verdict lied; that my uncle was foully murdered!"

"That is going too far. Permit me, however, to ask if M. Achilles Morny is a suitor for the hand of Miss Vignolles, and if that suit was opposed to the wishes and will of your deceased uncle?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" cried Mark Stretton, springing to his feet and striking the table with his clenched fist at each iteration. "Clara, infatuated simpleton! engaged herself to Morny several months since. That engagement became known to my uncle just four days before the 'accident' at Clifton; and he emphatically declared in Morny's presence that he should at once so alter his will that Clara, if she fulfilled her pledge, should not have a farthing."

"How, then, happened it that Morny was walking amicably with your uncle upon the evening in question?"

"That was a lie of Morny's! They were not, could not, be walking together. I have no more doubt than of my own life, that Morny, seizing a favourable moment, stole behind, or treacherously accosted my uncle, and after a struggle, brief but desperate, of which the cries were heard by Bayton, hurled his victim over the cliff, unseen by any eye save God's."

"Unseen by any eye save God's! There can be no proof, then, to justify the terrible conclusion at which

you have arrived! And let me ask, Mr. Stretton, how it happened that you did not present yourself before the inquest, and contradict Morny's sworn assertion, that your uncle was an attached and constant friend, with whom he was amicably conversing a few moments only before the deceased fell over the cliff?"

"I *dared* not," replied Mark Stretton, with a shudder, and relapsing into nervous weakness; "I should not now," he added, "dare confide the truth to you, but that I am resolved, come what, come may,—shame—infamy—an ignominious death to myself,—that Clara Vignolles shall never wed the murderer of her good, kind uncle."

"I do not understand! You are threatened with shame, infamy, an ignominious death, if you but hint a suspicion that your uncle met with foul-play! Who is it that can menace you with such tremendous penalties? Morny?"

"No other. Waters, my life—my innocent life—innocent in purpose, if not in deed—is in his power! A word of his would consign me to the gallows! You start back amazed—repulsed—indignant! But, at all events, you will listen in a candid spirit to what I have to say before condemning, abandoning me?"

"Certainly I will; and, if you please, let the solution you have volunteered of this confounding business be as explicit as possible."

"I will be thoroughly explicit. You are aware that my late uncle was never married, and that I and Miss Vignolles have been for many years the acknowledged heirs of his wealth. One wish dear to his heart was, that I should marry my cousin Clara, in order that the property might not be divided. Neither of us were desirous of carrying out our uncle's wish, or whim, in that particular; and as to myself, I, with the perversity common to spoiled youth, must needs fall in love with a young lady who had nothing but a pure mind and a charming person to offer in exchange for money-riches."

"To which exchange your uncle peremptorily objected, and the course of true love ran away as usual. I understand."

"You are to some extent mistaken. My uncle did not insist upon carrying out his own will in that particular; but having a high respect for the lady—whose name had best remain unspoken—he stipulated that the constancy of my attachment should be tested by time and absence—say a twelvemonth—to be passed by me in the United States of America—New York principally—in which city important matters of business remained unsettled, which my presence there might help to wind up. I sailed with a light heart," continued Mr. Stretton, "from Liverpool, in the New York liner, 'Napoleon,' and after a pleasant voyage reached my destination in health and safety. The commercial affairs I had to settle occupied me some five or six months, during which period I had an abundance of idle time on my hands, whilst awaiting instructions from England as to how I should deal with certain cases and propositions. That fatal leisure led me to the hells of the Empire City, where I met and soon became intimate with M. Achilles Morny, a Belgian born, of French extraction, who had come to North America in search of reputedly-wealthy relatives, whose progenitors had emigrated to Lower or French Canada, in the time of Louis XV. If he succeeded in clearly tracing his ancestry amongst the simple 'habitans'—of that I know nothing—he altogether failed in levying money-contributions upon them, which, of course, was his sole object in seeking them out. Disgusted by his ill-success, M. Morny came to New York, with the hope of better luck at the gaming-tables of that wealthy city. He was again disappointed, being, in fact, but a sorry gamester, and utterly unfitted to cope, if only from the excitability of his temperament, with the cool, clever Yankees. I myself won considerable sums of him; and at last he was fairly done-up, reduced to his last dollar, and he asked me for the loan of means to enable him and Adèle Saint Ange—whom I then supposed to be his wife—to return to Brussels. The request was readily granted, and he was set up upon his 'blacklegs' again; he being, as I had often heard hinted, and now fully believe, an arrant cheat, though generally an unsuccessful one."

"There are more cheats of that class than outsiders would readily believe," I remarked, whilst Mr. Stretton moistened his fevered lips.

"Morny," continued Mr. Stretton,—"Morny had gained sufficient experience to refuse risking the loan he had obtained of me in the New York hells. The simpler folk of Montreal and Quebec would, he hoped, be less difficult to fleece. He proposed, therefore, to return to Europe *viâ* Canada, and suggested that I might accompany him upon so exciting a pleasure-trip as far as Quebec, as I should have nothing to do till letters reached me from England, which could hardly be under two months. I at once agreed to do so. A feeling of reticence," Mr. Stretton went on to say, "disinclined me to travel in my own name with Monsieur and Madame Morny; but the excuse I made to them was, that my uncle might be angry if he should hear that I had been amusing myself in Canada when I ought to have been patiently awaiting instructions in New York. The name I assumed was that of Matthew Skinner,—the initials being the same as those marked on my linen. The Mornys suggested no objection, and we set off together in high spirits. Our first halting-place was Montreal. I did not join with Morny in his forage upon the small deer of that city; not, certainly, deterred therefrom by any scruple of conscience, but because the *ennui* which had driven me to gaming in New York was banished by the novel and picturesque aspect of the city and its motley population, and I required no coarser stimulant. I tire you, perhaps, with these details?"

"Not at all, sir. Pray tell your story in your own way."

"Arrived at Quebec, on the Saint Lawrence, at which place the Mornys were to embark for Antwerp, and where we remained three weeks, the old feeling of lassitude came back upon me with as much force as ever, and after 'doing' the heights of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's victory, half-a-dozen times over, I was fain to seek such excitement as the Quebec hells might afford. Accursed infatuation! miserable imbecility!" he added, with a burst of passion, "to which I owe it that I have since been the vassal of a man I hate and loath,—the bond-slave of my uncle's murderer!"

I remained silent, and Mr. Stretton, soon sufficiently mastering his emotion, resumed :—

"The play-den which Morny and I chiefly frequented was an apartment on the first-floor of Le Coq, a tavern in the lower town, so close upon the edge of a quay, that a quaint balcony built out, as it were, from the room in which play was carried on, projected over the Saint Lawrence. This balcony was a favourite smoking-place in fine weather for the gamblers during intervals of active play, or when fevered by the vicissitudes of the game. The frequenters of Le Coq were chiefly second or third-rate merchants, shipowners, sea-captains, and the stakes, as a rule, moderate. Amongst other Quebec notabilities, of a minor degree, was one Aimé Bontemps, the son of a shipowner. He was a slight young man, of excitable temperament, sudden and quick in quarrel, whom losses, if at all considerable, lashed into ungovernable fury. Few, in consequence, liked to play with him, and the less so as he was known to be as ready with pistol as with tongue. One Sunday evening—I had by that time cast off all English habits of reverence for Sabbath and home sanctities—one Sunday evening I dropped in at Le Coq, where I found Bontemps, Morny, and a stranger, whose name I afterwards knew to be Leroux. Morny and Leroux seemed to be in very dismal mood ; they had, I found, been playing at hazard with Bontemps, and had lost considerably. That which quenched them had, of course, lent him fire, and he bouncingly challenged Monsieur L'Americain—I had given myself out to be a citizen of the Union—to recover his friend Morny's losses. I, too, was in rollicking spirits, having in the course of the afternoon imbibed a considerable quantity of wine, and unhesitatingly accepted the challenge. The game was to be simple hazard ; that is to say, as you well know, an even bet upon the colour, red or black, of a card turned up alternately by each player. It was my first turn to call, and placing a twenty-dollar note upon the card, I cried, 'Rouge!'"

"One might soon lose a fortune, Mr. Stretton, at such play as that."

"True, and Bontemps, though a rash gamester when the fit was on, hesitated to accept it. He did so, however, reassured, probably, by my flustered, not to say intoxicated, condition, which even at so blind a game gave promise of victory to the more sober player. 'Rouge!' I won. The play flew on with fiery speed, its rapid alternations of gain and loss, together with the stimulants we swallowed, exciting us almost to delirium. Night fell, and, declining candles, the table was removed to the balcony, and we played on by the quite sufficient light of the brilliant Canadian moon and stars. Morny and Leroux watched us with eager interest, especially when, after about two hours' play, Fortune declared decisively on my side. I had not only won back all that Leroux and Morny had lost, the whole of the money Bontemps had brought with him to Le Coq, but he was indebted to me over 100*l*. Still fast and furious the cries of 'Noir!—rouge!—rouge!—noir!' succeeded each other, Bontemps' curses mingling with my triumphant laughter, till he was in my debt quite 300*l*. 'Malediction!' he exclaimed, starting up and glaring at me with blood-shot, fiery eyes, 'you must be in league with the devil!' I laughed derisively, and shuffled the cards afresh. This was too much for the hot-blooded young man. 'Cheat! rascal! villain!' he shouted, and struck me with his open hand upon the cheek, 'you have robbed me!' It required but such an outrage to completely madden me. I sprang upon him with a scream of rage—struck, seized, pinioned him, and with an exertion of maniacal strength, hurled him over the balcony into the deep, swift river beneath. I saw the body cut the water, and disappear beneath the glittering surface ; then the sudden revulsion—the flashing consciousness that I was a homicide—quelled in a moment both strength and rage ; my brain reeled, and I fell upon the floor in a swoon. The next seven or eight hours are a blank to me, except so far as memory recalls the chaotic images of a fevered, drunken dream, from which I awoke to find myself whirling along in a close carriage in company with Madame Morny. The first words she uttered instantly recalled the shame and horror of the preceding night, and I listened with a beating heart to what she had further to communicate. I had killed Bontemps: there was no doubt about that ; his body had been picked up by some boatmen after it had been about two hours in the water. Meanwhile Morny, aided by Leroux and Jean Pipon, landlord of Le Coq, had borne me away to a place of concealment till a carriage could be secretly hired to convey me over the Canadian frontier. I was now on my way thither, and had left Quebec close upon four hours. Having been only known in Canada as Mr. Skinner, Madame Morny thought there was but little danger of my apprehension, if I kept as much as possible in-doors till her husband joined us, when it would be prudent not to delay our departure for England. This was the substance of her communication, with this addition—that the money upon the table which I had won had been employed by Morny to purchase the connivance of Pipon and Leroux at my escape. We reached New York in safety, and about ten days afterwards Morny joined us there, bringing with him a printed bill, offering a large reward for the apprehension of Matthew Skinner, supposed to be a native of Baltimore, in the United States ; and a long statement, cut out of a Quebec newspaper, giving the examination of Achilles Morny, Jean Pipon, and Antoine Leroux, before the Quebec magistrates, touching the death of Aimé Bontemps. The handbill I have mislaid, if I ever had it in my own possession ; the extract from the newspaper I have brought with me. Read for yourself."

I did so, with growing disquietude—the evidence given by the three men differing widely from Mr. Stretton's own version of the affair ; and unquestionably, if true, fixing him with the crime of wilful murder.

"My account of the dreadful occurrence is strictly correct," said Mr. Stretton, perceiving the bad effect the reported evidence produced upon my mind. "Morny, it is true, persists that his testimony was softened in my favour, but he is a prince of liars and traitors."

"My experience has generally enabled me to distinguish the tone and language of candour and truth from those of fair-seeming guile and falsehood, and I may say that I believe you,—or, at least, that my belief strongly inclines that way. Were it not so, my duty would be a plain and very painful one, the death of Bontemps having taken place in a British possession."

"I knew I incurred that danger. Do you think," he added, in a low, shaking voice,—"do you think that, supposing I voluntarily surrendered myself to the Quebec authorities, and the witnesses persisted in their evidence as set forth in the Quebec newspaper, that I should be convicted of the capital offence?"

"There can be no doubt that you would. Still, *magna est veritas*,—and I perceive, or fancy I do, a slight gleam of light, indicating that the dark cloud may have a silver lining."

"For God's sake, do not mock me with false hopes! What, except conviction for the minor offence of manslaughter, can I hope for? And why do you so intently scrutinise the piece of newspaper?"

"A suspicion—surmise rather—glanced across my mind, which, for the present, I must keep to myself. What may be the title and the exact date of the newspaper from which the report has been cut?"

"*The Quebec Gazette.* The date of the—the—of poor Bontemps' death was August 14th, last year. Why do you ask these questions?"

"For my own satisfaction. How was it that Morny did not bring you the whole newspaper?"

"I do not remember to have heard: but say, again, why these questions?"

"Be calm, young man, be calm. It is probable that I am mistaken in the surmise or hope which has dawned upon my mind. Miss Vignolles, I presume, does not even now share your opinion of M. Achilles Morny?"

"Very, very far from it. His address and speciousness have fascinated, enthralled her; and I dread every day to hear that he has induced her to privately wed him, under some lying pretext or other. Privately, of course, to avoid the scandal of marrying whilst her uncle is scarcely cold in his bloody shroud."

"M. Morny has, I suppose, fleeced you handsomely since your return from America?"

"Enormously. In truth, he has treated me like a slave."

"Exactly. You have not made a confidant of the young lady you spoke of?"

"I have not even seen her since my return to England. Homicide, as I knew myself to be, I *dared* not, Mr. Waters. It would have been another and worse crime to have continued an intimacy which would have damned the future of an amiable girl, by linking it with that of one whose life is forfeit to the law, and which dread penalty may at any hour be enforced. I have rather permitted her to believe me capricious—false; another heavy addition to the burden of shame and grief which bows me to the dust. But I will cast it off," he continued, vehemently, "if life goes with it, sooner than Clara shall be the scoundrel's victim! The horrible secret stifles, kills me—I 'll be poisoned with it no longer! At the worst, it will be but the sacrifice of a year or two, more or less, of shameful, hateful life!"

"Those are sounding sentences, Mr. Stretton, very easily uttered. Much more easy to say than to act out the resolution they express. Will you be here again at seven this evening?"

He would dine at the Fox, and await my return.

It was so settled, and I went my way.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE MERRIE DAYS OF ENGLAND.*

It is a pleasant fancy that of the "merrie days" of England. Here is a charming book specially dedicated to their celebration, telling us of May-day games, and harvest-homes, and Christmas revels, and baronial feasts; of shepherdesses and milkmaids, of wandering minstrels, and pilgrims, and Robin Hood, and old English gentlemen; of cottages, and mansions, and abbeys, and castles; of sports and pastimes, of hunting and hawking and angling, of plays and mysteries, of jousts and tournaments, fencing and sword-play; and bound in crimson and gold in Elizabethan style, and folioed with old-fashioned figures, which some people think clearer, and printed in old-fashioned type, which some people think more beautiful, than the modern. But with all this antique semblance, the book is a specimen of what modern art can achieve in the way of engraving, and paper-making, and printing; so that out of the very perfection of the means employed to laud those "merrie days" certain doubts arise; for while we cannot imagine that we should be more merry without books like this, we may be quite sure our forefathers had none such, to gladden their eyes with sumptuous paper, and admirable engravings, and beautiful printing, being too poor to buy them, and too ignorant to read them, even if they could have been produced. We begin, then, to observe that there is a vagueness about these "merrie days," a most convenient absence or confusion of dates, akin to that with which people of fourscore and people of threescore agree in lamenting "the good old times when they were young," as if they had been young together; and we end with doubting whether, since those very old days

> "When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
> Arose from out the azure main,"

there has ever, in these islands, been a greater amount of merriment than at this present Christmas, estimating it either by the number of people enjoying themselves, or by the quantity and quality of the pleasure realised by each individual. Indeed, the very phrase "old times" is a misnomer; these are the oldest times the world has yet seen, and proofs abound that mankind is yet in its youth; most of the nations are in the very verdancy of juvenescence; in how many of them can the people be truly said to have learnt to run alone? But we must not pursue this vein, or it will lead us back into the "carking cares" of the present, which all men are always naturally so anxious to escape—some looking lovingly backward to the "bella età dell' oro," and some hopefully forward to a future which no metal is good enough to typify—in both cases distance lending enchantment to the view. And it may be noted that these varied modes are appropriate to the different ages of the individual: "your young men see visions" of the future, "and your old men dream dreams" of the past. We confess, being middle-aged ourselves, not to be at all mediæval in our tastes; we delight in reading descriptions of the "merrie days"—he must be soulless indeed who does not delight in the gems of prose and

* *The Merrie Days of England: Sketches of the Olden Time.* By Edward McDermott. Illustrated with Twenty Engravings from Drawings by Joseph Nash, George Thomas, Birket Foster, and Edward Corbould. London: W. Kent and Co. 1859.



CHRISTMAS REVELS.

verse, culled from our best writers, ancient and modern, with which this volume abounds — but we cannot fancy ourselves enjoying the reality. Much of our delight arises from the contrast: "It is a pleasure," as has been said so "excellently well," "to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof, below." We have seen more May-days than it is "merrie" to count; let us take the chapter on this favourite subject to illustrate our view. "The youth of the country, says Stevenson, the old writer upon agriculture," (we are quoting Mr. McDermott,) "make ready for the morris-dance, and the merry milkmaid supplies them with ribands her true love had given her"—now we should not like our sweetheart so to bestow ribands which we gave her that she might adorn herself for our own especial delectation. "The tall young oak is cut down for a May-pole"—why an oak, when almost all trees are taller of their age?—"and the frolic fry of the town"—God bless us, what a company!—"prevent the rising of the sun"—as if there could be the slightest necessity for this on the first of May, when generally, according to our experience, it is obscured so completely by clouds;—"and with joy in their faces"—owing, it may be feared, to early purl—"and boughs in their hands, they march before it"—the sun, that is—"to the village green." Mr. McDermott does not quote from Stevenson an account

of what they did when they got there, leaving our imagination to complete the picture with dance and merriment:

"All the lusty yonkers, in a rout,
With merry lasses, danced the rod about."

But instead of following the expected course, let us try to realise a party of people arriving before day-break, on a cold mizzly morning, at a sloppy piece of grassland, routed up by vagrant pigs, and poached into holes by horses out for their Sunday holiday, the "rosy-footed" May's soft breath going through and through them with each sweet sigh from the north-east; would they not, after observing this cheerful place with what little light there was, reflected from the puddles, look at each other, remembering the injunction of maiden aunts,—"Don't go on the wet grass unless you wish to get your death o' cold"—and then suggest, at first timidly—for we are all fearful of being thought afraid—and then more boldly, as the opinion was found to be general, "Had we not better go home to bed?" Who cannot imagine the real joy with which they started on their return, without waiting for the needless answer? This is followed by an account of an "entertainment given at Elvetham, by the Earl of Hereford, to Queen Elizabeth," whom we do not remember ever to have heard more truly described than by a German lady—"she was not a woman, she was a bad man;" we can just imagine ourselves to have been one of the "three excellent musitians, who, being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in three parts of purpose," especially as it is not said at what hour "her majesty was awakened in the morning." Then comes Herrick's glorious appeal to Corinna, the "sweet slug-a-bed," whom he tried to seduce unseasonably out of her warm nest, with stories about the whitethorn, which he knew as well as we do is never in bloom on the first of May; and this is followed by accounts of May-poles at St. Andrew Undershaft in Leadenhall Street, and other parts of London, conveyed to their localities in procession, "drums beating all the way, and other sortes of music,"—think what the "other sortes of music" must have been like when the drums were the most notable!

The next chapter, on "Shepherds and Shepherdesses," we should like to extract entire, so full is it of exquisite quotations. Of one, from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, we must give a taste: "Here a shepherd's boy, piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music." King Henry's speech, when, after "the hard-fought field of Towton," he grew sentimental over a shepherd's life, from the contrast it afforded to his own condition, is one of the samples of Shakspeare's complete knowledge of the human heart. We might put the following lines from it as a question to a "magnanimous ally"—

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?"

but that, firstly, we remember we are not writing politics; and, secondly, that we doubt if subjects can be treacherous to him who only has subjects by treachery. Then come beautiful passages from Phineas Fletcher, and from John Fletcher the companion of Beaumont, and then this by Sir Thomas Overbury:

"The golden eares of corn fall and kisse her feet when she reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the yeare long of June, like a new-made haycocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merrie wheele), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, seeing her mind is to doe well. The garden and beehive are all her physick and chyrurgerye, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i' the night, and feares no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones, yet they have their efficacy in that they are not pauled with ensuing idle cogitations. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheete."

And so, did not our space warn us to conclude, we might proceed, quoting from and commenting on every chapter of this most pleasant book, of which we could speak with unalloyed commendation, were it not that Mr. McDermott has the unfortunate habit of interlarding his glorification of the "merrie days" with foolish depreciation of the present—being unmindful of the fact that evil-speaking is characteristic rather of flattery than of honest admiration. We have said enough to show our readers what store of mental enjoyment they will find in the volume, and we have borrowed from it the woodcut of "Christmas Revels" overleaf, at once as a seasonable ornament to our pages, and a sample of the twenty excellent engravings which illustrate the various chapters: nor must we omit to mention with hearty praise the many exceedingly beautiful initials and tail-pieces with which the book is adorned.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

THREE foot lies the winter snow; hark! the night-wind whispers low,
Like the voice of one who watches by the newly-coffined dead.
Now the landmarks are all gone, and the white tide, deep and strong,
Rises, like a second deluge, hiding paths we used to tread.

"Will it," says the village child, to her grandam kind and mild,
"Bury all, and heap above us, in one wide and common grave,
Rising over hedge and wall, slowly, till it cover all,
As above the host of Pharaoh rose the Red Sea's turbid wave?"

"No, my little fairy child," says the grandam kind and mild,
"Good and gentle is the angel from whose wings shake down the snow:
Not a single fragile flower but he guards it from the shower;
Much more, then, earth's feathered creatures from the icy winds that blow."

Heavy on the roofs and ridges, on the lattice-sills and ledges,
Loading every branch, and clinging to the trunk and to the bough:
Yonder, in the whitened furrow, like a monument of sorrow,
Like a dead man in a desert, still unburied lies the plough.

In the dark the snow is sifting, in a white shower swiftly drifting,
Like the seed the sower scatters from his rough and horny hand;

See it heaving into waves, swelling into shapeless graves,
Rippling into curves and frettings, like the ocean's silver sand.

How it hangs upon the eaves, how it clots upon the leaves,
Crystal round the ruby berries and the green and glossy leaf,
Clinging to the netted boughs, massing on the sloping house,
Filling all the mind and feelings with a blank, unreasoning grief.

Heavy swathes upon the brier, rising every moment higher,
Sloping in a massy buttress up against the old church wall,
Hollowed into roadside caves by the night-wind's gnawing waves,
Turning every roof to silver—hut and palace, farm and hall.

Through the altar window-pane, brown and dim with centuries' stain,
Glares a whiteness, pale and ghastly, on the chancel-roof and floor,
Like the glimmering of white from a shroud in the midnight
On the face of frightened watcher listening to a creaking door.

Yet the snow-flakes in the sun glitter, glitter, one by one,
As they melt in trickling dew-drops on the robin's crimson breast—
As the bright-eyed, timid thrush, breaking sudden from the bush,
Scatters in a shower the snow-flakes that have brimmed his last year's nest.

See the wild bird on the thorn, waiting for the peep of dawn,
Guarding yonder ruby berry, like a magic talisman,
Fluttered frightened at the snow rustling through the brake below,
As the hare flew, scared and startled, from the coming steps of man.

When the passing wagons rumble, from the branch the masses tumble
Heavy, when the cold wind 's shaking every snow-enamelled tree,
Filtering through the netted boughs, where the fluttering birds arouse
From their chilly, frozen torpor, with a twittering of glee.

Crisp beneath the crushing foot, crusting round the snaky root,
Now the swift hoofs drive the snow in a white dust all about,
Like the frothing of a cup, when a yeoman brims it up,
Like the white surf foaming, snorting, when the loud north-westers shout.

Silent land of silent death, broken by no voice or breath,
Now the shepherd 's all night lighted by the glimmer from the snow;
Muffled rolls the wheel by day, hollow sounds the watch-dog's bay,
And the death-bell's booming cometh solemnly and slow.

Looking out into the night, all is one void blank of white,
And the footprints of the birds are the only signs of life—
One vast, broad, and level plain, where only Death and Silence reign,
Foes to God, and foes to man, with all human things at strife.

As I look into the night, over hill and plain of white
Comes a watchful angel's voice, clear yet softly thro' the dark,
As the wind grows louder, higher, spreading like a prairie fire,
And the elm shakes like the mainmast of a tempest-tossing bark.

"Soon the south wind shall blow soft, breathing over glebe and croft,
Soon the blue will slowly widen, and the air with music ring;
And from out this snowy tomb, like a soul unto its doom,
Shall the Spring leap up in gladness, and to God his praises sing!"

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. VI. Entertainments and Fêtes.

People amuse themselves in St. Petersburg and Moscow very much as they do in other European capitals. The upper classes are fond of the opera and of balls. The lower classes are fond of drinking. The middle classes unite in a moderate way the tastes of the other two. Then there is a literary and artistic class, of which all the distinguished members belong also, either naturally or by adoption, to the highest, but which may at the same time be looked upon as forming a class apart. It is a fact that even the "Bohemian" exists in Russia, though he has not yet found a Whitty or a Murger to describe him. Certainly Paneeff, in his *Experiments with Russian Snobs*, introduces a family of artists, in whom some decided traits of Bohemianism are distinguishable; but it is a known characteristic of the true Bohemian to despise family life. However, two years ago, we ourselves knew a couple of Bohemians living in Moscow whom Schaunart himself would not have disavowed. They even possessed that quality which can alone entitle the Bohemian to the slightest consideration—namely, great talent. I saw a "Moonlight View of the Kremlin from the Banks of the Moskra" by one of them, and a representation of the "Emperor's Banquet to the People," together with some very humorous caricatures, by the other, which told plainly that they would soon desert their camp; and, in fact, the former is now painting for the Court, while the latter is a married man, industrious and successful. I attach some importance to the fact that Bohemians are to be found in Russia, because it seems to denote the existence of a larger artistic body than the country is generally supposed to possess. It must, at the same time, be remembered that the artists of Russia in general belong to a lower class of society than the authors. A painter like Bruloff or Bruni would be in the same position as a poet like Poushkin; but Russia has produced very few distinguished artists, whereas she has produced a great many justly-distinguished poets and prose writers; and thus, perhaps, it has come to pass that (except by a small circle in the capitals) it is considered undignified for a member of a good family to occupy himself with art, except purely as a relaxation. It should not be inferred from this that artists are not honoured, and that art is not encouraged in Russia, but merely that the profession of painter is one that is not adopted by members of the upper classes. A great many noblemen publish books, but, as in England, none exhibit pictures.

As very few gentlemen, then, become artists, there are a good many artists who find it difficult to become gentlemen (in the conventional sense of the term); and who, possessing no education but the special one which enables them to pursue their profession, are quite unfitted for a society in which, in spite of the national movement now taking place, it is still held that ignorance of the French language implies ignorance of the ordinary courtesies of life. Thus they are driven to associate exclusively with one another. If their position or want of acquirements prevents them mixing with the nobility, they cannot, and will not, have any-

thing to do with the merchants, who are to them what the *bourgeois* is to the French *rapin*, or the *Philistiner* to the German student. As the great satirists of Russia make war upon the abuses of the official system, and the imitation of foreign manners, so the minor ones devote themselves to the castigation of the merchant, with his avarice, his ostentation, and his vulgarity.

M. Jourdain and George Dandin have long been impossible characters in England and France; or, if they exist, they are no longer considered ridiculous. George Dandin, in England, would marry an earl's daughter, and the countess would be very civil to him, and ask him for allotments of railway shares; while M. Jourdain would explain to his child's suitor that it *was* necessary he should be a nobleman to aspire to her hand; and no one would see anything laughable in the assertion, if the father of the young lady were really as rich as Molière's hero is supposed to be. But in Russia there is a very broad distinction between the gentleman and the trader, which extends even to costume. Twenty years ago the richest merchants in St. Petersburg wore beards, and caftans, and shoes made of bark. That is not the case now; and I myself dined in Moscow with a merchant of the first guild, whose clothes might have been made by the best tailor in London or Paris; who had three or four kinds of French wine at table; whose daughters played airs from *Ernani* and *Rigoletto*, and spoke French nearly as well as their French governess; who had a *suite* of five spacious and admirably-furnished reception-rooms on the ground-floor of his house, which was quite apart from his place of business; and who, I am sure, had only allowed a few national dishes to form part of the elegant repast that was served to us out of consideration to my natural curiosity as a foreigner on the subject of Russian cookery. There was nothing that was ridiculous, and a great deal that was becoming, in the appearance and manners of this merchant; and the only sign I could discover of the bad taste said to be so characteristic of his class in Russia, was in the commonplace engravings with which his walls were hung. These productions were inferior in execution to the worst woodcuts that ever appeared in an illustrated paper, and represented such scenes as the passage of a river in the Caucasus; or the vengeance of a party of Russian soldiers on some Turks who had just assassinated a Greek priest; or the heroic efforts of some Russian sailors to save some other Turks from a sinking boat, while the Turkish batteries on the shore did not cease for a moment to fire upon them. They belonged to that class of pictures which are usually offered for sale in the streets and under gateways, and which find most of their purchasers among soldiers and servant-maids. Probably the merchant had spent some two or three thousand pounds on the furniture of the *suite* of rooms in which he received his friends (his piano alone must have cost upwards of two hundred), while the whole sum he had expended on pictures could scarcely have amounted to half a sovereign; and what a half sovereign's worth he had selected! Doubtless the subjects of the engravings interested him; but it never seemed to have occurred to him that the execution was a matter of any importance whatever. However, this merchant, with his shaven chin, and in his suit of black cloth, was far from being a type of his class. He was a polite, intelligent man, well informed on all points connected with the commerce of Russia, and an ardent supporter of the reforms at that time known to be contemplated by Alexander II.; and, like every Russian I ever met, a great talker of politics, domestic and foreign. Doubtless many of the next generation of merchants will resemble the one whose acquaintance I made; for though the present race have for the most part received very little instruction themselves, they now send their sons to the government gymnasiums, where, for a small annual payment, a very good education is obtained. In the meanwhile the Russian merchant, as he exists, is a fine subject for comedy.

Nearly all those who do not wear the caftan (which many still retain) have adopted a sort of compromise between it and the frock-coat. Very few have even abandoned their beards,—in fact, none but some rich members of the first guild, who are already half ashamed of being merchants, and who may be expected to send their sons into either the military or the civil service. It is this weakness and vanity of the merchants (as Prince Dolgorouki has well pointed out in his *Hand-Book to some of the principal Russian Families*) that causes their order to be viewed with so much contempt. It must be remembered that it is not from any narrow pride, and from a mere contempt for persons who have to work for their living, that they are looked down upon, for there are many English merchants established in various parts of the empire with whom the nobles associate on terms of equality; the Grand Dukes have often been seen walking down the Nevsky arm-in-arm with some of them; and every Englishman who has lived in Russia knows that there is no country in which tutors and governesses are treated with more consideration. But, unfortunately, it is very easy to get ennobled in Russia; and, instead of remaining to give influence and dignity to the body from which they have sprung, the sons of rich traders are encouraged by their fathers to aim at becoming noblemen and landholders. After serving eight years in the ranks as a *junker* (a nobleman who has not passed his examination at a military school serves only two) the son of a merchant is made an officer, acquires the privileges of personal nobility, and, if he attains the rank of colonel, becomes an hereditary nobleman, and can purchase an estate. Formerly hereditary nobility was attained with a lower rank; but, we believe, the present Emperor intends to raise still higher the grade which confers it. However that may be, the formation of a respectable and powerful middle class has hitherto been much interfered with in the manner we have pointed out; and so notorious is this ambition of the Russian merchant to rise to a sphere for which he is quite unfitted, that it is constantly made the subject of ridicule on the Russian stage. Indeed, for several years past, scarcely a comedy has been played in Moscow or St. Petersburg in which the weakness in question is not incidentally introduced, even if it does not, as is frequently the case, form the main subject of the piece.

The merchants are not only less civilised, in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, less edu-

cated and less accomplished—than the nobles, which is what we expect to find in all countries, but they are also less natural. We know that numbers of the middle classes in England are afflicted with a rage for imitating those above them; that they pay visits at what was their fathers' tea-time, and dine at their fathers' supper-time; frequent the Opera under pretence of liking Donizetti and Verdi; make autumnal tours through countries of which the language is a mystery to them; but, for all that, our middle classes, as a mass, have English habits; and their lives are more natural than those of their social superiors. They have fewer and less unhealthy amusements; they rise and go to bed earlier; their marriages are for the most part marriages of inclination, not to say love. It is not for *their* wives and daughters that Miss Rachel goes forth every evening in "the season" with a little box of precious dyes and rare dentifrices and lip-salves, that are warranted not to wash off; nor that Bond Street perfumers announce their "blooms" and their "*blancs de perle.*" Now, in Russia, whatever virtues the middle classes may possess, it is quite certain they cannot boast of that of simplicity. The women of the upper classes (except in rare instances, as in England) do not paint; the merchants' wives, however, as a general rule, *do;* and it is easy to see that their complexions are false, if only by the discoloration of their teeth, which, owing to the effect of certain metallic pigments, are often very nearly black. This barbarous system of face-painting appears to be a relic of the supremacy of the Tartars, about which so little is known, but which must have had more effect than the Russians willingly admit; though, at the same time, infinitely less than is supposed by the Western nations. Mickieviez, half unwilling, perhaps, to admit that one branch of the great Slavonian family could cordially detest another, used to taunt the Russians with being Mongols; while the Oriental caftan and shaven head of the Polish nobles (long after the Western costume had been forced by Peter upon the noblemen of Russia) has made Archdeacon Coxe, and other travellers of the last century, assign to them a Tartar origin. Mickieviez's taunt was intended specially for the upper classes of Russia; and he firmly maintained that all the virtue of the country was to be found among the peasantry, who, throughout Great Russia, and in the greater part of Little Russia, are pure Slavonians. However that may be, it is certain that there is scarcely a celebrated name in Russia which can be traced to the Tartars. Almost the only one is that of Rostopchin, which has been rendered more celebrated by the poetic genius of the present countess (who acquires the name only by marriage) than by the conduct of her father, who was governor of Moscow in 1812, and who wrote the well-known *Memoirs of my Life, composed in Ten Minutes.* The best families in Russia are either of Slavonian, Lithuanian, or, above all, Norman origin; and a large number of the men who have most distinguished themselves in Russian history are the lineal descendants of Rurik or his companions. Most of them have been men of action, but the poet Poushkin is also reckoned among them.

But to return to the merchants. Another vestige of the Tartar domination in Russia, then, is found in the unwillingness of some of the merchants' wives to dance, or to appear at public assemblies, or to allow any one to see their hair, which they carefully envelop in handkerchiefs. Moreover, it is impossible to enter a large *traktir*, or restaurant frequented by merchants (we mean in Moscow, not in St. Petersburg), without being struck by the various Oriental and Mongol characteristics of the place; such, for instance, as the use of the *chibouk*, which is taken ready lighted from the hands of the waiter; the employment of an enormous number of servants; the drinking of a glass of spirits before dinner, but not after it; and the immoderate consumption of tea, of which the Russian merchant—especially if he is making a bargain—will take as many as fifteen or sixteen cups; remaining, in fact, with his teapot and his urn before him (the real Chinese urn, by-the-bye) through an entire afternoon. Whether or not all classes of the community felt the influence of the Mongols equally, we are unable to say. The merchants may have adopted their peculiar customs either during the subjection of Russia to the Golden Horde, or as a result of their frequent journeyings to Mongolia and the frontiers of China. However that may be, the upper classes, since Peter's time, have gradually been adopting the civilisation first of Germany, then of France, and latterly of England, whereas the merchants, as a body, appear to have remained stationary.

Those customs of the merchants that we have already mentioned are, however, as nothing compared with the prejudices which exist among them on the subject of marriage. Among the highest classes there may be state or family reasons which excuse, if they do not justify, the *mariage d'intérêt;* and yet, in Russia, it is only among these that a marriage of inclination ever takes place. "Many of our countrymen," says one of the young countesses in *Gore ot Ouma*, "without thinking any previous warning necessary, improvise relations for us in the shops of our *marchandes de mode.*" "Poor fellows!" replies the hero of the piece, "they must bear the reproaches of those who imitate milliners, for having preferred the originals to the copies!" Now, without accepting either of these sarcasms as expressing the literal truth, it may be said that there is a substratum of fact beneath each; and, on the whole, it is creditable to Russia that an independent man like Tchatsky—a true though, perhaps, a rare type—should now and then exist, to be even suspected of the eccentricity sneeringly attributed to him by the woman of fashion. Certainly the merchants are never accused of any such forgetfulness of matrimonial etiquette, for they sell their daughters and buy their sons-in-law, as if they were so much merchandise. We do not say that marriages of love are by any means frequent among the nobles; but among the merchants they never take place at all.

Ordinarily matrimonial unions in the middle classes are arranged by an intermediary, called a *svakha*, who will find a bride or a bridegroom, as may be required; and it is not considered at all necessary or desirable that the young people should be acquainted with one another before their marriage. In a play represented at the Little Theatre in Moscow during the corona-

tion, under the title of *A Russian Wedding of the Olden Time*, and which was chiefly remarkable for the richness and variety of the costumes, the bride's face is concealed from the bridegroom until the performance of the marriage ceremony. That is, indeed, the foundation of the whole piece, which turns upon the despair of a young man at being forced by his parents to marry a girl he has never seen, and his joy on discovering, at the last moment, that his betrothed and his *innamorata* are one and the same person.

It would not interest our readers if we were to give the plots of some of the merchant-comedies that we have seen, as their great merit consists in the humour with which the manners and peculiar verbal expression of the class are reproduced. One of the best of the kind is M. Ostroffsky's *Svoi Ludi, &c.* In this comedy there is a merchant's daughter, who, wishing to get married, of course desires to unite herself to what, in England, we should familiarly call "a swell." When a young merchant appears, and asks for her hand, she views him with silent contempt, until, at last, he makes a passionate appeal, and, as the extreme proof of his devotion, exclaims, "I will do anything for you! Tell me to go to a German tailor's, and get a fashionable coat" (he wears a caftan), "tell me even to shave off my beard, and I will do it!" "I only ask for one proof of affection," says the young lady. "What is it?" demands the swain. "Learn to speak French!"

Besides the comedies which exhibit the vices of officialism and the effect of the official system on the independent man, and those which deal with the absurdities of the merchants, there are some others of larger scope, among which the most remarkable is Gogol's *Marriage*. In this comedy we have a fine study of the bachelor as a character. A single man of confirmed bachelor habits wishes to get a wife. He does not understand the French language himself, but, of course, he insists on marrying a young lady who speaks French. This, however, is merely a detail. The main idea of the piece, and a highly philosophical one it is, is this,—that a bachelor of a certain age must necessarily dread to alter his mode of life to suit that of another person. The chief character of the comedy, who is considered "a good match," after considering the qualifications of a number of marriageable young ladies, who are all anxious to secure him, selects one; but no sooner has he given his word than he repents. He is afraid of the total change that must take place in his habits after he is married. It is not a love-match, for he is a middle-aged man. He reflects; but the bride is coming down stairs in her wedding costume, and there is no time for consideration. The handle of the door moves, and it appears impossible to escape; but the window is open. He leaps into the street, and is saved. You hear him call out to a droshky-driver, "*Izvoshchik! izvoshchik!*" He has disappeared for ever, and the curtain falls.

Native comedies are not played at the large theatres in Russia, any more than in other European countries, where the opera has half extinguished the drama. In Moscow they are represented at what is called the Little Theatre; in St. Petersburg at the Tsirk, or the Alexander Theatre.

Of course, in Russia, where everything is translated, they translate comedies and vaudevilles from the French. One night, as we were going into the Little Theatre in Moscow, we found that Moliere's "МІСАНТРОП" was to be played. Another time it was the well-known vaudeville, "А. Ф."—the French A. F. These Russian characters, which are for the most part Greek, have, to a stranger, quite a burlesque effect, when for the first time he sees them on a play-bill. "Sheridan," for instance, with a rho for an *r*, and a delta for a *d*, looks strange. *The School for Scandal*, we must add, is one of the stock pieces of the Russian stage; and we have already, in a previous number, called attention to an article on Sheridan and his writings, which appeared in one of the Russian reviews in 1854.

Perhaps Russia will some day be celebrated for comedies; but we fancy that, in its leap from semi-barbarism to civilisation, it is skipping tragedy altogether, which, as a general rule, appears to be an anterior product. Soumorokoff may have had great poetic genius, but he was an imitator, and in the present day he is not acted.

Russia may also be expected to produce some good operas. The people are passionately fond of music, and the government encourages it. We cannot agree with Mr. Borrow, who says, in *The Gipsies in Spain*, that Russia is the only country where people know how to sing; but certainly the Russians appreciate good singing, and they have produced some excellent vocalists; while their national music, for character and true melody, is superior to that of any nation in Europe, except, perhaps, Ireland. Nor is it of late years only that foreign musicians have been encouraged in Russia. The music of the Russian Church has been praised by Paesiello, who lived for some time in St. Petersburg. Boildieu, who wrote several operas for the Russian stage (during the reign of Catherine), has also expressed his admiration of the Russian Church-music, and especially of Bortniansky's contributions to it. Clementi, the pianist, is another of those eminent musicians who have always been welcomed in Russia. He was accompanied there by his pupil, John Field, who, when he was not playing the piano, was always drinking champagne, and who died of the latter disease in Moscow.

Of the modern Russian composers, we can only say that they are very numerous, that they write a great deal more vocal than instrumental music, but that they have not produced many operas. Their songs are certainly very beautiful, and the best of them have a decided national character. Several Russian airs have been appropriated by German composers; for instance, the *Red Sarafan*, and the *Troika*, called in German *Die blaue Augen*. (The former of these melodies, by-the-bye, is the first of the "Deux airs Russes," played so admirably by Wieniawski at Jullien's Concerts). Count Vielgorski's *Builhava*, which, though an original melody, has all the national characteristics, has been made the subject of a fantasia by Vieuxtemps. Every one knows the magnificent national hymn by Lvoff, who has also written numbers of more familiar strains, and who has even supplied the gipsy companies of Moscow with some of their most popular airs. Varlamoff, one of the most graceful romance writers of the day, has also composed or arranged music for the gipsies (of whom we shall have to speak more fully on another

occasion); and one of their favourite melodies, of which the burden is well known in England, and which is also introduced in the ballet-music of the Spanish dancers, is signed by Glinka, who, however, can only have harmonised it, for the tune belongs decidedly to the gipsies themselves. Glinka is known in Russia chiefly by his operatic productions, though he has written songs, quartets, and vocal and instrumental music of all kinds. His principal work for the stage is *Jisn za Tsarya* (Life for the Tsar), which was first produced at the Moscow Opera in the year 1843. The plot of the piece, which is written by Count Rosen, turns upon the devotion of a peasant named Ivan Soussanin, who sacrificed his life to the safety of the Tsar Michael. The chief of a band of Polish invaders who were in pursuit of Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, happened to fall in with this Soussanin. They interrogated him as to the Tzar's place of concealment, and he offered to reveal it to them if they would accompany him. The offer having been eagerly accepted, the loyal peasant led them to a wood, from which it was almost impossible to find an issue, and then boldly declared to them that to save the life of the Tzar he had determined to sacrifice his own. It was accordingly sacrificed; and in commemoration of his devotion the inhabitants of the village he inhabited are to this day exempted from the payment of certain taxes, while Ivan Soussanin himself has not only had a monument erected to him in his birth-place, but also enjoys a conspicuous position in a popular three-act opera. We believe *Jisn za Tsarya* is not often represented in the present day; at all events, it was not given while we were in Moscow, nor afterwards, when we were in St. Petersburg; nor did we ever hear any detached pieces from it executed in accordance with the composer's intentions. Another operatic composer, Verstovsky, the director of the Moscow Opera, is the author of some ballet-music, of a great many songs (several of which are written for the gipsies), and of the music of two serious dramatic works, *Askoldova Mogila* (The Tomb of Askold), and *Gramoboi*.

Askoldova Mogila is not, and cannot be, esteemed by the Russians in a scientific point of view. The overture is miserably poor; there are no concerted pieces of any importance, nor is there even an attempt in either of the acts at a well-constructed finale. By a musician, then, *Askoldova Mogila* would at once be set aside, that is to say, if judged only by the merits of its composer; but, at the same time, much of the music is interesting to a foreigner, because it is really national, instead of being imitated from the Italian. As the composers for the gipsy troops write music in the gipsy style, so Verstovsky, in treating a national subject, has given a national colouring to his melodies, even if he has not in a direct manner laid old Russian airs under contribution, which he sometimes appears to have done. There is a tune in polacca measure for the hero, which is quite in the style of those sung by the boatmen on the Volga (it must be remembered that "polacca" or "polonaise" is a misnomer, as that particular form of melody, like the mazourka, is in special favour with all the Slavonian nations), and the *prima donna* has an air (with chorus) which is also strikingly national. A large proportion of the melodies in this opera are in a minor key, as are by far the greater part of the old national airs; and the opera also abounds in airs with choral refrains or responses, which is another characteristic of the Russian popular music, whether executed by the peasants, the gipsies, or the Cossack companies. *Askoldova Mogila*, then, is essentially a popular work; and we can understand that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera, and of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Concerts, have no great opinion of it, though, we repeat, that it is full of interest for a foreigner. The piece, moreover, is worth seeing as a spectacle; the scenery, dresses, and decorations, when it was played last year at the Moscow Opera, were worthy of any theatre in Europe. In fact, everything that a magnificent stage, intelligent superintendence, and a liberal expenditure, could do for the work, had been done; but neither General Guédeonoff, nor General Sabouroff, nor all the directors in Russia together, can make the vocalists of the national theatres sing beautifully, if they have not beautiful voices. The only thorough artist who appeared was a high barytone (with a voice like Mr. Balfe's or M. Chollet's), who represented the hero, and who acted and sang with perfect taste. Unfortunately we forget his name; but he will never be heard out of Russia, for he is fast losing his voice; and it is only on stages where a singer is already known that such a remarkable deficiency can be tolerated, in consideration of high artistic intentions, and the impression left by the vocalist's former triumphs. There was a tenor, too, at the Moscow Opera who used to be much applauded; but he was a most unsatisfactory singer. We have heard Russians gravely discuss whether he ought to be hissed or called before the curtain at the end of a scene; one said that he ought to be hissed, because he had sung so badly, another that he ought to be applauded, by way of encouraging him to sing better another time.

We cannot take leave of *Askoldova Mogila* without calling attention to a strange account given of it by Baron Haxthausen, in his valuable work on Russia. This learned economist has the eccentricity to state, that it reminded him of *La Sonnambula* and *Der Freyschütz!* We should have thought that if it recalled one of those operas, it could not very well have suggested the other, as there is no resemblance between the two. Nor can we understand how the music of Verstovsky could remind any one either of Bellini or of Weber. Verstovsky's last opera of *Gramoboi* would doubtless appear to Baron Haxthausen a veritable *Der Freyschütz*, for it is founded on a legend (which forms the subject of one of Joukoffsky's poems), and involves the sale of a soul to the Evil One. The action, as in *Askoldova Mogila*, takes place at Kieff, and Askold and Dir, the sons of Rurik the Norman, again appear. The piece, which was produced in Moscow in 1857, had no success as an opera; but it was magnificently put upon the stage, and attracted for some time as a spectacle.

The ordinary performances at the Moscow Opera, during the close of 1856 and the beginning of 1857, consisted of translations from Italian and German operas, such as the *Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, and *Martha*; and of grand ballets, admirably produced under the direction of Perrot, such as the *Gitana*, *Giselle*, *Esmeralda*, &c.

STEELE AND HIS CHILDREN.

By EYRE CROWE.

THE subject of Mr. Crowe's picture is completely described in the following letter from Captain Sir Richard Steele, "honest Dick Steele," as Thackeray calls him, to his second wife, dated Hampton Court, March 16, 1717:—

"My dear Prue,— * * * The brats, my girls, stand on each side of the table, and Molly says that what I am now writing is about her new coat. Bess is with me till she has new clothes. Miss Moll has taken upon her to hold the sand-box, and is so incompetent in her office that I cannot write more. Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, sweeping the sand with a feather. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer; and I have brought down my *Virgil*. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. He begins to be very ragged, and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service."

The work itself is at present at the Winter Exhibition of pictures and sketches now open in the French Gallery, Pall Mall—an exhibition of much interest. Incomparably the finest picture there is a small landscape, by W. Holman Hunt, "Fairlight Downs: Sunlight on the Sea" (71). This represents a peculiar effect of a light hazy day in early autumn, when the mist has only power to subdue with exquisite softness the bright glare of the sun. From the lofty downs we look seaward, and through the cleft of a glen discern the path of the sunlight on the water leading to the eye. Mr. Hunt has succeeded in rendering the intense brilliancy of this in a manner which should place him as high amongst landscape-painters as he already stands amongst the great historical artists of the age. The soft vapour that fills the air has not power to conceal even the far-off horizon, which, from the spectator's elevated position, rises high in the distance. Upon this lie subtle-tinted belts of cloud, toned with marvellous feeling for colour, and where the sky rises towards the zenith, long bars and masses float dreamily in their diaphanous veil, and cast sharp shadows on the water intersecting the reflection of the sun; these bars and masses, exquisitely faithful to nature, are quite iridescent, or rather opalescent, from the sun's light upon them coming through the pale mist. The eye of a person looking at anything so powerful in light as a reflection on the sea will be so overpowered, that nearer and darker objects will come lower in tone from that very circumstance: accordingly the artist has shown the land thus affected, and that part of its margin which opposes the bright light is softened and reduced with admirable truth and felicity. An angle of the cliff directly against this light is a perfect world of colour, intensely powerful, and having a peculiar softness, which we can only suggest to the reader by comparing it to the delicate light that seems to lie about a turquoise or a pearl. There are a thousand tints in it, all graded to an indescribable harmony of perfect and marvellous beauty. The near land, which, independent of the effect of contrast we have alluded to, does not receive the fulness of light, is still clearly before the eye, and charmingly minute and faithful in representation. A black dog running across the front of the picture has been introduced with great judgment, to intensify the elaborate variety of colour in its general treatment.

The most popularly interesting figure-picture here will be the study for Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," which is curious, as showing the improvements an artist effects in progressing with a picture; we recommend to the visitor a comparison between Nos. 47 and 48, "The First Study for the Picture of the Race-course," and "The Sketches of the Race-course." Mr. Frith has a third work (46), "Crossing-sweeper," showing an unfortunate official of the broom soliciting money from a bilious-looking London lady, who stands holding up the edges of her dress in a manner more favourable to the display of her little boots than complimentary to the skill of the sweeper. An omnibus, loaded within and above, and its conductor, are shown behind. This picture is rather dingy, a fault we have seldom to find with the artist's work. Mr. Luard's sketch, called "A Picnic Party" (84), although not without some pretensions to prettiness, lacks life; and, as is almost invariably the case in representations of picnics, is suggestive of a most dismal dreariness brooding over the luckless men and women composing it. Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.'s "Scene from Peveril of the Peak" (122), Major Bridgenorth relating his story at the Black Fort, though rather opaquely and dingily painted, is very dramatically composed, and the expressions are extremely felicitous and characteristic; the head of Major Bridgenorth especially pleases us, and there is a remarkably good feeling evinced in that of Alice, his daughter, although she might have been prettier with great advantage. A study by J. C. Hook, A.R.A. (156), "Cinderella," might be criticised in almost the same words as the last, but that the face has a certain tenderness, which so grows upon the observer, that in a little while he feels it to be beautiful, such is the power of expression.

Mr. George Cattermole has two water-colour drawings, executed in his ordinary effective manner, and with his usual extraordinary felicity in choice of subject. 17, "The Dream of the Future," shows a youth asleep in a huge chair in an armoury, a monk contemplating him, both surrounded by suits of armour, piles of books, and weapons. In 18, "The Warning Voice," the scene is again an armoury. A knight, fully armed, except the head, is having his spurs fitted on by an attendant, when suddenly, from one of the tall, empty suits which stand around, comes a voice of warning of danger and death, and the startled hearer looks aghast, seeking from which of them can come the admonition. Mr. Cattermole has a vigorous method of treating subjects like these, so that they gain interest with us, and become impressive and effective, notwithstanding the slightness of his method of treatment. We may commend to the visitor's notice Mrs. Bodichon's "Remembrance of Blidah, Algiers" (5), a large water-colour drawing of a prevalent gray purple tone, well suggestive of the extremes of frosty cold and burning heat. Her "Sketch above Niagara" (4), does not please us so well.

Mr. Ford Mulvey Brown contributes a sketch of his picture of "Christ washing Peter's Feet," the original of which was amongst the Art-Treasures at Manchester, and gained the prize at Liverpool. The fine, vigorous method of treating the subject is well supported by Mr. Brown's great artistic skill. Christ kneeling, and girt with the napkin, dries the feet of the apostle, who obediently receives the service from his Lord. Judas, seated at the end of the table, stoops to fasten his sandal, an action suggestive that he should soon go out from among the chosen. There are remarkable qualities of colour in the picture, deserving high commendation.

Mr. Arthur Hughes' picture of "Ophelia," seated on the bank of a stream, scattering flowers before her, evinces a high feeling for the poetry of the subject; the desolate melancholy of the background—a dismal marsh, over which the evening mists are slowly creeping—is well in keeping with Ophelia's action and expression. She is shown emaciated and pale, worn with the miseries of unhappy love, and singing her death-song.

Two remarkable pen-and-ink drawings, by Simeon Solomon, we must not omit to mention—115, "The Shadow of Death," an illustration of Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, where a young soldier distracts the thoughts of a young nun from her prayers, so that she does not see the angels who stand around to listen, and forfeits heaven thereby; and 116, "The Waters of Babylon," a fine and well-considered design, full of pathos and expression; but both are marred by disproportionate drawing and some archaic follies of execution, that are greatly to be regretted.

Among the other pictures here will be found works by Creswick, C. Davidson, A. Elmore, H. O'Neil, Noel Paton, J. Phillips, C. Stanfield, E. Armitage, &c.



STEELE AND HIS CHILDREN. BY EYRE CROWE.

WHICH IS WHICH?

OR, MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

BOOK II.

IN WHICH MR. CASSIDY'S BUILDING OPERATIONS ARE SEEN TO PROGRESS, WITH OCCASIONAL CHECKS FROM STRESS OF UNFAVOURABLE WEATHER.

CHAPTER I.—VACATION STUDIES.

It now behoves the chronicler to take cognisance of the Honourable Cymon Pyebush and his doings.

It may not be wholly superfluous (the cheapness of Pocket Peerages notwithstanding) to inform the general reader that the Honourable Cymon was a cadet of the noble house of Raventree; being, in fact, the youngest of a numerous brood of grandchildren, hatched with the especial destiny of being maintained at the expense, or by the influence, of Falcon, fifth Earl of Raventree, of Featherstone Beakie, near Eaglescliff, Roxburghshire, and Bullyrook Castle, Galway.

In the year 1808 the Honourable Cymon Pyebush, at that time approaching his fifteenth birthday, entered the Royal Navy, and didn't like it, feeling that he had a superior vocation for the army. This predilection was not discovered until a court-martial—appointed to adjudicate upon some youthful *espiéglerie* perpetrated by the Honourable Cymon in company with certain other "young gentlemen" of the ship he belonged to—had graciously accorded him permission to withdraw, without the ignominy of a formal expulsion, from the naval service, to which he had scarcely been allowed time to become an ornament. It should be stated that the freak alluded to, though from a disciplinarian point of view quite inexcusable, left the Honourable Cymon's moral character wholly untainted.

A *Gazette*, in March 1811, nominated the Honourable Cymon Pyebush to a cornetcy in a cavalry regiment. In this capacity our hero (*pro tem.*) served with distinction, if not with glory, for the space of five years. His regiment not having been called into active service during the period of his connection with it, the Honourable Cymon Pyebush became disgusted with the military profession. To this feeling he gave formal expression A.D. 1816; justly observing that all chances of worldly advancement in the martial calling, as far as concerned the British nation, had terminated with the great European war. It may not be wholly irrelevant to state, that the Honourable Cymon failed to hit upon this discovery until such time as an accumulation of debt and dilemma had rendered the sale of his commission a matter rather of necessity than of choice.

The Honourable Lieutenant Pyebush sold out in March 1816, and passed some months in continental retirement. It was now decided that there was nothing to be done with him except to put him into the Church. I will not criticise this decision, or the too common practice it represents. I will merely state, that as there was a snug living in the Raventree family, the Honourable Cymon—already proved heinously incapable of subjection to the not over-severe moral codes of the army and navy—was ordered to qualify himself for holy orders, with a view to its occupation. As a preliminary step, the Honourable Cymon entered himself as a student in the University of Cambridge, A.D. 1819.

It is remarkable, rather than astonishing, that the Honourable Cymon didn't like Cambridge. In a (for him) surprisingly well-written and truly eloquent epistle, he explained to his patron and grandfather, the Earl of Raventree, that the too exclusively mathematical system of education pursued at the University of which he had enrolled himself a member, was scarcely the basis for an ecclesiastical training, such as a man who (as he confessed of himself with great penitence) had lost so much valuable time required. He was of opinion that he would get on more rapidly at Oxford; and in that belief, acting upon the advice of some valued and experienced friends, had withdrawn his name from the books of his late college. He did not feel it necessary to explain to his noble relative that the experience of the valued friends referred to had pointed out to him certain clauses in the University Statutes which, in the course of an hour or two—subsequent to the inevitable discovery of some fearful breach of college discipline—would have rendered such withdrawal a work of supererogation.

The Honourable Cymon arrived in Oxford rather late in the Trinity Term of 1820. His advent was not celebrated by the erection of triumphal arches, or any other marked display of enthusiasm on the part of the University authorities. Nevertheless, allowances are to be made for the eccentricities or shortcomings of a peer's grandson; and Cymon's rather inodorous Cambridge reputation proved no obstacle to his matriculation at one of the Halls in Oxford.

It was now really time that the Honourable Cymon Pyebush should commence shovelling under ground, by some summary process, the enormous crop of wild oats he had accumulated. The patience of Lord Raventree, his noble grandfather, upon whom he was entirely dependent, was now thoroughly exhausted. The Cambridge *fiasco* had proved the last straw on the camel's back. Cymon was informed that if he missed a single further step in his progress towards holy orders, the family living would be at once given to some deserving person, and all future supplies stopped.

To say that Cymon himself was anxious to "pull up," or reform, at this time, would be to record nothing new. He was the least callous and most penitent of sinners. He had been ashamed of himself ever since he could remember. His sins punished him fearfully, and he was constantly trying to get rid of them. But somehow they wouldn't go; or, if they did for a time, invariably came back again, like the bad penny in the adage.

But things had come to a crisis. Cymon knew his grandfather to be a man of stern resolution, especially when resolved upon doing anything disagreeable. What his lordship had threatened there was no doubt he would put into execution, if provoked. Cymon was a very damaged six-and-twenty, with most expensive tastes, which, in the event of the family living slipping through his fingers, he saw no prospect of gratifying. The living, to be sure, would answer his purpose exactly, if he could only get it. There was no

mistake about the value of the golden apples. The difficulty was to overcome the terrible dragon at the garden-gate with the originally slender, and now almost hopelessly blunted, weapons at poor Cymon's disposal. However, there was no alternative but to make a fight for it. Cymon prepared himself to face the terrors of reading and examination with grim resolution.

The lateness of his matriculation gave him a fair excuse for postponing active service until the following term. This gave him the clear long vacation to read in, which he honestly determined to make the best possible use of. Fortunately Cymon, among his new college chums, had discovered a real friend—one who did not merely hunt him for the sake of his tuft, and who was able and willing to serve him at this turning crisis of his fortunes. This was an old schoolfellow of Cymon's, one Harcourt Steadman, M.A., a gentleman of considerable talents and immense learning, who, having won numerous scholarships and prizes, had recently concluded his master's term, and was leisurely preparing himself for higher honours. He took pity on Cymon's forlorn condition, and good-naturedly agreed to forego the pleasures of grouse-shooting, or of continental travel, for the disinterested task of officiating as amateur "coach" to his friend. This matchless trait of devotion, I trust, will suffice to paint the character of Mr. Steadman as that of a very good fellow indeed.

The first movement of the Coach was to wheel his cumbersome passenger out of Oxford on the first day of vacation—away from the fascinations of Mother Jeffcoate's, of Larry Wyatt's Shoulder of Mutton, of Wheatley bull-baits and Port-Meadow matches; of Morell, his beer, and of Milky William, his badgers. The two friends, with a view to quietude and seclusion, took lodgings in the quaint little town of A——, a few miles from Oxford. There, the Coach began running in earnest.

But Cymon was a terrible load for the broadest wheels and the stoutest springs! Steadman, though he set to work with the heartiest will imaginable, could scarcely move him. Cymon's inability to study was something incredible. His tardy but well-meant eagerness to recover his lost ground was painfully ludicrous. Of course, he started at a spanking pace, as is customary in such cases; and, equally of course, got speedily out of breath, and came to a stand-still. After sporting the oak (or the rural substitute for it, at their inn-lodgings at A——) for three whole days, and almost choking himself with Greek roots which he—unlearned pig as he was!—found it impossible to digest, Cymon was obliged to confess himself dead beat.

"It's no go, Steddy," he said to his friend, despairingly; "I can't keep it up at the pace."

"I never supposed you could. But I thought it best to give you your head at first. What would you like to be up to?"

"I don't care, so as it 's violent, and in the open air. If I don't go out and row, or shoot, or gallop, or something, I shall have to work off my steam by giving you a thundering hiding. And that would hurt my feelings, you know—awful!"

"Well, I don't think I should like it much, either," said little Mr. Steadman, with a quiet smile. "We 'll go on the river."

"Oh! ought I though, Steddy?" the overgrown schoolboy inquired, with a delighted expansion of the eyes.

"Of course you ought. If you hadn't proposed it yourself I should have insisted upon it. The springs want oiling. Throw the books away, and go and tittivate."

"Oh, Steddy, what a brick you are!"

The Honourable Cymon Pyebush hurled his Xenophon viciously into a corner of the sitting-room, and, after it, the square cap, which, in defiance of all extra-collegiate etiquette, he would persist in wearing (in the seclusion of his study only) out of Oxford, with a view, as he said, to inspiration, and danced upstairs to his toilette, humming a lively measure.

Except that our honourable but inerudite friend was in his twenty-sixth year, six feet two inches high, corpulent and whiskered withal, beyond the ordinary luck of mortals, there was no material difference at this juncture between Mr. Pyebush and a "kept-in" day-scholar released from his spelling-book, and permitted to go to his marbles.

The Honourable Cymon was not long in dressing. He speedily came down attired for the promenade, in a dazzling make-up of the period.

Would you like to see him? Here he is, as he burst on the admiring gaze of his friend, Mr. Steadman.



Of course, no Oxford man of anything like birth and breeding would think of making such a Guy of himself in these advanced days of University reform. In fact, they have done away with all such absurdities. I have reason to know it. For, not many days ago, I made a careful sketch of an undergraduate, who was kind enough to stand in a contemplative attitude, right opposite a window in High Street where I happened to be sitting, for several minutes in succession, apparently for my express accommodation. It is true that the "Long" was only just over, and that the gentleman—probably fresh from the Continent—might not yet have been to pay his respects to the Proctor. But the following is a faithful presentment of his aspect. Compare the two pictures; marvel at the giant strides of progress and

improvement, and if you will tell me where they are likely to stop, I shall feel obliged to you.



The two friends strolled out arm-in-arm. A—— is an old-fashioned market-town, with curly streets, flanked by gabled houses of red, white, and yellow, so dazzlingly bright that they make you wink when the sun is shining upon them, and which cast purple, blue, and yellow reflections upon the grass-mottled pavement lying in shadow below them; where there are narrow, winding, French-looking alleys, with charming gutters in the middle, such as we artists and you medical men delight to meet with in the pursuit of our callings; where you can catch fish ten pounds' weight, out of limpid water, almost within a hop, step, and jump of the town-hall—which edifice stands upon pillars, and acts as a perennial umbrella to the market-women, as a matter of course; where there is a low, rambling old church, overrun with comic sculptures, which seems to have grown on the cactus principle, aisle after aisle having been added to the original nave, to meet the increasing wants of the community, till it has become a perfect street of gabled architecture; where, to this day, you have to get your cigars at the chemist's; where the street-dogs (the really independent portion of the population) positively offend you by their insolent assertion of leisure, sunshine, and security, and make you long to give them a brisk half-hour at the London Bridge crossing, to teach them what life really means; where the huge brass plate of the County Bank, in which no business whatever appears to be done, is perennially dusty, from proximity to the Corn Exchange next door; where every little peddling inn has its *porte-cochère*, like a baronial mansion of old; where the peace keeps itself in admirable preservation with the nominal assistance of an asthmatic constable, and a pair of stocks; where there is a gate-house that is a picture, a town-mill that might be—perhaps has been—a monastery, and a long insect of a bridge, crawling over two or three river islands, that is a panorama of loveliness; where all, in fact, is picturesque, placid, and beautiful—to everybody except the inhabitants, who consider it the dullest and ugliest hole in the world, and dream of Cheapside as of Paradise.

As A—— was eight-and-thirty years ago, so is it now. Progress has passed it by. There is a little shed, it is true, a few hundred yards out of the town, dignified by the title of "Railway Station," which is, in fact, the terminus of a single line of rails communicating with one of the great iron roads, for the convenience of the citizens of A—— and their unfrequent visitors; but this is the worst thing of the kind that has yet happened to the place. I doubt if they have even a Literary and Scientific Institution, and am inclined to think, hopefully, that the givers of "Entertainments" have not yet found them out. So that A—— is still a town to be envied, in many respects. The only real danger by which it appears to be menaced is from the photographers, a large army of whom, on the occasion of my last visit, had invested the territory, and were evidently bent on reducing its crumbling beauties to utter subjection.

"Can we get a boat in this place?" inquired the Honourable Cymon Pyebush.

"Certainly; I am going to introduce you to some old friends of mine, who will lend us a very good one."

"Come, I say, Steddy, none of that."

"What?"

"I don't want to be introduced to any of the families about here. There 's a place—Brayle Castle or something—not far off, that I 've got letters to. Our people know them. But I don't mean to call. Visiting would play the deuce with my reading."

"Why so—in moderation?"

"What a chap you are! As if *I* could ever do anything in moderation! Suppose there was to be any nice girls there; I'm such a susceptible chap, you know——"

"Then you must try and master your susceptibilities, for I am just going to introduce you to one of the sweetest and most accomplished girls in the world."

Mr. Pyebush made a flurried inspection of his toilette, which was decidedly of the turf, turfy.

"Oh, don't, Steddy, in this trim! A morning call, you know. Let 's go back and put on a correct sort of coat."

"Don't trouble yourself. My friends are not ceremonious people. Here we are at the family mansion."



"Oh, I see," said Cymon, with a smile of mingled relief and disappointment, as his friend preceded him into the courtyard of an edifice somewhat resembling what the artist has above attempted to depict.

"What do you see?" inquired Mr. Steadman.

"I was sold, that's all. I thought you were going to introduce me to some people of good family."

"So I am—one of the best families in the world."

"No doubt; but you said friends of yours——"

"I am not a little proud to be admitted to the friendship of this family," said little Mr. Steadman, with unusual warmth, for he was by no means a demonstrative man. "You will find them very extraordinary people, I can tell you."

"By Jove, you're right, if *that's* one of them!" the Honourable Cymon Pyebush exclaimed, with a start of unmistakable alarm.

Before we ascertain who "*that*" was, it is indispensable that we should arrive at a thorough understanding as to the nature, extent, and bearings of our friend Cassidy's new premises (his motives for leaving Oxford will be speedily apparent). Messrs. Pyebush and Steadman found themselves in a spacious quadrangle, measuring some fifty feet long by thirty wide, well stocked with rough materials of the joiner's craft, in its miscellaneous branches. It was enclosed on all sides by buildings. The street-frontage is explained by the sketch. On the left, as you entered, was a neat dwelling-house, extending to the whole length of the courtyard, vine-covered, well-to-do-looking, with abundant flower-pots in front of, and cozy red or dazzling white curtains behind, the bright transparent window-panes. This was entered by a low doorway, with a trellised porch, covered with the clustering bines of the blue convolvulus. Facing the dwelling was a long shed, where a few invalid carts and trucks, with a superannuated boat, were laid up in ordinary. Above the shed was a long, shallow workshop, glazed all over with lozenged windows, whence proceeded deafening and incessant sounds of hammer, saw, and chisel. On this side (the right as you entered—I am obliged to be particular, though it force me to be inelegant, and even tedious), and close to the gateway, projected a little parasite wooden edifice, inscribed "Counting House." At the other extremity, a portion of the shed was divided off as a stable. The courtyard was closed in at the end by a spacious boat-house, which, through a frame of mellow shadow, disclosed a delicious view of the liquid silver Thames, and miles of sunny, elm-spotted meadows beyond it.

And now let us explain "*that*."

"*That*" was no other than our old friend, Soft Jimmy (aged thirty-two at this period of our history), who glared at the Honourable Cymon through the counting-house window, from under a tastefully arranged wig of shavings, which, with great presence of mind, he removed immediately on discovering that one of the visitors was not an *habitué* of the establishment, disclosing his own cropped hair and deplorably misshapen skull.

Jimmy was not a good-looking man, even for an idiot. He had no control over the muscles of his mouth, which was large and flabby. His eyes, too, were wholly independent one of the other, and only by rare accidents could be induced to pull together. On the present occasion, in addition to his usual working suit, he was attired in a patched frieze coat, which he wore tied round his neck by the sleeves—in what he, doubtless, considered an imposing bow, but which did not really enhance the limited charms of his personal appearance.

No wonder the Honourable Cymon Pyebush was a little startled by such an apparition.

Mr. Steadman knew Jimmy of old. He approached the window and shouted,

"Master in, Jimmy?"

Jimmy grinned through the window, and made no answer.

"Edward?"

Jimmy grinned still more broadly, but remained immovable.

"Miss Cassidy, then?"

Intense enjoyment was the only expression perceptible on Jimmy's face through the little bull's-eyed panes of the counting-house window.

"Open the door," said Steadman, rattling at the counting-house latch. It was bolted inside.

Jimmy showed no signs of capitulation or surrender. Steadman looked at him again through the window, and saw him wagging his head triumphantly, as who should say, "Not if I know it."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Honourable Cymon Pyebush, expressing a long-drawn breath.

"A poor natural!" Mr. Steadman explained. "They use him as a house-dog—and a lucky dog, too, to be in such good quarters. I see how it is. He's been ordered to let no one into the counting-house, and answer no questions. We'll try the house."

Mr. Steadman walked over to the dwelling-house, and proceeded to try the latch of that edifice. Almost instantaneously, Soft Jimmy flew out of the counting-house, locked the door behind him, pocketed the key with surprising rapidity, crossed the yard in three strides, and placed himself, panting and truculent, between Mr. Steadman and the portal of the private house; his back against the door, his arms and legs spread out rigidly before it, and his wild eyes glaring ugly defiance to the intruders.

The Honourable Cymon Pyebush, who was as brave a fellow as ever lived, in a simple, pugnacious way, and who would cheerfully have faced any quantity of French cannon, if that inactive cavalry regiment of his had only given him the chance, was thoroughly frightened.

Not so Mr. Harcourt Steadman, M.A., who was undersized and physically delicate—all his muscular system having flown to his brains. He confronted the poor, witless savage with the most perfect calm, fixing the erratic eyes of that personage unsparingly with his own keen ones.

"Now, this won't do, Jimmy, you know. You have no right to treat *me* in this way."

Jimmy's chest heaved, and his eyeballs rolled in all manner of directions. But he placed his back still more firmly against the door, and clutched the doorposts with increased desperation.

"Oh, I think I understand you now, Jimmy. You were told not to let anybody into the house or the counting-house?"

Jimmy gave a delighted nod.

"And you were not to speak to anybody?"

Jimmy nodded several times. Tears of gratitude sprang into his eyes for this kind comprehension of his difficult mission.



BIDDY PAINTING.

"Then you are a good boy, Jimmy, and I am sorry I spoke harshly to you. But we may go into the workshop—may we not?"

Jimmy looked radiant, and nodded. Here was a means of "hedging" out of his difficulty he had evidently not foreseen.

"Or into the boat-house?"

Another nod. The workshop and boat-house had certainly not been named in Jimmy's plan of defence.

"Come along, Pyebush, we shall find somebody," said Steadman.

Mr. Pyebush, not quite easy in his mind, followed his friend towards the boat-house at the end of the courtyard. This edifice, it should be stated, was enclosed on the side nearest the town by a glazed partition, but was open on that towards the river, for the convenience of launching boats. Mr. Steadman opened the door, and disclosed what the susceptible Mr. Pyebush believed to be the loveliest picture he had ever seen in his lifetime.

I have thought it rather a pretty one myself, and have ventured to draw it to the best of my amateur abilities. How immeasurably short I have fallen of the charming reality I do not require to be told. I *shall* be told, though, I have no doubt; and I daresay it will serve me right, for my temerity in attempting such a subject. I shall like it none the better on that account. I never found a whipping come any the lighter for the consciousness I had earned it through being naughty.

The subject would, perhaps, not strike the reader as an exalted one from bare definition. It was merely our old friend Biddy, on her knees, with a pot of black paint by her side, inscribing the unclassic name of "Jemima" in bold Roman characters on the stern of a new boat. But the fairest things have not always the most dignified titles—Biddy herself, for instance, who was one of the fairest of God's creatures. If you could conceive Biddy—as I cannot draw or describe her—at the age of twenty-one; her masses of golden hair; her brown eyes, that appeared black by contrast with that hair, and her healthy, transparent skin; her long, graceful neck; her smooth, rounded forehead, that was only too large to be purely classical; her perfect shoulders, and long, rosy fingers, tapering to a pointed cluster over the camel's hair-brush with which she was pursuing her ignoble occupation; if your imagination could realise this charming figure sitting in the shadow of the boat-house, and lighted by the reflection of a dazzling background of sunny landscape, I think you would excuse both the Honourable Cymon Pyebush and the artist, for feeling, the latter incompetent and the former spooney.

Let us, however, confine ourselves to facts. It was all up with Pyebush. There can be no mistake whatever about *that*.

The noise from the adjoining workshop was so great that the entrance of our two friends was unnoticed by the fair painter, who continued her occupation. Steadman motioned his companion to advance silently. There was no occasion for this precaution. The Honourable Cymon Pyebush was perfectly agape, motionless, inarticulate, with astonishment and admiration.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed mentally, "here 's a rum place! Raving lunatics for hall porters, and heavenly angels for journeymen painters! *By* Jove!"

Biddy went on with her work, blissfully unconscious of supervision, humming softly an Irish tune as she plied her homely pencil.

The world went round with Pyebush!

Biddy's rest-stick suddenly twisted round, and her hand fell forward, blotting the letter "M," which she had skilfully completed, into a huge black dab.

"Bad 'cess to you!" exclaimed Biddy, anathematising the treacherous support; and then, recovering her philosophy with her equilibrium, she added, as she prepared to remedy the evil, "*Παθήματα μαθήματα!*"

"*Αἶψα ἀριστίνιον καὶ ὑπείροχον ἴμμεναι ἄλλως,*" said Mr. Steadman, adroitly capping the proverb.

Biddy got up as quick as lightning, and responded with, "*Νὺν δὶ μ' ἐων ὀλιγος τι καὶ οὐτιδανος καὶ ἀιδης.*"

"Greek!" exclaimed the Honourable Cymon Pyebush to himself. "By Jove! what next?"

The next was that Miss Biddy Cassidy, seeing that her old acquaintance had introduced a stranger to the mysteries of her *atélier*, laid aside her humble employment, and comported herself like a perfectly well-bred and self-possessed young lady. She went through the ceremony of introduction to the Honourable Cymon Pyebush without the slightest bashfulness or disconcertment. More than could be said of Cymon!

"And how is the classic Muse?" inquired Mr. Steadman, when formalities had been interchanged.

"Turned into the Muse of painting, if there is such a person," said Biddy, laughing, as she prepared to accompany her visitors into the courtyard, not forgetting first to wash her paint-brush in a pot of turpentine, in the most business-like manner imaginable.

When Biddy came out into the sunlight, and the Honourable Cymon Pyebush found that she stood that trying ordeal without depreciation—that she was tall, well-formed, and elegant in all her movements—the state of our patrician friend became simply hopeless; and he could do nothing for the rest of the interview but suck the handle of his horsewhip, and stare.

Biddy took a key from her pocket and opened the door of the private house (with a nod of approval to Jimmy, faithful to his post at the counting-house window, as she did so), ushering her guests into a comfortable but somewhat oddly-furnished sitting-room. Rough drawings and oil-paintings—chiefly of dogs and horses—covered the walls. In a niche of the apartment stood a table loaded with well-thumbed books of a scholastic aspect. Above these hung a scholar's gown and square cap.

"Have you had lunch?" inquired the fair housekeeper, when her visitors were seated.

"No; but we've just breakfasted, and don't want any."

"Then you'll have some wine," Miss Biddy remarked, producing decanters of port and sherry from a cupboard.

"Now, we don't want it, Miss Biddy; and you know perfectly well we shall be much better without it."

"And *you* know perfectly well what Miles Cassidy would say if I let a friend of *his*"—Miss Biddy's voice lowered as she indicated the cap and gown hanging against the wall by an inclination of her beautiful head—"go away without a crust or a sup of welcome. Will I give you port or sherry?"

"Port," said Mr. Steadman.

"Sherry," said Mr. Pyebush, startled into confusion at the sound of his own voice, and wondering what he had said.

"No news, I suppose?" Steadman inquired, nodding towards the cap and gown.

Biddy shook her head, sadly.

"Your uncle is a strange mixture," said Mr. Steadman, sipping his port. Pyebush had spilt his sherry over his buckskins, on its being handed to him by Biddy, and had altogether made the ceremony of wine-taking a deplorable failure.

"Strange, indeed!" said the young girl, musingly; adding, with a smile at the conceit suggested by her reflections, "as strange as a bushel of guineas, half guineas, and seven-shilling pieces mixed up together. But it's all gold, Mr. Steadman."

"I am afraid there is a little iron in the composition, Miss Biddy. I respect Cassidy as much as anybody; but he is certainly a hard man."

"Prove that, Mr. Steadman," said Biddy, with flashing eyes.

"In the first place, pardon me for saying so, he has no right, with his means, to put you to unfeminine occupations."

"He never does. Is there anything unfeminine in painting letters on a boat when I am able to do it? Or do you suppose that I do it on compulsion? I do that to humour his fancy, that we should all work together. It was the first thing I learnt to be of use in. He delights to see me do it, and would give me golden brushes and ivory palettes to paint with, if I wanted them. If I was made a queen to-morrow, I'd have boats made on purpose to paint the names on them for him myself—in letters of gold—gold—gold!"

Miss Cassidy was a very passionate and enthusiastic young person. Her manifesting those qualities was no alleviation to the Honourable Cymon Pyebush's sudden attack. On the contrary.

"I am the last person to wish to do an injustice," said Mr. Steadman, contritely. "Remember that Frank was my friend; and let that excuse me, if I am prejudiced."

"You are one of those, then, who think Miles Cassidy a hunks, a curmudgeon, a tyrant, an unnatural father! Oh, if they knew him as I do!"

Miss Cassidy, as she said this, spoiled her beauty terribly. Her features were painfully distorted, and she pulled her golden hair about with her taper fingers out of all propriety.

But it was no relief to Pyebush, who vaguely wanted to thrash somebody (Steadman was too little) for having inflicted pain upon this incomprehensible boat-painting, Greek-quoting divinity.

"You think Frank to blame, then?" Steadman asked.

"Have I ever said so? No! They are both good. It is a misfortune—a fatality. *Ἀνάγκη οὐδὶ θεοὶ μάχονται.*"

"Greek again!" observed Mr. Pyebush to himself, with the unpleasant sensation of a man who feels his intellects departing from him.

"I blame neither," Biddy continued. "Both acted for the best. My uncle was right in wishing Frank to leave college."

"There I cannot agree with you. The very highest honours were within his reach. In a short time he might have been a fellow of his own college."

"Frank would never have taken a fellowship."

"Why not?"

"Because fellows may not marry, and Frank is in love."

So was Pyebush, rather! The emotions of that bewildered patrician, on hearing this speech, were of a mixed order, composed chiefly of jealous hatred for the unknown Frank, and self-gratulation that he, Pyebush, was, at any rate, not a fellow.

Steadman smiled significantly. Biddy understood his meaning.

"You are mistaken," she said, shaking her head. "Frank does not care for me, or he would never have left us. I have many reasons for knowing that he is in love; but with whom I have never inquired. I imagine it to be with a lady of a rank superior to his own. If so, there is an additional excuse for his being ashamed of us."

"There is no excuse for being ashamed of such a father, and, I may add, such a sister as Frank has been blessed with."

"How dare you say that, Harcourt Steadman?" Miss Biddy asked, with impetuous disregard of the conventionalities. "If you were as much Frank's friend as you call yourself, you would be better able to sympathise with him. Suppose you had the best, the most devoted and unselfish father in the world—Frank's father, in fact—could you have borne to meet him when walking in your cap and gown with your fine college friends, and he in his shirt-sleeves, carrying burdens, drawing trucks, perhaps asking you to lend him a hand, offended if you refused or avoided him? We are human beings, not angels. ('Aren't we!' thought Pyebush.) My uncle, with all his wisdom and forethought, could never be made to understand that a gentleman's pride was the necessary consequence of a gentleman's education. Besides, you Oxford gentlemen are so exceedingly delicate in your *badinage* ('French, too!' observed Cymon), and have so supreme a contempt for the advantages of birth and position, that the life of a sensitive man of humble or ridiculous origin amongst you—especially if he happens to be talented and successful—is positively enviable." Miss Cassidy concluded her speech in tones of withering sarcasm.

"Frank's position was certainly a trying one. But your uncle did his best to alleviate it. He removed his business from Oxford solely on Frank's account."

"He did; and for that sacrifice he exacted a payment which my poor Frank could not make. He insisted that Frank should join him in the management of the business. From his view, he was quite right. Edward cannot be relied upon—more shame for him—admirable workman and clear-headed man as he can be when he likes! Frank, on the contrary, is perfectly reliable and steady; he has been thoroughly grounded in a knowledge of the trade; and with his mathematical skill and judgment, if he could have buckled to the business for a few years, then he might have been in a position to pursue his own tastes at leisure, while yet a young man. But his repugnance was too great. My uncle was annoyed. You know the result."

"I fear it was a mistake on Cassidy's part, to give his children so ambitious an education."

"Oh, no, no! But for that, would he, would they, would any of us, be what we are? It will all come right, I trust. We cannot foresee all things."

"Has Frank never written?"

"No; and he will not. I know his plan, as well as if he had told it to me. He wishes to avoid us, till he can make a name and position that will enable him to laugh at the world. Then he will recognise and honour us. Till then, he is better away from us."

"No man should be ashamed of his origin," said Mr. Steadman, rather sententiously.

"A very pretty round-hand copy!" said Biddy, in scornful tones. "And how prettily the world endorses it! Be a clever poet, Mr. Steadman, or a rising statesman, and let somebody discover that your father was a journeyman tailor. Faix, and it 'ud throw your janius back a few years, I 'm thinking."

Miss Biddy Cassidy, when excited, spoke Irish. When reflective and philosophical, she spoke Greek. She was not usually at home in plain English.

"Have you no clue to his whereabouts?"

"Only from his book."

"What book? I did not know he had published anything."

Biddy punished this admission of ignorance with a somewhat indignant glance, as she laid a thin quarto volume before her visitor. (Those lucky poets of forty years ago! They could get their works published in quarto, with such type and margins as we scribblers of the lower empire may not even dream of!)

Mr. Steadman opened the cover, and read a title-page, worded as follows:—"ANNE BOLEYN, AND OTHER POEMS, BY FRANK GERALD, B.A., of St. Ogive's College, Oxford."

"Did he send you this?" Steadman inquired, turning over the leaves.

"No; we saw it advertised, and bought it."

"How did you know it was his, as he writes under an assumed name?"

"It is not assumed. They were both christened Gerald. Frank Gerald, and Edward Gerald. It was my aunt's name. He has only dropped the Cassidy."

"In that case, there will be no difficulty in finding him. He must be in London."

"I'm afraid they 'll only find him too easily. It would have been much better to let the poor boy alone. He will do nothing to dishonour us."

"They? Whom do you allude to?"

"My uncle and Edward started for London, directly we got the book, two days ago."

"There they will, doubtless, find him, and all will be settled amicably."

"No hope of that. My uncle is implacable. He says he sees his way to making a rapid fortune here, with Frank's assistance. Frank will not consent. There will be new strife and quarrelling. I tried my best to dissuade him from going; but go he would. Then I made Ted go with him as a peace-maker. Ted can make the peace as well as break it, and he 's mighty clever at both."

"The governor's absence, I suppose, accounts for our mysterious reception by Jimmy—eh, Pyebush?"

The Honourable Mr. Pyebush shuddered. What with lunatic doorkeepers, angelic Greek-quoting boat-painters, and poetical bachelors of arts, who, it appeared, were very wrong in not liking to be carpenters, Cymon's wits had become so utterly bemuddled in the attempt to understand this inexplicable family, that our honourable friend was positively obliged to—go on sucking his horsewhip.

"Jimmy! the creature! what has he been doing?"

Steadman briefly explained the circumstances of their reception.

Miss Cassidy bounced out into the courtyard and summoned Jimmy, who came shambling from the counting-house, hastily concealing his wig of shavings,

in which he had been again secretly enjoying himself.

"Now, Jimmy, what did I tell you?" said Miss Cassidy, severely.

"Not let anybody in—'ouse—countin'-'ouse—not talk to anybody." Jimmy summed up the heads of his instructions with marvellous accuracy, though in the most indifferent articulation.

"But a man of your age, and a clever carpenter, ought to have understood that I meant strangers."

Jimmy looked sulky, as if it were too bad to expect him to understand anything—that kind of duty not coming within his legitimate department!

"You must have known that I couldn't mean you to lock out Mr. Steadman."

Jimmy didn't appear to see it.

"Now, mind, if you don't take more pains to understand what I mean, I shall be obliged to take your master's coat away from you."

Jimmy looked terrified, and retreated crab-wise to his post in the counting-house, clinging with each hand to a skirt of the threatened garment.

"It was a fortunate discovery, that coat," said Biddy, in explanation. "It is the only check I have upon him. The first day my Uncle Miles was away he was like a dog without his master. Never was anything so sulky, so stupid, and unmanageable. He would do nothing I told him, till I found he had a fancy for slipping on my uncle's old coat, and wearing it as my uncle does, with the sleeves tied round the neck—like a dog again—taking pleasure to sleep on his master's bed. So I let him wear it as a treat, and threaten to take it away from him when he misbehaves himself."

"Are you not frightened of being left alone with such an irresponsible Titan, Miss Cassidy?"

"Not a bit," said Biddy. "He likes me, next to my Uncle Miles; a little, I think, on my own account. ('A little!' thought Pyebush, 'oh, *what* an idiot!') But he obeys me because he knows I am my uncle's pet, and he is afraid of his master so much as frowning at him. Though, if my uncle was to tell him to cut my throat and drop me quietly over the wharf, Jimmy is the boy to do it."

The conversation shifted through a variety of subjects, till it rested upon that of the boat which Messrs. Steadman and Pyebush had come to hire. Biddy, with the eye of a judge, selected a neat pair-oar, which Jimmy was summoned from his lair to launch. Jimmy did this with the force and swiftness of a battering-ram, and really appeared to lose some of his idiotic expression in the conscious exercise of his solitary gift.

Biddy stood on the edge of the wharf, as it was called—a dazzling vision in the sunlight against the black boat-house—waving adieux to the rowers. As long as she was in sight, the Honourable Cymon Pyebush pulled liked Briareus, puffing and snorting like Leviathan. No word spoke he until sunset—or, to dismiss metaphor, till Biddy had gone back to her painting, and was seen no more on the wharf. Then the Honourable Cymon rested on his oars, and said spasmodically,

"By Jove!"

"What 's the matter, Pye?" Mr. Steadman inquired, glad of a rest for his short arms already.

"That was real Greek, wasn't it?"

"Unquestionably; Miss Cassidy is one of the best Greek scholars in or near Oxford."

"By Jove!"

Cymon pulled again for a few minutes without a word, allowing his friend to remain inactive. Then he asked,

"Where did she get it?"

"Originally through being brought up with her cousins, who have been well educated. But she has a surprising gift for languages, and is, in my opinion, a young lady of extraordinary genius altogether."

"By Jove!" said Cymon again. And he pulled his friend for another half a mile up the river without speaking.

Then he reposed on his oars once more, and broke silence with,

"Steddy, I 've an idea."

"Gammon!" said Mr. Steadman, playfully.

"I have, though. It has occurred to me that I shall never be able to learn *your* Greek."

"What do you mean by my Greek?"

"Well, Greek as you teach it. It 's the right sort, of course. But somehow your words don't seem to sink in or make any impression on me. Now, I seem to remember every syllable that young lady spoke, in her exact tones and pronunciation. I wonder if she 'd give me some lessons?"

"Decidedly not."

Mr. Pyebush pulled another fifty yards, and inquired,

"Why?"

"In the first place, Miss Cassidy is not a professional teacher. In the second, if she were, her giving private lessons to a man of your standing and reputation might have an injurious effect."

"So help me Heaven, I never injured an innocent girl in my life!" exclaimed Pyebush, passionately and, let it be added, truthfully. Poor Cymon's irregularities had all been prepared for him. He had never courted vice. Vice had courted him in her gayest attire, and Cymon was only too easily won.

"I know it would be taking a great liberty," he continued. "As to her being a young lady—she 's simply a young angel, that is the size of it. And I think if it was explained to her what a poor devil I am—what a mess I shall be in if I get plucked—and how I believe she could help me out of it—I 'm sure she wouldn't mind giving me a lift. As for the proper part of the business, I 'd pay for any amount of grandmothers, aunts, or mothers to sit with us, if she would only consent. Oh, Steddy, persuade her if you can! Tell her what there is at stake—how utterly ruined I shall be if I don't get the living. The governor means it, this time. I *can't* learn from you, brick as you are. You 've been the pace, you know, with all your steadiness, and I get talking about terriers and the fancy with you: you can't frighten me as you ought to; I never could obey a *man*, that is the fact. But a woman can make me do anything—if she is a good one. It is a matter of charity. Beg, entreat her to take your place, and coach me."

It was an odd proposition. But the fortunes of the Cassidy family seemed destined to run in unconventional grooves. To Mr. Steadman, who knew his friend's

constitution, it appeared perfectly reasonable. The only question was with regard to its feasibility.

"We must wait till her uncle comes home," he said. "I will put it to him, if you like."

The Honourable Cymon Pyebush pulled against the stream with Herculean vigour, ejaculating "By Jove!" at intervals.

CHAPTER II.

A ROYAL PROGRESS.

We will now, if you please, reader, imitate the adventurous kitten of the nursery rhyme, and

"Go up to London, and look at the Queen."

The Queen was, perhaps, not particularly worth looking at. She was short, puffy, middle-aged, and the reverse of intellectual. But she was very finely dressed, in a dove-coloured pelisse, and hat of the same colour, surmounted by a towering plume of white feathers, almost as big as herself. Her Majesty had also a bran-new open carriage, of novel construction, drawn by four beautiful bays, which was in itself a sight. But, whatever there was to see in the royal person and equipage of Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England, recently arrived in this country to look after her new crown, many thousand citizens, on the morning of Thursday, the 6th of August, 1820, had turned out to see it.

The streets were densely thronged. The occasion was that of the Queen's removal from the capital to Brandenburgh House. The reign of "the first gentleman in Europe" had set in somewhat unpropitiously, and the first-gentlemanlike reputation of the monarch was slightly at a discount. There had been some public slicing off of heads, of certain misguided conspirators, who might as well have been quietly hanged, which was considered rather out of taste by an advancing community. Some much more harmless persons in the north had also been a good deal cut up by the sabres of Yeomanry Cavalry, for the crime of assembling, without arms, to deliberate on the possibility of obtaining a greater amount of food, wages, and parliamentary representation than they had been in the habit of enjoying; and the punishment of their leaders by fine and imprisonment, for the offence of standing to be cut down like poppies (or, in some cases, for only running away from that kind of operation), was approved and stoutly defended by his Majesty's ministers. To crown all, his Majesty was trying to get rid of a wife whom he was asserted to have grossly ill-treated and neglected, and whom the majority of the nation believed to be an innocent person. Failing in attempts to bribe her to forego her claims, "the first gentleman," or some second gentlemen, his advisers, for him, were endeavouring to break the poor woman's heart, by such petty persecutions as the confiscation of her plate, the omission of her name from the Liturgy, the refusal of a suitable residence, and so forth. Finally, they were getting up the famous Bill of Pains and Penalties, which had for its basis the last motive that a generous (if not always rational) British public can tolerate, namely, avarice. Caroline of Brunswick may have been a person of objectionable conduct; but with that question the present historian has nothing whatever to do. The generous Britons aforesaid merely saw in the case an attempt on the part of a husband to get rid of the responsibility of supporting a wife whom he had notoriously married for the sake of paying his debts, and against whom, at all events, no offence had been proved. This was not thought gentlemanlike. *Ergo*, Gentleman George was unpopular, and Lady Caroline, as the opposing principle, popular.

It is difficult for "us youth," in these days of parliamentary amenities, when the boundaries of party are almost effaced, to conceive the exaggerated rancour of political hostility forty years ago. It was not then the fashion to attempt the annihilation of an adversary's principles by argument so much as to discover flaws in the reputation of his mother, or to prove his father a rogue. The well-known advice of the country surgeon to his successor on the subject of professional rivalry, "If a man sets up against you, don't find fault with his practice, but hint that he once stole a clock," was pretty generally acted upon. Public and private questions were inextricably mixed up together. George the Fourth and his ministry being in ill odour, Queen Caroline, the assumed object of their persecutions, was exalted into a sainted martyr; and the question of her regal and conjugal rights was oddly identified with Extension of the Suffrage, Catholic Emancipation, and other popular claims; of all knowledge of which, if of nothing else, the poor lady may, at least, be asserted to have been innocent.

Be all this as it may, crowds of people lined the thoroughfares from Portman Square to Hammersmith on the August morning in question, prepared to shout themselves hoarse in approval and encouragement of her Majesty on her way from the house of a private citizen, to whom she had been indebted for hospitality since her arrival in England, to the dwelling churlishly and tardily provided for her by her husband's advisers. For a man with a good coat and hat it was a safe precaution, in order to preserve those luxuries, to mount, on that particular morning, a white cockade—the Queen's colour. This would at once ensure him a safe passage through the crowd, and identify him as an advocate of Queen Caroline, Parliamentary Reform, Religious Liberty, and Harry Brougham; and, consequently, the adversary of George the Fourth, Manchester Yeomanry, high-priced loaves, and my Lords Wellington, Eldon, and Castlereagh. It was not advisable to speak with an Italian accent, or to display an Italian cast of countenance in public, on that morning; for, a week ago, a dozen people of that nationality, landing at Dover, had been made liberally acquainted with the British institution of the brickbat, on the mere suspicion of their having been fetched over to bear false witness against the Queen. It was rumoured, also, that a number of Italian witnesses had been smuggled into London for the approaching trial, and were safely housed in snug but expensive lodgings in the vicinity of the Parliament House—protected by a strong guard of soldiers—which, of course, made the excitable British public rather anxious to get at them.

The *cortège* proceeded through the Park and out at Kensington Gate. Kensington declared itself on the Queen's side with remarkable hardihood—not altogether

surprising, considering that her Majesty was about to reside within a mile or so of the township, and there were shops in Kensington, even then as now. The partisanship, however, was not by any means universal. White favours, banners, emblazonments of "C. R.," "Long live the Queen," and so forth, were the rule; but many a goodly mansion showed a sullen, dark exterior (its proprietor paying the price of his unpopularity afterwards in a glazier's bill), to prove that George the Fourth and Lord Chancellor Eldon still had friends. He must be rather a sorry King, or a very poor sort of Lord Chancellor, who can manage to keep none!

Beyond Kensington Church—not many yards from Holland Park—stood a spacious mansion, whose windows were in no danger whatever. The house no longer exists. It is no great loss. For it was built in that most detestable blot on English history, the reign of Charles the Second; and was low-browed, beetling, narrow, expensive, and meretricious, like everything that took its tone or dimensions from that indifferent jester and atrocious scoundrel. It was uglier, if possible, than the row of "genteel private residences within a convenient distance" that has replaced it in our own time. Still there was a good deal of it, and, with several acres of ground at the back overgrown with avenues of elm and mulberry, which the Carolan taste had not been able to shave with pumice-stone, stifle with periwigs, tie up with ribands, or convert into French money, it still displayed certain aspects of natural beauty, and, consequently, real value.

The house was close to the road, and possessed a balcony. This was gaily festooned with white flowers, arranged in devices complimentary to the Queen.

The Queen's partisans (not, for the most part, remarkable for whiteness themselves) appeared to take this dwelling under their especial patronage. The balcony was thronged by well-dressed people bearing the Queen's colour. These, the populace cheered vociferously, by no means averse to the receipt, in compensation, of certain silver medallions thrown to them from time to time—which, from their colour, were, of course, in keeping with the occasion.

On the balcony sat a lovely girl in white satin, bedizened over with roses of the same colour, and silver ornaments. Near her stood a tall, handsome young man, dressed in the height of the fashion. The glances they exchanged from time to time explained their relative positions most satisfactorily.

I have said that the gentleman was dressed in the height of the fashion. What that was I dare not attempt to depict. It would make us both ill, reader.

The young lady was an heiress, the owner of the ugly, red-brick, Charles-the-Second mansion, and of many much more valuable possessions, including the heart of the gentleman in the indescribable costume.

Were you ever beloved, reader, by a beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished girl? Don't be in a hurry to say, "Well, yes," "slightly," "I should *rather* think so," or anything of that kind, as the universal human vanities may prompt you to do. For it is an experience that does not happen to every man, even once in a life-time. When it does, it is a most delightful but, at the same time, alarmingly responsible state of things. To find, as it were, a lovely pair of hands clasped about your neck, and a sweet, trusting creature, their owner, spinning joyously and confidently round you, never for a moment doubting your strength and uprightness to support her, pleasantly whirling. To find a lithe, exquisite, fairy-like being, whom you would gladly set in an exalted shrine of gold and crystal, to fall down before and worship, persisting in worshipping *you*—great hulking, stubble-chinned, of-the-earth-earthiest monster, as you are—as though a bright golden guinea should come to a huge cart-wheel, George-the-Third penny, and say, "I love you, penny; you are so much bigger than I. You are worth ten of me. I am nothing but a poor quarter of an ounce of pale, useless gold. Take care of me, and protect me with your big, round shadow." The penny, of course, does not like to confess that his market value is only a two-hundred-and-fifty-second part of that of the precious little guinea. The guinea wouldn't believe him if he did; or, if she did believe him, might fall out of love with him—a state of things the penny would naturally object to. He must fain keep up the deception, let him be the honestest penny that ever was turned. It is a very embarassing condition for a penny to be placed in. If you, oh reader! have ever been really under such circumstances, you must have found it so. A woman, whom love has made you believe an angel, and who, by the same agency, acting upon a more susceptible organisation, has been made to look upon you as a god! How if you cannot sustain the illusion? And how when it breaks down? Will she love you then as now? You must be miserable—for all your raptures—under these trying circumstances, unless you are a demigod, and aware of your strength, or a conceited puppy, and utterly unconscious of your incapacity!

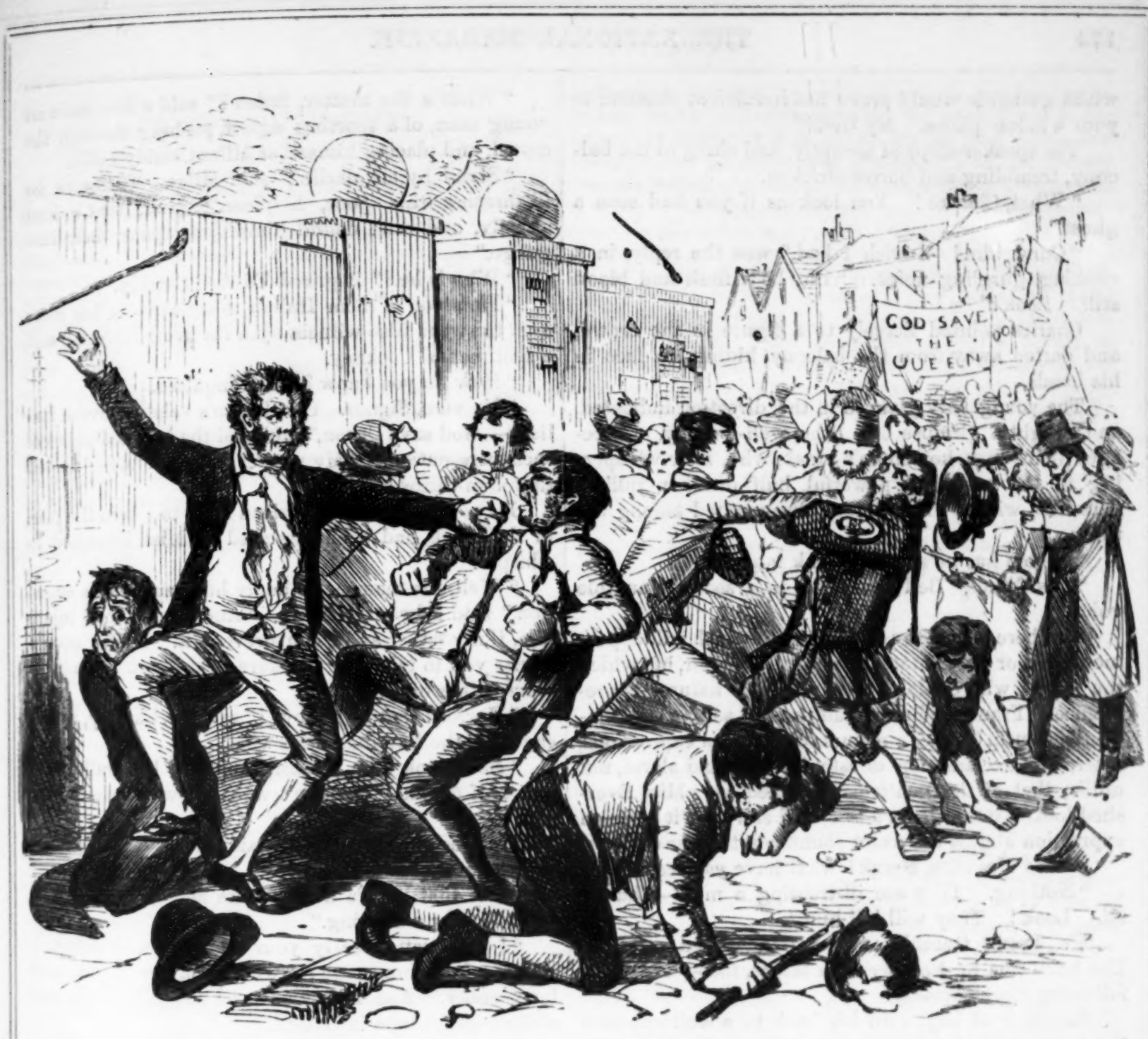
The young gentleman on the balcony was much in this condition. And being neither a demigod, nor altogether a puppy, was made uncomfortable by it. But Queen Caroline was coming along the Kensington Road, with a band of music in front, and Alderman Wood bowing, on horseback, by the side of her new barouche. A cavalcade of gentlemen from Hammersmith, with white favours in their hats, were advancing to welcome the *cortège*. Charity children were marshalled in procession along the footpaths. The church bells pealed. The mob shouted. There was every excuse for forgetting even one's lady-love at such a moment, if the lady-love would let one. But as the Queen's approach was signalled by deafening shouts beneath, the young lady of the balcony, in the white satin and roses, seized the hand of the young gentleman, her neighbour, and said to him, with eyes flashing full of enthusiasm,

"Dear Frank! here is a triumph of a Queen's—of a woman's rights! Listen to these shouts. Look at these upturned faces. And to think how greatly you have contributed to these results!"

"Dearest Bell," Mr. Frank replied, "your partiality exaggerates."

"Never tell me. They have read the book—half of them at least. In that woman they see Anne Boleyn. She and her cause, which is every woman's cause and every man's—Truth's, Heaven's own cause—have no such eloquent advocate. If she knew that you were here!"

"I am afraid she doesn't know there is such a person



MR. CASSIDY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

in existence," said the gifted author of *Anne Boleyn, and other Poems*, blushing up to his cocked hat, but not looking, on the whole, displeased.

"I tell you she must," said Miss Bell, waving her embroidered handkerchief with an enthusiastic shout of "God save the Queen!" which drew a great deal of the public attention from Queen Caroline to the much more attractive person of Miss Isabel Evershed.

"King, Castlereagh, and Constitution!" said a voice, playfully, in her ear—very quietly, you may be sure; as to give public utterance to such a sentiment would have been a dangerous pleasantry.

The young lady turned round, and beheld a gentleman—not nearly so handsome as our favoured poet, but of about the same age; slightly built, fair—too fair perhaps—and somewhat weak-eyed, but intelligent and kind-looking.

"Dear Charley," said the young lady, extending her beautiful hand to the new-comer with a smile of affectionate welcome.

"The first time you have called me 'dear' or 'Charley' for many a day, Cousin Bell," said the gentleman, with something of sadness in his smile. "But to earn even that was worth some sacrifice. Not so great as the one I have made, though. This, I need scarcely ask, is Mr. Frank Gerald?"

"It is. This is my cousin Charles, Frank, to whom we are so much indebted."

"I am glad to know you, sir," said Mr. Charles Evershed, shaking Frank's hand warmly, scrutinising him at the same time with some keenness. "You have supplanted me in the prospect of no ordinary treasure" (he glanced at his fair cousin as he spoke); "but I must try and console myself that your having succeeded in doing so is a proof of extraordinary merit on your part. Eh, Bell?"

"You may indeed, Charley."

"My merit can never be equal to my fortune, sir," said Frank, with real humility. "I must strive to deserve it as much as possible."

"Not an encouraging matrimonial example below there," said Cousin Charles, gaily pointing to the Queen's carriage, that was just passing. "By the way, I don't know that it is altogether safe for me to show on this balcony. If Mr. Alderman Wood should recognise an humble member of his Majesty's ministry, he might mention it to a few of his friends with the dingy countenances. And in that case, Miss Bell, I am afraid your

white garlands would prove but indifferent shutters to your window-panes. My God!"

The speaker stopped abruptly, and clung to the balcony, trembling and horror-stricken.

"What, Charles! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Curse him! I wish I had," was the reply, in a choking, gurgling voice. "But he's flesh and blood still. Look!"

Charles pointed fiercely to a figure in the crowd, and darted away from the balcony, hiding his face in his hands.

The young lady glanced in the direction indicated, and caught a glimpse of a lithe, well-looking, middle-aged man, in a horseman's cloak, who, after whispering in the ear of a powerful, half-drunken ruffian, decorated with a white favour, disappeared among the throng.

"Whom has he seen?" Frank inquired.

"His father," Bell answered, in a scarcely audible voice.

And here occurred a circumstance which will appear incredible, or exaggerated, if not prepared for, but which the sequel will explain as a perfectly natural consequence. Frank, before he had time to ask an explanation of Cousin Charles's remarkably unfilial expressions, uttered an exclamation of astonishment and alarm, not unlike that of the gentleman alluded to. Miss Evershed looked in her lover's face, and saw that it wore an expression almost the exact counterpart of her cousin's.

"Good Heavens, Frank! what have *you* seen?"

"Nothing. They are ill-treating a man—that is all. Look! They will kill him."

Mr. Frank Gerald's explanation lacked candour. The truth was he had seen *his* father, too—under the following circumstances.

Standing at bay, with his back to a wall opposite the house with the balcony, was Miles Cassidy, with all his fierce Irish nature aroused, protecting a bleeding wretch, who lay cowering beneath his calves, from the fury of the mob, and whose face was already fearfully cut in several places, by stones and other missiles. Miles was in his best clothes—a blue coat, with gilt buttons, and breeches, and an exuberance of coarse, snowy linen. His hat was on the pavement, and his right hand grasped his inseparable cudgel in a business-like manner, suggestive of Donnybrook Fair in its palmiest days. His *protégé* was evidently a foreigner.

"Down with Italian spies, informers, and false witnesses!" shouted the crowd.

"Faix, an' he is down low enough," said Miles, in his most thundering voice. "Whatever he is, the first man that touches him will pass over me. You dhurthy bosthoons! Where's the man of you to face a man that's a raal man, and not a poor, withered spalpeen, the likes o' that, and him a sthranger in the land?"

"Down with the tyrants and the henemies of reform!" said a metropolitan patriot, helping himself to a neighbour's pocket-handkerchief.

"He's one of Castletree's Hirish," said a voice.

"Let that lying blackguard come forward and prove his words on a man that fit for Liberty with swoord and musket when ye were robbing the hen-roosts," said Mr. Cassidy, with more force than elegance.

"What's the matter, father?" said a fine, stalwart young man, of a sporting aspect, pushing through the crowd, and placing himself at Miles Cassidy's side.

"Stand by me, darlin'," said Miles. "They're for ill-thrating this poor, helpless crathur, that's hurt already, and can't defind himself, or spake their language."

"Who is he?" inquired Edward Cassidy.

"He's von of them Italian miscreants as has come over to swear false witness agin the sveet Kiveen," said a sentimental Cockney.

"How do you know?" Ted inquired.

"No vero, Signor. Gentleman's valet—povero Italiano—God save Queen," jabbered the terrified object of their persecution. "My master want kill me—he tell that man throw stone."

He pointed at the Herculean bully to whom the man in the cloak had been observed by Miss Evershed to whisper.

"Well, the man seems badly hurt, and wants attention," said Edward, calmly. "And no one shall injure him, if my father and I can prevent it. And I should advise you to take our measure before you attempt to touch either of us."

"Horroo! that's yer sowl!" said Mr. Cassidy, rather eager for the fray than otherwise.

"Now, look here, master," said the big bully, who was half drunk; "we don't want a row with either of you."

"Maybe not," said Mr. Cassidy, caressing his cudgel affectionately.

"But that man's a Heldonite and a spy, and we want him for a ducking."

"I am pretty nearly your weight," said Edward, with perfect composure; "while you are drunk, and I am sober. And I should warn you that I am one of the best bruisers in Oxford."

"D—n Hoxford, and you, too," said the ruffian, making a dart towards his prey. Ned Cassidy met his advance with a ringing blow on the temple, that laid him senseless like an ox.

The crowd closed in, and the struggle became Homeric. Mr. Cassidy enjoyed himself immensely. He had not indulged in the national luxury of a fight for many years, and he laid about him to the right and to the left with immense gusto. Ted hammered away like a young Ajax.

The strife was, of course, unequal; and the father and son were getting worsted by numbers, when they received an unexpected reinforcement.

Mr. Frank Gerald, the accomplished poet, to the horror and astonishment of his shrieking betrothed, sprang over the balcony, hung to it a second by his hands, dropped himself on to the door-step, and, with a ringing shout of "Gown, to the rescue!" mingled with the combatants.

"Frank!"

"Father! Ted!"

The recognition was instantaneous.

Mr. Cassidy, with a delighted whoop, spun his cudgel in the air, caught it, and renewed the attack, exclaiming, with a radiant visage,

"With the pair of 'em to back me, ye may bring the devil and all his angels!"

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MANUFACTURING chemists will hardly need to have their attention directed to certain developments of the chemistry of baryta wrought out by the ingenuity of M. Frederic Kuhlmann. On a preceding occasion we indicated the advance already made in that direction; we will now follow M. Kuhlmann in his more recent applications of barium compounds. Starting from the chloride of barium, hydrated baryta may be thrown down by treatment with caustic soda. From hydrated to anhydrous baryta the step is easy, being economically procured by decomposition of the nitrate; but the great utilisation of nitrate of baryta in M. Kuhlmann's economy is this—he gets pure nitric acid without distillation, by using sulphuric acid to precipitate the sulphate. The preparation of hydrochloric acid without distillation, by precipitating baryta out of chloride of barium, will be obvious, and is also adopted in the economy of M. Kuhlmann; but still more interesting is the production of tartaric, citric, and acetic acids, by keeping the same principle of operation in view. Tartaric acid is prepared from bitartrate of potash, the excess of acid in which is first saturated by native carbonate of baryta, finely pulverised, and subsequently decomposing the neutral tartrate by means of chloride of barium: when a solution of bitartrate of potash is boiled in contact with carbonate of baryta, a perfectly neutral liquor results. This much having been stated, the chemist will be at no loss to perceive that tartaric acid is finally obtained by decomposing the tartrate of baryta with sulphuric acid. Instead of native carbonate of baryta and chloride of barium, sulphuret of barium may be employed; but the tartrate of baryta resulting from this treatment assumes a gelatinous state, and is difficult to wash. The only advantage in favour of using sulphuret of barium would be the production of sulphuret of potassium—a salt more valuable than the chloride. Coming now to the production of citric acid, the operation is as follows:—Lemon-juice, either in its natural state or concentrated, being heated, is converted into citrate of baryta by means of native carbonate, saturation being completed either by a little sulphuret of barium, or baryta precipitated by means of caustic soda, or of chloride of barium mixed with ammonia, or, lastly, by ammonia alone, either of which is competent to effect the precipitation of the citrate retained in solution. Finally, the citrate of baryta is decomposed by means of dilute sulphuric acid. Space does not permit our giving full details of this line of industrial chemistry. There yet remain to be indicated the processes for manufacturing, by means of the baryta treatment, acetic, chromic, and hydroferrocyanic acids, together with some others. A good process for manufacturing chromic acid was sadly wanting.

M. Fred. Kuhlmann has also been prosecuting his inquiries relative to the utilisation of sulphate of baryta as a pigment, with (according to his statement) considerable success. For the interests of sanitary science, we hope that gentleman may not have overrated his triumph. Unfortunately, the chemical fact remains, and cannot be impugned, that whilst carbonate of lead chemically combines with linseed oil—sulphate of baryta is totally incapable of doing so; for which reason sulphate of baryta, as tried here in England, is said to lend itself very intractably to the painter's art. It is said *not to cover*, and, when laid on, to be more subject than white lead to removal.

On various occasions lately we have endeavoured to keep our readers *au courant* as to the various experiments now being made in France and elsewhere relative to the acclimatisation of new species of silk-worm. It appears that those experiments are being attended with considerable success. M. Is. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has presented to the French Academy of Sciences samples of silk obtained from the castor-oil species—so called on account of the worm feeding upon leaves of the castor-oil plant—supplied by the French Society of Acclimatisation. Its great defect is deficiency of lustre; but it would appear that means are discovered for lessening that drawback. At the present time the Society of Acclimatisation, in addition to numerous varieties of the ordinary, or mulberry-leaf silk-worm, possesses the silk-worm of the Japan varnish-tree, the *Bombyse Prometheus*, an American species, and the *Bombyse mylitta*, an Indian species, which feeds upon leaves of the oak. To these four species must be added a very interesting cross-breed, or mule, between the castor-oil and the varnish-tree worms. All the above are possessed by the Society in quantities warranting the belief that good commercial results may come of them; but single individuals of many other species are numbered amongst the curiosities of the Society.

The question whether or not it be desirable to repeat the experiment of a great Industrial Exhibition in 1861 is undergoing a somewhat energetic discussion; opinions on that matter continuing to be much divided. At the Society of Arts, on the occasion of the first ordinary meeting of the hundred and fifth session, Nov. 17, Mr. Wentworth Dilke expressed himself strongly favourable to the project. In reply to the argument that 1861 is too soon for another international exhibition, he said that a large number are of opinion that, in order to derive the benefits from comparison, the intervals between one exhibition and another should be rather less than more than ten years. He argued that between 1851 and 1861 more than one-third of a generation will have passed away. He appealed to the opinion of the French, that an interval of five years is enough, and to the experience of the Agricultural Society, whose members hold annual meetings with no abatement of interest. One of the principal objections seems to be the having to erect a new building for the purpose, without there being any likelihood of obtaining a design as novel and successful as was the glass house of 1851: if the exhibition could be held in any existing building—and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham at once occurs as the most appropriate—much of the opposition would probably cease.

Mr. Thomas De la Rue, so well known for the improvements he has made in the manufacture of paper, some time ago turned his attention to the preparation and employment of that remarkable substance, vegetable parchment, on the commercial scale. It will be remembered that Mr. Barlow not long since delivered a lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, a short summary of which we then gave. Prepared as the material is by the immersion of paper in sulphuric acid, diluted with water to a particular degree of tenuity, there were theoretical grounds for apprehending that some traces of sulphuric acid might linger, and, by reacting on the substance, work out its destruction chemically. If the apprehension proved to be well founded, of course there would be an end to the idea of substituting artificial parchment for its animal congener in legal documents. Dr. Hoffman's report is assuring. Though, contrary to the experience of Mr. Barlow, he finds vegetable parchment to be endowed with only two-thirds the degree of mechanical tenacity possessed by ordinary parchment, nevertheless he pronounces it to be free from every trace of sulphuric acid. Moreover, he states that some of the material stored away by him for more than four years shows no symptom of incipient destruction. It can be written or printed upon with equal readiness; and though it softens under water like animal parchment, it is superior to that material in that it neither putrefies nor dissolves. Dr. Hoffman remarks, that the efficiency of the dilute sulphuric acid employed in its preparation is comprised within very narrow limits of dilution. According to the process recommended by Mr. Gaine, oil of vitriol diluted with half its volume of water is the proper proportion.

The subject of metallic alloys is one of not less practical importance than of theoretical interest. Though the metals

are limited in number, and those capable of useful application are more restricted still, metallic alloys may be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. Of late, chemists have made known the fact, that alloys admit of division under two distinct species, to which the respective terms *mechanical* and *chemical* may with justice be applied, according as the alloys consist of mere mechanical mixtures of the metals, or of chemical union in accordance with the laws of equivalent proportion. Mr. Calvert's special attention was directed to the function of hardness, the theoretical degree of which he endeavoured to establish by multiplying the per-centage quantity of each metal by its respective hardness, adding the results, and dividing by 100. As regards alloys of zinc and copper (brasses), it was found that all the alloys containing an excess of copper are much harder than the metals composing them; and still more curious, that the increased degree of hardness is due to the zinc, the softer metal of the two. If, however, the zinc exceed 50 per cent of the alloy, the latter becomes too brittle for any useful purpose. Mr. Calvert believes that some of the alloys holding an excess of zinc, and which are not found in commerce, owing to their white appearance, may be turned to good engineering account. He draws especial notice to the alloy composed of copper, 49·32; zinc, 50·68; which, though it contains about 20 per cent more zinc than any of the brasses of commerce, is far richer in colour than ordinary brasses. The alloy in question seems to be a definite chemical compound, inasmuch as it crystallises in prisms half an inch in length, having an extreme flexibility.

M. B. Corenwinder has arrived at the following deductions concerning the assimilation of carbon by the leaves of vegetables:—1. Almost all vegetables, exposed to shade, exhale, whilst young, a small quantity of carbonic acid. 2. Generally speaking, this exhalation ceases in adult vegetables. 3. A certain number of vegetables, nevertheless, retain the power of exhaling carbonic acid, in the shade, during every phase of their existence. 4. In sunshine plants absorb and decompose carbonic acid, by their foliage, more readily than has been hitherto supposed. If comparison be instituted between the carbon which they assimilate, and that which enters into their structure, the atmospheric source of the most of their carbon will be readily perceptible. Twenty minutes' exposure to light is often enough to supply to them the quantity of carbon they had previously lost from exposure to darkness.

The officials and members of the Royal Society celebrated their anniversary dinner, at Willis's Rooms, on the 30th of November; dining being preceded by the anniversary meeting of the Fellows for business. The number of members in attendance was greater than usual. Lord Wrottesley occupied the chair, and delivered the customary address. His Lordship gave a succinct *résumé* of the progress of science during the past year; dwelling particularly on the geographical researches determined in British Columbia, in consequence of the discovery of gold in that region. He also eulogised Dr. Livingstone for the valuable service he had rendered to the science of geography, and adverted to the throwing open of China and Japan. The solar eclipse of March 15, and the comet of Donati, were other prominent topics of comment; nor must we forget to add that Lord Wrottesley spoke at some length on the advantages likely to accrue from the intimate relations between the Government and the representatives of science. To us the existence of such relations does not seem so manifest. The medals of the Society were awarded as follows:—The Copley Medal to Sir Charles Lyell, for his various researches and writings, by which he has contributed to the advancement of geology: a Royal Medal to Mr. Albany Hancock for his researches on the anatomy of the mollusca; the second Royal Medal to Mr. William Lassell, for his various astronomical discoveries and researches; and the Rumford Medal to Professor Jamin of Paris, for his various experimental researches on light.

A deputation has waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to recommend an alteration in our system of weights. The irrational scheme of weights and measures prevalent amongst us has long been a subject of regret, though when any radical alteration has come to be discussed, people interested in the matter could never be got to agree about details. In fact, the French suffered so much from the obligatory imposition of the metrical system, that other nations may well be chary of repeating so bold an experiment. In a commercial country like this, any change will have to be accomplished step by step. The present proposition is to abandon the avoirdupois hundredweight of one hundred and twelve pounds, and make one hundred pounds the hundredweight. This would be a step in the right direction, though only a small step.

The longest cannon-shot on record was accomplished at Shoeburyness on the 3d inst. by one of Mr. Armstrong's breech-loading rifle iron cannons, of four-inch bore. At an elevation of 35°, the projectile flew to the unprecedented distance of *nine thousand four hundred and thirty yards*, or more than five miles and a third. On the day following, a cannon rifled on Mr. Whitworth's principle being tried at the same place, burst at the ninth round. This is the third of Whitworth's cannons which has proved its incompetence. It is understood that the Government have abandoned the idea of further experimenting with the weapon.

The late fatal explosion at Tyldesley Colliery was attended with two circumstances of peculiar interest. Firstly, though no fewer than twenty-four individuals fell victims, no explosion was heard at the surface-end of the shaft; again, when, after the accident, a descent was effected, safety-lamps were seen burning in the very spot where most of the deaths had occurred from the choke-damp. Unfortunately there is nothing peculiar in the circumstance that no clue whatever has been discovered to the original source of accident. All the safety-lamps throughout the mine were found to be still perfect, and having their tops screwed on. No naked lights were ever permitted in the workings, and no defect in ventilation had been noticed. As usual, it is vaguely assumed that some irregular perforation *must* have existed in one of the safety-lamps. Surely, after the occurrence of so many accidents, the time has now arrived for setting aside the absurd popular dogma of the safety of Davy's lamp under all practical circumstances. We have already explained in these columns that, though the Davy lamp be perhaps totally incapable of igniting inflammable gaseous mixture, when both are absolutely at rest, nevertheless sufficient motion of either the one or the other will inevitably bring about an explosion. Moreover, the fact should be remembered, that the atmosphere of a coal-mine is not only vitiated in the ordinary way by foul air, but that it also holds particles of coal-dust, which, being deposited on the wire safety-cage externally, must ignite so soon as the cage itself becomes red-hot. These are by no means all the objections to the Davy lamp. The original belief in its safety was based upon the assumption that light carburetted hydrogen was the only hydrogenous gas present in coal-mines; but it is now known that both olefiant gas and hydrosulphuric acid gas are also occasionally present, both of which, if mingled with atmospheric air in certain proportions, defy the protection of the wire gauze. Lastly, it has hitherto been taken for granted that so soon as choke-damp (the result of fire-damp explosion) attained proportions dangerous to human life, the Davy lamp would cease to burn; but the Tyldesley Colliery experience negatives this assumption. Several parliamentary committees have sat on coal-mines and their attendant dangers; we hope it is not thought that they have exhausted the subject. In the Belgian coal-mines (we are not sure as to France) safety-lamps are used, much lauded for their good qualities; would it not be well to institute a comparative trial between these and our own?

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

No. III. The Section of Punishment and Reformation.

The right of protecting ourselves is pleaded generally as the basis of Criminal Law and the justification of human punishments. There is a nobler theory leading to the same result, but by a better way: the punishment of crime is made necessary by the duty of protecting others. A theoretical distinction of this kind is so far from being a matter of speculative interest only, that the whole spirit and temper of a penal code may depend upon its recognition. The forms of thoughts influence men as much as their substance. Thinking of ourselves, we with difficulty think otherwise than selfishly; thinking of others, even in relation to the same matter in hand, the eye, turned outwards, has a wider range, and the whole truth is clearer. In that divine harmony to which the world is tuned, the necessary tones, indeed, are never wanting; the age, whatever its material, gives out the required notes under the stroke of time; and therefore the punishment of certain crimes by human hands, being in fact essential to the social existence of mankind, has been administered in one form or other from the beginning. But it is administered first in anger, then in prudence, last of all in love; and the difference between the several forms of administration is precisely that which at different eras distinguishes the strange music of humanity, when the self-same chords are struck sometimes from iron, sometimes from silver, sometimes from golden strings. A man holding only his own and infringing on no other's rights, feels justified in using his natural powers to protect himself if he is assailed; nay, self-preservation is no doubt a duty when there is no reason for self-sacrifice. But one who sees, not himself, but another attacked where he is able to save him, and feels that the strength of his right arm is given him for many purposes, and for none more sacred than this, will use that strength far better, with infinitely less peril of abusing it. The highest form, therefore, into which questions of criminal jurisdiction can be thrown, is not, How can we, Society, protect ourselves? but, How can we protect one another? The answers to either question will often be the same in fact, but they will differ in spirit as much as a father's frown differs from an enemy's.

Regarded thus in the light of duty to our neighbours, criminal law is a grave necessity with which neither relentless anger nor pathetic weakness has anything to do. Among ourselves, at least as far as our intentions go, the days of judicial cruelty are over, but we may still be selfish long after we have ceased to be cruel. It is painful to punish, it is pleasant to pardon, especially when it is not one's own self that has been sinned against; and when these considerations prevail over higher ones, sentimental philanthropy becomes the most selfish thing under the sun.

There are always a number of bad men in the world who, if they are not prevented, will gratify their passions and supply their wants by injuring those who happen in any way to be unable to protect themselves against them. This criminal class has existed from the earliest age, and may be expected to cease out of the earth when the last man but one sleeps with his fathers. Left to itself it would destroy itself, after first destroying everything besides. It has never, therefore, been left to itself. The necessity of putting a limit to its depredations is one of the first things mankind are conscious of. First the wrath of the savage, afterwards the wisdom of the philosopher, last of all the Christian's love for his fellow-men, has interfered, to keep the evil in check and make a peaceable life generally possible. Besides the regularly bad men who constitute the criminal class, and who, out of a set purpose, will prey upon the rest to the best of their ability, there is another and a still larger class, not wicked by deliberate choice or under ordinary circumstances, but in whom the power of conscience is too weak to govern their actions when temptation is a little stronger than usual. These yield a little, and repent a little; if nothing interferes to save them, they yield a little more and repent a little less, till, weakness hardening into viciousness, they fall at last into that criminal class which in fact depends on them for its own recruiting ground. Against the crimes of these two classes the rest of mankind have to protect one another.

Of course, the best and only complete protection would be found in the perfect reformation of all the wicked and all the weak. If the habitually criminal could be made habitually virtuous, and if those who are not strong enough to resist unusual temptation could have the needful strength infused into their veins, the work would be done at once. And though this perfect end, strive towards it as we may, can never be attained,

every step in its direction is so much absolute gain, and is doubly gratifying, because in reforming a criminal we not only so far protect our neighbours, but we bestow also an infinite blessing on a most miserable soul. To carry on the work of reformation to the utmost limits of our power is, therefore, our first and highest duty in the social treatment of crime. Strangely enough this truth, at least in any practical aspect, may be said to have been revealed to this generation for the first time since the world was made. Men read their Bibles for seventeen centuries before they saw that slavery was a social wrong; they read them for eighteen centuries before they felt that the reformation of criminals was a social duty. These facts are not discreditable to mankind; they are among the most hopeful things in all human history. They show us how little reason there is to fear that we have come to the end of our resources; they convince us, when we seem to have fallen on evil days, when the light we have is insufficient to overcome the shadow, when our weapons break in our hands and our shares seem failing, that there is still no reason, and that there never will be any reason, to despair; that truths we cannot see, truths which our children perhaps will wonder at us for not seeing, are doubtless lying at our very doors, and that in them will be the solution of our difficulties. The Central Truth sent among us so many centuries ago has proved itself to be the seed of the very Tree of Life; the tree whose growth is silent, but perpetual; whose present sweetness we know, whose possible and final height we cannot conjecture, but whose leaves, as they open one by one, are all of them for the healing of the nations.

But every work, whether new or old, should be entered upon soberly; with no failure of efforts, but with no extravagance of expectation. What has been done hitherto as the result of the Reformatory movement is ridiculously little, and may be considered as purely experimental, and the nation will have to make exertions in this direction of which at present it has no idea. But it is quite certain, that when all is done the success to be looked for can only be a partial one; that we may expect to reduce the amount of crime very considerably, and that such a result will reward us amply for any amount of labour by heart or hand; but that we shall certainly not put an end to crime by this or any other conceivable means, and that even what we are able to accomplish will be brought about only by slow degrees. The duty of protecting one another by other means as well, remains therefore without alteration.

Now, when a man has made up his mind to commit a crime, there are in general only two ways of stopping him on the spot. He must be stopped by force, or by fear. At this stage of the business other influences act too slowly, and the deed is done before they can be set in motion. Prevention by force is very far the better and more effectual method, provided the force be ample for its purpose. Make it plainly impossible for the criminal to carry out his design, and he soon gives up the thought of attempting it. A vast amount of crime has by this means been already cleared away. Deeds of violence which take much time in their commission, or which have to be done in public places, by open day, or for whose success it is necessary first to overpower the civil authorities, or to break open a prison, or seize a town—things once of frequent occurrence—now are scarcely attempted, because it is known that a force sufficient to prevent their execution is always ready, and that such attempts would necessarily fail. In like manner, our better locks, our more secure inclosures, our banking arrangements, and the strength of our public warehouses, are doing the same good service. An impregnable iron safe prevents many a dishonest thought, by the certain and effectual resistance which it promises.

There is much more to be done in this direction, principally, perhaps, through the improvement of the police, which is the chief resisting force, and which a free country like England can use to the utmost without abusing. The highest function of the police is not to detect crime, but to prevent it; not to catch thieves, but to be a hindrance to thieving; not to arrest the violent, but to hold their hands. The proverbial certainty of finding a policeman at your elbow when you don't want him, and having to hunt the world for him when you do, though neither altogether true nor altogether avoidable, points out a wide margin of inefficiency in this preventive power. In point of fact, our police system, as a grave matter of Social Science, is in its childhood. It was only last year that the appointment of an effective force was made generally compulsory over the country. The legal notion of an effective force is still very modest indeed, and a higher standing, a more careful selection in regard to character, a sterner discipline, and a much more systematic effort to prevent evil thoughts from ripening into evil deeds, have still to be insisted on in setting that force to work. A policeman's office ought to be a grave and honourable one; his character should be perfectly distinguishable from that of an area gate-post; and if there is any discipline more rigid than any other, it ought to be the discipline he moves under. When offences are expected, the common policy is to wait for some overt act, and then to seize the offender. There are exceptional cases where this is right, chiefly when the culprit is an old offender, whom it is needful to lay hold of by the law; but in the great mass of cases, and invariably when no previous crime is known to have been committed, the true policy is to make the guilty act impossible the moment the intention is suspected, not of course by seizing the would-be sinner, but by putting a resisting power unmistakeably in his way.

For public crime is a devouring fire, whose terror and intensity depend on the extent to which we feed and stir it. Society throws its waste, drops its toys, and kicks its refuse into the flame; and if ever that lurid light is to grow paler, it must be by cutting off these supplies. About 400,000 persons pass annually through the hands of the police, and at least one-third of these have borne good characters before, and are offenders for the first time. The grand problem is how to prevent these first offences, and the Association can enter into no more useful investigation than that of the history, the motives, the opportunities, and the limits of crime in its first stages. The whole police system is included in such an inquiry. The number of our policemen is just equal to that of our lawyers; that is to say, there are about 20,000 of them in England and Wales; but the number of the criminal class—that is, of those who are known to live dishonestly—is little short of

half a million; while of the other classes, the number who, under ordinary circumstances, will sooner or later be tempted into crime, is certainly not less. As a preventive power, therefore, supposing it to have no other function, the present police force is manifestly incompetent to do its work with any approach to completeness. When one man has to keep watch over fifty men who can play at hide-and-seek among city courts or country hedges, there is not much difficulty in foreseeing what the result will be. Undoubtedly we have a very wholesome dread of anything like a continental constabulary; but Englishmen take melancholy views of things in general, and forget in particular that the mischief belongs to the Continent, and not to the constable. A stick is a terrible thing when a brigand gets hold of it; but the gift of using it only against dogs and rascals is inherent in a Briton. In fact, we have only to adhere to the wise and thoroughly English principle which is already solving so many complicated difficulties—the principle of local appointment and local control, combined with Governmental inspection and limited assistance from the Government—to make it perfectly safe, so far as the permanent liberties of the nation are concerned, to swear in every honest man as a constable, and set a couple of watchmen over every known rogue in the kingdom.

When prevention by force is unattainable, the next thing we have to rely upon is prevention by fear. A boy covets his companion's bread and butter; but if he is sure he will be whipped for taking it, that makes him hesitate. A man feels that if he might only apply his fist to his enemy's eye, it would make life worth living for; but if he knows that he will certainly have to live on bread and water for the month next ensuing upon that operation, he comes to regard it differently. There is no sort of doubt about the value of fear as a preventive power; and it has this particular advantage, as a set-off against some drawbacks, that it may follow a man where a policeman cannot, and act conclusively when there is no time for anything else to interfere. Of course, it is a low motive; but it is designed expressly to act on those upon whom higher motives, for the time at least, have lost their influence. A man who can only be restrained by fear is, indeed, a bad man already; but, being so, we must restrain him by such means as are in fact available. On him, Love is not a preventive power, for he loves nothing else so well as himself and his indulgences; and if you would open his blind eyes and convert his soul, you must begin by stopping him in his career of evil, and keeping him from the deadly influence of perpetrated crime. Good-meaning people often talk foolishly on this subject. They point, for example, to some punishment whose severity distresses them, and then to the number of crimes which are, nevertheless, committed in spite of it; and they infer that the punishment has failed, and that the severity is a useless infliction of pain. But the true question is not, How many crimes have been committed notwithstanding the penalty? but, How many have been prevented by the fear of it? and this is a point to which philanthropists of this class have generally paid no attention.

The result of all recent experience goes to prove, that while there are, doubtless, certain classes of offences which ought not to be treated as such at all, the punishment inflicted in a very large number of cases is far too lenient for any good purpose, even if we forget altogether the first object of legal punishment, which is the protection of the innocent, and think only of the criminals themselves. We have still to find out what thieves and vagabonds really dread. Such a discovery is altogether within the scope of the Association, and when it has made it, the nation, it is to be hoped, will have nerve enough, not in anger, but as a grave and painful duty, to try the experiment of its application. The whole list of legal punishments, and their apportionment to particular crimes, wants a complete and searching revision. Probably it will always want this, for every new generation has its special sins, its special terrors, and its own peculiar circumstances. If you mean to frighten a man, you must consider what he really fears. When you see a criminal coming back ten, twenty, thirty, fifty times, to pay the same penalty for the same offence, it is clear that, so far as he is concerned, your penalty is useless, and you might just as well save yourself the trouble of meddling with him. We have to deal with four great sources of crime, dividing themselves into two great classes; those brought about by sudden impulse, and those resulting from wilful premeditation; the attacks made upon Property through the pressure of want or the design of selfishness, and the attacks made upon the Person in the heat of anger or in the coldness of deliberate enmity. We have to consider what sort of fear will check the sudden impulses of men, and what will influence their less hasty resolutions; and to remember, in regard to the first, that we have to act upon drunken brains as well as upon sober ones; and in regard to the second, that when there is time to deliberate on the crime there is time also to lessen the fear of punishment by making escape more probable.

So that the infliction of punishment should be thought of simply as a means to an end,—that end, in the first instance, being the prevention of crime by the use of fear. All other things being the same, that penalty is best and wisest which will reduce the number of offences to the smallest limits. This is not done, indeed, by excessive severity, for then Society, shocked and compassionate, protects the criminal, and, by its protection, takes away all salutary fear. Neither is it done by the retributive principle, which seeks to make a fair balance in the books of crime, to set suffering against sin, and extract from the guilty hand the amount of pain inflicted by it, as near as may be. Nor is it done by the Draconian principle, of one sharp penalty for all offences, for this only confuses the moral instincts of men, who know very well that guilt has many gradations, and that to treat all evil-doers alike is to obliterate that important truth, as far as the law can do it. The end is only to be attained by boldly grappling with the subject as a matter of fact, of experience, and of experiment concerning men, their passions, and their fears.

When neither force nor fear has been sufficient; when crime has been committed in spite of them, and the criminal is a prisoner in our hands, the nature of our duties is changed. We have, indeed, to punish him, that the fear of punishment may still abide; but we have also to see whether we cannot amend him, that we may send him back into the world better than when he left it, and, if possible, with a restraining

power in his own mind, more efficient than either force or fear. The attempt is made, but at present without the least approach to anything like consistent effort or the foresight of true wisdom. The thing to be done is to raise the moral nature of the criminal, and how do we set about it? Certainly we make a pretty beginning. First of all he must, of course, be tried. Suppose the man to be guilty; his trial ought to be the first grave lesson he receives in the principles of right and wrong. Yet every guilty man is encouraged, often he is actually persuaded, to go before his judges with a lie on his lips. To the question, "How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?" we neither expect nor desire a true answer. The thing we really intend to ask him is this, "Do you mean to confess yourself guilty, or do you choose to be tried?" but instead of putting this plain question, to which a true answer would always be returned, we use a juggle of words, and we get, and generally wish to get, a falsehood in reply.

The grand old English principle, that no man shall be made a witness against himself unless he chooses, lies very near the root of all our liberties, and is strictly adhered to in our courts of justice. We have long ago decided that judicial punishment shall never be forced upon any single soul unless his guilt can be made clear by independent testimony. We know that nothing has been proved more conclusively than the fact, that it is an infinitely smaller evil to let a number of criminals escape scot-free, than to put into the hands of any human governors the general power of punishing on suspicion, or extracting the proofs of guilt from the prisoner himself. When we tell him, therefore, that he had better plead "Not Guilty," and take his trial, we are only carrying out this wisest of judicial rules. There is no confessional in England. We don't want him to confess to men. Unless we can prove his guilt by other means, we don't wish to punish him. This is one of the very noblest points of English justice; but for what earthly reason should we mar and spoil it by making a downright lie, on the part of almost every guilty prisoner, essential to the working out of our own intentions? We are not proverbially a nation of liars. No thanks for that, however, to those who rule us. The love of truth for its own sake is rarely seen in the efforts of human legislation. The same carelessness in regard to it breaks out in a thousand forms; in our excise laws, for example, which are generally so arranged that to be truthful and to obey them is not possible. Notably, also, in the collection of our income-tax, where the question asked is, "How much is your real income?" and the question expected to be answered is simply, "On what amount of income are you willing to pay?" The miasma of Untruth engendered by these legal quagmires spreads over the daily life of the nation, and its injurious influence is probably far greater than any one can conceive. In the case of criminals, no one surely can doubt the grievous error of beginning what ought to be a process of reformation by a direct incitement to falsehood. If the Association will only look into this matter in a national point of view, search out all public Helps to Lying, and expose their nakedness and their needlessness, they will do very good service, and break what we fear is very new ground.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

SINCE in May last we called the attention of our readers to the "small books and large boons" for which we are indebted to Mr. Timbs, two other volumes by the same author, not larger nor less valuable, have reached us—*The Curiosities of Science*, and *Painting popularly Explained*. The first of these* is just the book to put into the hands of an intelligent boy. Mr. Timbs calls it "a book for old and young," and unquestionably it contains "meat for strong men" as well as "milk for babes;" but while the old will derive both instruction and amusement from its perusal, we hold that its chief value will be for the young, who, not content to rest in the isolated "curiosities," as their elders are too apt to do, will be stimulated by it to thought and research, that they may understand the connexion between the facts, and the scientific principles they involve. Indeed, when it is remembered how many of the men who, by their inventions and discoveries, have earned the title of benefactors of their species, trace their first attraction to the subject with which their names will be for ever associated to some slight incident in their youthful days, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of a book like this: half a century hence some grey-headed man, with whose name the world is then ringing, may tell his grandchildren how that the good he has been able to do and the fame he has achieved have sprung from the gift by kind parent or judicious relative of this little work of Mr. Timbs'. The sciences illustrated are, in the main, astronomy and meteorology; geology and paleontology; physical geography; sound, light, and heat; magnetism and electricity,—the latter with special attention to the great marvel of our times, the electro-magnetic telegraph; and we cannot give a better idea of the purpose and character of the book than by quoting the following passage from the modest address of the author to his "gentle reader:"

"In these days of universal attainments, whence Science becomes not merely a luxury to the rich, but bread to the poor, and when the very amusements as well as the conveniences of life have taken a scientific colour, it is reasonable to hope that the present volume may be acceptable to a large class of seekers after 'things not generally known.' For this purpose, I have aimed at soundness as well as popularity; although, for myself, I can claim little beyond being one of those industrious 'ants of science' who garner facts, and by selection and comparison adapt them for a wider circle of readers than they were originally expected to reach. In each case, as far as possible, these '*Curiosities*' bear the mint-mark of authority; and in the living list are prominent the names of Humboldt and Herschel, Airy and Whewell, Faraday, Brewster, Owen, and Agassiz, Maury, Wheatstone, and Hunt, from whose writings and researches the following pages are frequently enriched."

To attempt to show by quotation the quality of a work, all the articles of which are professedly "curiosities," would be to parallel that very old story of the production of a brick as a sample of a house: it would be even more absurd, for the bricks may be presumed to have been alike, and on their goodness the goodness of the house must in some degree depend; but these

* *Things not generally Known familiarly Explained. Curiosities of Science, past and present: a Book for Old and Young.* By John Timbs, F.S.A., Editor of the "Year-Book of Facts." London: Kent & Co. (late Bogue).



THE YOUNG GRASSCUTTER. BY EDMUND EAGLES.

MR. EDMUND EAGLES, whose "Return of the Peasant" we engraved in our second volume, has, during a sojourn of some years in Italy, studied the customs and picturesque costumes of the peasantry; and having adopted also an Italian style of art—that is, such as modern Italian artists cultivate—his work and his subject are often singularly in keeping. Although painted in an extremely low key, and devoid of rich variety of colour, the picture we have engraved has large merits, from the solidity of its execution, the natural beauty of the model employed, and a certain boldness and mastery, which show that the painter is an excellent artist, in the general sense of the word, and that his shortcoming in point of colour is rather from wilfulness than weakness. The girl before us is a farmer's daughter, who, having gone out in early dawn, while the dew was fresh upon the ground, to cut grass for the cattle, now trudges patiently home, the spoil of the fields upon her head, and in one of her hands an Italian reaping-hook of ancient, and we might almost say immemorial, form. Such, indeed, was the hook which the slaves of Lucullus took with them to gather grass for the horses of Cæsar and his attendants, when they came to the famous Villa: such was the hook which Virgil used in his amateur husbandry; for, notwithstanding the eminently practical character visible throughout the *Georgics*, we fancy the Mantuan's agriculture was little in the stern way of action. Such, again, was the sickle the Sabines used before they became one with the Romans; and such was one of the weapons the desperate slaves employed at the commencement of the Servile War—a war which shook Rome to the centre; yet, so strong she was, rather hardened her than injured. The girl herself appears to be of the dark-haired Sabine race—a race probably cognate with the Etruscan, and, if so, more than likely to be of Jewish blood: a certain resemblance may, indeed, be traced in her physiognomy to the descendants of Israel. These peasants are remarkable for their retention of dress as well as implements; a modification of that worn by the girl before us may be observed in many ancient Italian pictures of the same class. But its beauty is that which distinguishes it more than all. The arrangement of the large masses of colour merits highest admiration; the great mass of white covering the arms, shoulders, and bosom, and forming large and noble folds on the arms, uniting and contrasting well with the sombre richness of the remainder. L. L.

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articles are all different, both in nature and in suggestive value. We will, however, quote the following passages about Sir Isaac Newton from the introductory chapter, not only as interesting in themselves, but as showing the conscientious industry with which the book has been compiled.

"*Sir Isaac Newton's Rooms and Laboratory in Trinity College, Cambridge.*—Of the rooms occupied by Newton

during his early residence at Cambridge, it is now difficult to settle the locality. The chamber allotted to him as Fellow, in 1667, was 'the Spiritual Chamber,' conjectured to have been the ground-room, next the chapel, but it is not certain that he resided there. The rooms in which he lived from 1682 till he left Cambridge are in the north-east corner of the great court, on the first floor, on the right or north of the gateway or principal entrance to the college. His laboratory, as Dr. Humphrey Newton tells us, was 'on the left end of the garden, near the east end of the chapel; and his telescope (refracting) was five feet long, and placed at the head of the stairs, going down into the garden.' The east side of Newton's rooms has been altered within the last fifty years: Professor Sedgwick, who came up to college in 1804, recollects a wooden room, supported on an arcade, shown in Loggan's view, in place of which arcade is now a wooden wall and brick chimney.

"Dr. Humphrey Newton relates that in college Sir Isaac very rarely went to bed till two or three o'clock in the morning, sometimes not till five or six, especially at spring and fall of the leaf, when he used to employ about six weeks in his laboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day; he sitting up one night, and Humphrey another, till he had finished his chemical experiments. Dr. Newton describes the laboratory as 'well furnished with chymical materials, as bodyes, receivers, heads, crucibles, &c., which was made very little use of, y^e^ crucibles excepted, in which he fused his metals: he would sometimes, though very seldom, look into an old mouldy book, which lay in his laboratory; I think it was titled *Agricola de Metallis*, the transmuting of metals being his chief design, for which purpose antimony was a great ingredient.' 'His brick furnaces, *pro re nata*, he made and altered himself without troubling a bricklayer.' 'What observations he might make with his telescope, I know not, but several of his observations about comets and the planets may be found scattered here and there in a book intitled *The Elements of Astronomy*, by Dr. David Gregory.'

"The story of the dog 'Diamond' having caused the burning of certain papers is laid in London, and in Newton's later years. In the notes to Maude's *Wenleysdale*, a person then living (1780) relates, that Sir Isaac being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog, called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and by a fatality not be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir Isaac's days, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost finished labour of some years. Sir Isaac returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation (*ad sidera palmas*), 'O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!' without adding a single stripe. M. Biot gives this fiction as a true story, which happened some years after the publication of the *Principia;* and he characterises the accident as having deprived the sciences for ever of the fruit of so much of Newton's labours.—Brewster's *Life*, vol. ii. p. 139, note. Dr. Newton remarks, that Sir Isaac never had any communion with dogs or cats; and Sir David Brewster adds, that the view which M. Biot has taken of the idle story of the dog Diamond, charged with fire-raising among Newton's manuscripts, and of the influence of this accident upon the mind of their author, is utterly incomprehensible. The fiction, however, was turned to account in giving colour to M. Biot's misrepresentation.

"*Newton's Apple-tree.*—Curious and manifold as are the trees associated with the great names of their planters, or those who have sojourned in their shade, the tree which, by the falling of its fruit, suggested to Newton the idea of Gravity, is of paramount interest. It appears that, in the autumn of 1665, Newton left his college at Cambridge for his paternal home at Woolsthorpe. 'When sitting alone in the garden,' says Sir David Brewster, 'and speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him, that as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve a stone or a cannon-ball when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth.'—*Life of Newton*, vol. i. p. 26. Sir David Brewster notes, that neither Pemberton nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself his first ideas of gravity, records this story of the falling apple. It was mentioned, however, to Voltaire by Catherine Barton, Newton's niece; and to Mr. Green by Martin Folkes, President of the Royal Society. Sir David Brewster saw the reputed apple-tree in 1814, and brought away a portion of one of its roots. The tree was so much decayed that it was cut down in 1820, and the wood of it carefully preserved by Mr. Turnor, of Stoke Rocheford. De Morgan (in *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, No. 139, p. 169) questions whether the fruit was an apple, and maintains that the anecdote rests upon very slight authority; more especially as the idea had for many years been floating before the minds of physical inquirers; although Newton cleared away the confusions and difficulties which prevented very able men from proceeding beyond conjecture, and by this means established *universal* gravitation.

"*Newton's 'Principia.'*—'It may be justly said,' observes Halley, 'that so many and so valuable philosophical truths as are herein discovered and put past dispute, were never yet owing to the capacity and industry of any one man.' 'The importance and generality of the discoveries,' says Laplace, 'and the immense number of original and profound views, which have been the germ of the most brilliant theories of the philosophers of this (18th) century, and all presented with much elegance, will ensure to the work on the *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy* a pre-ëminence above all the other productions of human genius.'"

Mr. Timbs' nicely got-up volumes are always remarkable for two things beside what may be called their intrinsic merits: one is, the excellence and good printing of the woodcuts, which will please both "old and young;" the other will be probably unheeded by youthful readers: it is only when, by the lapse of time, they have learnt its value that they will appreciate the copious index which, with so much patient care, has been provided for them.

The second book to which we have referred, *Painting popularly Explained*,* is the joint production of Mr. Timbs and Mr. T. J. Gullick, to the latter of whom we are probably indebted for much of the matter, while the manner is unmistakeably that of the former. Its professed aim is to supply explanations of the processes and materials used in painting, without a knowledge of which, as is well said, "truth, beauty, and sentiment in pictures may undoubtedly be enjoyed; but with it this enjoyment may be heightened in degree, other gratification derived, and above all, the power gained of appreciating the relative merits and comparative value of paintings." The scope and plan of the work will be apparent from the following passage in the Introduction:

"There have been in the history of art four grand styles —Tempera, Encaustic, Fresco, and Oil. These, together with the minor modes of painting, we propose arranging in something like chronological sequence; but our design being to offer an explanation of the art derived from practical ac-

* *Painting popularly Explained: including Fresco, Tempera, Encaustic, Miniature, Oil, Mosaic, Water-colour, Missal, Painting on Pottery, Porcelain, Enamel, Glass, &c.; with Historical Sketches of the Progress of the Art.* By Thomas John Gullick, Painter, and John Timbs, F.S.A. Author of "Curiosities of London." London: W. Kent & Co. 1859.

quaintance, rather than attempt to give its history, we shall confine ourselves for the most part to so much only of the history of painting as is necessary to elucidate the origin of the different practices which have obtained at different periods. We shall therefore give, in the first place, a full description of each method of painting, together with explanations of its technicalities, and then add connecting notices, following the order of time. In this way we shall trace Tempera from remote antiquity to the works of the later Roman painters. After long neglect, it will reappear in the thirteenth century, and prevail till supplanted by the introduction of Oil painting. Encaustic will furnish an episode at the period of the greatest refinement in Greece. The Byzantine school of Christian art must be estimated from mosaics, which for some four centuries were almost the only form of art; and for the Romanesque style and period we must dip into Missals. The fourteenth century gave us (genuine) Fresco, in which, in the sixteenth century, the noblest monuments of the art of painting were executed. The improvement effected at the commencement of the fifteenth century in oil painting by the Van Eycks having led to such remarkable results, the subject will engross a large share of our attention, more especially as recent research has thrown considerable light on questions connected therewith. Modern Water-colour painting is in reality but a variety of tempera. It has, however, received such distinct and extraordinary development during the last fifty years, that it is entitled to the separate consideration we have given it."

This plan is worked out with the completeness characteristic of Mr. Timbs, the effects of whose long literary experience are obvious in the exact methodical arrangement of the multifarious materials. The result is a book which all lovers of art will rejoice in, as containing in small compass the very information which Exhibitions and Art-unions and illustrated publications must have made so many thousands sensible of their want of; from the attentive perusal, or perhaps we should rather say, the careful study, of which a general knowledge may be gained of the different schools of art, ancient and modern, of the chief masters in each school, of their respective methods of working, the materials they used, and the principal pictures they produced. The following is worth quoting, not only as showing the authors' idea of the benefits to be derived from their work, but as an example of the pains they have taken, by the explanation of each technical term as it occurs, to remove stumbling-blocks from the reader's path, and substitute definiteness of conception in place of the vagueness now too common, the fertile source of cant and imposition:

"The reader who accompanies us through this volume will hardly deny the important influence of materials and processes upon the painter's fidelity of imitation; and even upon his modes of conception, and the higher manifestations of painting as a form of poetical utterance. The reader will in succession see what gave value to the encaustic picture, in the eyes of rich Roman collectors, and that the more mechanical process of mosaic hastened the decline and degradation of art. He will see how the separate introduction of gold into the mediæval tempera picture led to hard outlines, a patchwork character, absence of 'tone,'* and an unnatural scale of colour; while the material limitations of fresco seem, on the contrary, only to have compelled greater attention to the higher and more essential qualities of art. He will see how 'depth,' the greatest recommendation of oil painting, is simply a property of the 'vehicle'* employed; and how chiaroscuro,† or light and shade of pictures, depends on the painter's habitual use of a light or dark ground, or his custom of painting in full daylight or a darkened studio. Lastly, the reader will see that the early Flemish painters followed a definite series of processes, which would alone secure the purity of colour, the transparency, and accuracy of detail so noticeable in their works:—a system which presents a marked contrast to what has been the too prevalent practice in modern painting, both in oil and water-colours—in which, from the facility of making alterations, meaningless license has been allowed to the play of the brush, and effects have been repeated in proportion as they are easily gained."

* "*Tone* is either general or particular: it may mean simply the degree of light or shade in some specific part; or it may refer to the generic character and complexion, so to speak, of the whole picture. Thus we may say indifferently of an engraving or a picture that it wants more tone—meaning, in the first, simply shading; but in the latter we may also mean that it wants more general harmony with one individual hue, warm or cold, just as all the notes in a pianoforte are tuned to one particular key-note."

The book is not more noticeable for the clearness and fulness of its information than it is for its common-sense views, the impartiality of its judgments, and the catholicity of its spirit. Of this an illustration is afforded in its treatment of the vexed pre-Raphaelite question: thus, though the bias of both authors against the new school is shown by the insertion in the volume of a passage communicated by Mr. Gullick to one of Mr. Timbs' previous publications, yet in various places we meet with acknowledgments of the service it has rendered to art by its protest against the conventionality into which the English school has fallen, and by its "intelligent reverential rendering of nature."

The course of the work is enlivened by many curious and interesting anecdotes connected with paintings and painters, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

"The union of the daughter of Sir James Thornhill with Hogarth (then in his thirty-second or thirty-third year) was without the consent of her parents; and Sir James, the rich, prosperous, and highly-honoured artist, was, very excusably, not easily reconciled to the match, considering the youth of his daughter, then barely eighteen, and the slender finances of her husband, who was as yet 'all unknown to fame.' Love, however, seems to have been the great stimulus to Hogarth's genius, for shortly after his marriage he began his celebrated series of the 'Harlot's Progress.' Mrs. Hogarth now contrived, at her mother Lady Thornhill's suggestion, to have some of Hogarth's pictures introduced into Sir James's dining-room as a surprise. This being accordingly done, when Sir James learnt they were the productions of his son-in-law, he merely said, 'the man who can produce such representations as these, can maintain a wife without a portion.' He soon afterwards, however, became both reconciled and generous to the runaway couple. The young lady Hogarth had married, though bred in comfort and affluence, made the poor painter a truly excellent wife. There is, indeed, something touchingly beautiful in her conduct through a married life of more than forty years, and in the respect which she evinced for her husband after his death. In poverty, trial, and disappointment, she cheered him; in affliction she tended and consoled him; under the bitter attacks of Wilkes and Churchill, and the supercilious, purse-proud impertinence of Walpole, she comforted him; his escapades with boon companions and brother-artists she forgave; his early errors she forgot; she was blind to his defects, and constant to his memory. In the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures (1857) there were three portraits by Hogarth of this estimable woman. The first represented her young and pretty, as she may have been soon after the

* "A medium, or 'vehicle,' as it is otherwise called, is the fluid in which the colour is held in suspension while transmitted or conveyed from the palette to the picture. Sometimes the word 'medium' is taken to mean a vehicle which shall be mediate between oil and water, that is to say, unite the properties and advantages of both."

† "An Italian compound word, signifying literally *light-dark*."

marriage; the second, in matronly middle-life—both indicated a sensible, kindly, amiable nature; in the third (with the features somewhat idealised), she appeared as Sigismunda, holding the urn with her husband's heart. This last portrait illustrates a curious passage in the artist's history. A 'Sigismunda,' believed to be by Correggio, but now attributed to Furini (a far inferior painter), had been sold at Sir Luke Schaub's sale for 400*l.* This price, fetched by a poor specimen of an 'old master,' so excited Hogarth's indignation (who was wretchedly paid for his best works, and had just received only 160*l.* for his series of six pictures of 'Marriage à la Mode,' now in the National Gallery), that he is said to have resolved to paint in competition this picture, for which his wife served as model. Be this as it may, Hogarth—who after all did not over-estimate his high-art qualifications so much as Walpole and Reynolds have given the cue for supposing—would not sell *his* picture for a smaller sum than the 400*l.*, and charged his wife not to part with it for less than 500*l.* after his death—an injunction which she obeyed during twenty years of widowhood, the declining circumstances of the latter part of which were relieved by a small pension from the Royal Academy. We have given this tribute to the memory of a heroine, because the influence of sincere attachments and 'love marriages,' as they are called, in the development of the genius of painters, is not recognised as it is in the case of poets, although probably almost as powerful in the one case as the other. Sir Joshua Reynolds is one of the very few great painters to whose name some association of the kind does not attach."

The following may be useful to such of our readers as are members of Art-unions, and either prizeholders or hoping to become so:

"Pictures require light and air; the habit, therefore, of covering up pictures in town houses during the many months that families are away, is very injurious. Washing pictures should be undertaken on a warm, dry day, and nothing but clean cold water should be used. The surface should be wetted with a sponge or soft leather, but the water should never be allowed to float, and all moisture should be carefully removed by gentle friction with an *old* silk handkerchief. The *backs* of pictures should be frequently cleaned, and it is desirable to protect them with sheets of tin-foil or oil-skin. The relining of pictures is often an excellent precaution for their preservation.

"'About the beginning of the present century,' says Mr. Leslie, in his excellent *Handbook*, 'it was not unfrequent for the possessors of old pictures to have them toned, as it was called. The noble landscape by Rubens [containing a view of his 'Château near Mechlin'], then the property of Sir George Beaumont [now in the National Gallery], was saturated with linseed oil, to prevent its scaling from its panel; and this was suffered to dry on its surface. There is, therefore, under the deep yellow coating that now covers it, a fresh and natural picture—the picture Rubens left—and which the world may never be permitted to see again. The 'St. Nicholas' of Paul Veronese has been, happily, relieved from the brown glaze, or oil, bestowed on it forty or fifty years ago; but Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus' remains under the gradually-deepening obscurity it was consigned to about the same time; and so do the large landscape by Salvator Rosa, the landscape called 'Phocian,' by Nicolo Poussin, and others, which, taking these as guides, will easily be discovered as involved in the same misfortune. I have myself seen a common workman in an auction-room smear a thick coat of varnish over a fine picture, in the most hurried and careless manner, to make it look well at the sale; and I am sorry to say that even respectable dealers are apt to load with varnish, to an injurious degree, pictures they are anxious to sell.'

"'Pictures, like ourselves, are not only subject to the inevitable decay of age, but to a variety of diseases, caused by heat, cold, damp, and foul air. Many (and they, too, are among the most delicate and beautiful) have, like Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and a large proportion of the works of Watteau, of Reynolds, and of Turner, unsound constitutions given to them by the authors of their existence, and are thus subject to premature and rapid destruction. These liabilities, and the many accidents to which they are exposed, have made picture-restorers as important a class in art as physicians and surgeons in life; and, as might naturally be expected, there are many unskilful among them, and many ignorant quacks.'—Leslie's *Handbook*. Picture-doctors are, however, a necessary evil, and to choose men of well-known respectability is the only advice we can offer the public, when it is necessary to entrust paintings to their tender mercies. But 'restorations' and 'repaintings' should be avoided as much as possible. The oil in old pictures has undergone all its changes; not so the oil in the new tints, which are made to match the old; but, as the changes must take place, after a time the restorations and repairings must necessarily cease to match, and become apparent from their discordance."

In conclusion, we can only repeat our cordial recommendation of this little book to all lovers of art, the number of whom we trust our own efforts have materially tended to increase.

THE DISMISSAL.

By HUBNER.

GERMAN art, of which this engraving presents a tolerable example, has peculiar qualities and characteristics, so that almost the least informed of observers can at once discriminate between an English, and still more readily between a French, and a German picture. There is a homeliness and simplicity to be found in such works, which, when not carried to the extreme of poverty, is a very high merit in design. The motive, as it is called, or chief purport of the picture, stands before us at one glance: there is nothing mystical or allegorical in ordinary German art; German artists, being thinkers, know that their business is to unravel mysteries, not to make them. Take this picture for example,—there is nothing more in it than the subject absolutely demands: an old woman dismissing a kitchen-wench. Of all the other life in that house we get not the slightest hint; except, probably, from the apron of the mistress, which suggests that she was so zealous a housekeeper as to take part bodily in kitchen labours. The whole thing, therefore, is as simple and complete in its unity as the plot of an antique drama. One purpose, one end, and no more;—not working to the end by many roads, as Shakspeare and many painters have done, but the simple fact, the punishment of a fault. Let us consider how other painters might have treated this subject. Hogarth would, probably, have told us something of the girl's antecedents, and the cause of her dismissal by some trifle; if for theft, some pilfered article would have been discernible hanging out of the bundle, and the girl's face would, perhaps, have shown only the hardened anger of a thief discovered and not repentant. A French artist would, in all probability, have made some amatory peccadillo the cause of her disgrace, and placed the evidence before us in the old woman flourishing a love-letter, a man's hat or glove, or something of that sort. An ordinary English artist would have let us into the amenities of the kitchen, by showing that the girl was kind to animals, and a cat would certainly have purred against the sturdy legs of the whimpering wench. Now your German does nothing of this kind; there is the plain, straightforward fact,—the old woman scolding, and the girl going away, with natural grief expressed on her countenance for the loss of her place.

The painting from which our engraving is taken is now in the Crystal Palace Gallery. L. L.



THE DISMISSAL. BY HUBNER.

WHICH IS WHICH?

OR, MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III.—THE PRODIGAL SON.

THERE is at least this advantage in witnessing a thoroughly good street row, that it restores your faith in the battle-pieces of the old poets and dramatists—a faith apt to be weakened by an acquaintance with the organised principles of modern military science. In a street row we see warfare on its most primitive basis, and are made to understand how, in barbarous or semi-civilised ages, the issue of a battle must mainly have depended upon the physical strength and prowess of the leaders, and how the mere *oi polloi*, the supernumeraries, the "chaff and bran, porridge after meat," having been knocked about a good deal in an unmeaning fashion, must speedily have subsided into mere spectators, or encumbrances, of the hand-to-hand engagements between their superiors. This reconciles us to the probability of Hotspur being quietly slain "in another part of the field," by the Prince of Wales's own hand, without the slightest interference from the opposing hosts. Hector pursued by Achilles round the city walls, with the Greeks and Trojans looking on, becomes quite intelligible. "Exeunt Macbeth and Macduff, fighting," and "Enter Paris and Menelaus, ditto," appear perfectly *selon les règles* of ancient warfare.

The conflict in which we left the enterprising firm of Cassidy and Sons so actively engaged was an illustration of this principle. The original *casus belli* was soon lost sight of (literally, as well as figuratively, since the rescued Italian sneaked off at an early stage of the hostilities) and the inferior combatants speedily became mere lookers-on. The engagement resolved itself into a triad of single combats between the Messrs. Cassidy and their individual opponents. The big fellow, a coal-heaver, whom Ted had knocked down at the outset, but out of whom the fight had by no means been ejected, returned to the charge, considerably sobered, and, with some chivalry, selected Mr. Cassidy, senior, as his most appropriate match in size and weight. Mr. Cassidy tossed his cudgel away, and accepted the challenge affably—adopting the British weapons, which he handled quite as cleverly as he did the martial plant of his native isle. Ted's adversary, from the striking of the first blow, had been a brawny young Thames waterman, whose "skill and dexterity" in the management of his fists was certainly a credit to his proverbially ingenious order. Frank had closed with a stalwart costermonger; and he, alone of our trio, was over-weighted by his antagonist. Pluck and science however asserted themselves, manfully, in his case, against bone and muscle, for some time.

Meantime, Miss Evershed from her distant balcony (too remote from the scene of action for the recognition of her lover and his kinsmen to have been observed by her), remained like

> "Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
> O'er Minden's plain spectatress of the fight."

In vain she screamed for help. Her guests in the drawing-room consisted only of ladies and one elderly gentleman. Her cousin Charles had disappeared and was, in fact, in the grounds at the back, keeping out of the way—not of the fight, of which he had no knowledge, but of his dreaded father. In vain she commanded her majestic footmen to go to the rescue of Mr. Gerald, on pain of instant dismissal. Those noble beings behaved with the usual heroism of their distinguished order, and preferred resignation of office to accepting a post of activity and peril. There was one base exception in the person of an under-butler, who, wholly forgetful of what was due to his station, volunteered to slip round by the back-door in search of officers. But he was very young!

The waterman having gone down three distinct times before the merciless fist of Ted, philosophically declared that he had had enough, and withdrew hastily from the field, with a friendly nod to his victor. Mr. Cassidy, senior, was not much longer in reducing his man to utter subjection. The issue of Frank's combat alone remained doubtful, when a formidable body of constabulary made their appearance, coming at a brisk trot from the direction of London. At the sight of this reinforcement the gallant crowd retreated towards Hammersmith, yelling as a matter of course, and throwing a few stones by way of parting *souvenirs*.

Frank's assailant turned, apparently to fly, and Frank dropped his guard. Perhaps it was a premeditated *ruse*, or perhaps a sudden after-thought of spitefulness; but, at any rate, the costermonger wheeled rapidly round and felled Frank to the earth, by an unexpected blow on the temple. This done, he scampered away, as fast as his legs would carry him, after his fellow ragamuffins.

The ground being slippery, Frank fell with his whole weight on the left side of his head, which unluckily struck against a large jutting stone, of which there were several at intervals, supporting the narrow, raised footpath. He lay bleeding, and apparently lifeless.

Mr. Cassidy, who had recovered his cudgel, strode forward and lifted his long-lost darling in his arms, as easily as if he had been still an infant. Ted also rushed to his brother's assistance.

The constables, of whom there was a very large number, professional and special, were advancing rapidly. Stones were still flying in their direction, aimed by the retreating mob. Mr. Cassidy ran hither and thither in search of a harbour of refuge, in several directions, before he perceived Miss Evershed, with a livid face, holding her own street-door open, and screaming to them to carry the wounded man in-doors.

At the sound of her voice Frank opened his eyes, and said hurriedly, in low, imploring tones: "Father—Ted—I am perhaps killed—do not expose me *there*, to her—do not say who I am—don't know me. I have done no great wrong. I will explain; but not here—not now ——"

He had fainted again.

Miles Cassidy's arms trembled so, that he feared he would drop his precious burden. He stood irresolute. And he had found his long-lost son for this! To be repudiated by him! To be asked to aid him in Heaven

knew what deception! But this was no time for reflection or hesitation.

"What are the fools dawdling about?" screamed Miss Bell, in anything but tones of sweetness, and stamping her pretty foot with vexation. "Bring him in, fellow!"

Miles obeyed sullenly, but promptly. As they crossed the threshold, Ted pressed his father's arm, and asked him by an imploring glance to accede to Frank's request. Miles read the look correctly, and nodded a rueful assent to the proposition.

Frank was carried into a ground-floor sitting-room, which was of course speedily encumbered with a superabundance of officious persons, proposing a score different remedies at once. A matronly old housekeeper appeared the most sensible person present, as having despatched a messenger in search of a doctor, and ordered bandages and domestic remedies to be fetched in the mean time, she began to wash and examine the patient's wounds with great coolness and presence of mind.

While this was being done, Miss Bell Evershed conducted herself in a perfectly natural, but, as people who have been educated and refined out of all knowledge of nature would call, an excessively improper manner. That is, she threw herself on her knees beside the couch, and began to kiss the sufferer's bleeding hands and face passionately, entreating him through her tears to speak to her.

Frank opened his eyes again, but they were not turned upon poor Bell. They rolled languidly, remorsefully, still imploringly, in the direction of his father and brother—mutely asking them a question which they understood perfectly: "Are you going to betray me, or not?"

Ted at once divined the necessity of relieving his brother's anxiety and apprehensions, and, at the same time, the happiest means of doing so. He answered the appeal promptly, by saying:

"I really don't think the gentleman is seriously hurt," and nudging Miles significantly he added:

"Do you, father?"

"No darlin', I don't," Miles answered, after several spasmodic gulps. "I trust the—the *gintleman* will do well, I'm sure."

Frank gave them a grateful look, heaved a deep sigh, and murmuring faintly:

"I am not much hurt, Bell—don't be alarmed," closed his eyes again.

A doctor soon made his appearance and examined the wounds, which he pronounced serious, but attended with no immediate danger, provided the patient could be kept quiet (Quiet! alas, poor Frank! with an angry conscience incensed against him!) and fever avoided. He ordered the sick man to be carried to bed immediately.

Miles Cassidy and Ted volunteered their services as porters.

Now Miss Bell Evershed did not like either the appearance or the manners of these two officious and plebeian strangers. She detested them already, as perhaps the unintentional, but certainly unworthy causes, of her beloved Frank's dilemma. It was illogical, perhaps, but perfectly natural. For though I am proud to avow myself as staunch a woman-worshipper as the most devoted of my Scandinavian ancestors (for I believe I am descended from seafaring Norsemen of some kind, though they may have been only sons of the humblest sea-cooks in Canute's or Guthrum's fleets), yet I do not carry my blind admiration of the divine sex so far as to believe that they base the majority of their good deeds upon the dictates of reason. Miss Bell Evershed resented the proposed interference of the Irishman and his son as an unpardonable liberty.

"Thank you," she said, coldly. "My servants will do all that is necessary. They are greatly attached to Mr. Gerald, and he will be safer in their hands than in those of strangers."

Strangers! This was the cruellest blow the father and brother had yet received. Miles turned aside to wipe away the falling tears he could no longer check. Ted sobbed audibly, which raised him a little in the estimation of Miss Evershed, as being at any rate a warm-hearted young man indeed, who could thus feel for a stranger's sufferings, in spite of his being so dreadfully coarse and presuming.

Frank was placed in an easy chair, and two powerful men-servants were called in to carry him up-stairs. Having reassured his betrothed by a few more ill-articulated phrases of comfort, he stretched his hand out towards his father.

Miles hesitated. Ted urged him forward by a thrust in the back. Miles obeyed the impulse, and took his wounded son affectionately by the hand.

Even then a reproach was rising to the lips of the choleric Irishman. But as it was bursting for utterance—a look, an expression in the wan olive face and the large southern eyes, gazing wistfully into his own, reminded him of—what? No matter! It brought him back to his old habit of love for his darlings at any sacrifice, through good and through evil. He determined to sustain the deception which he saw so necessary to the peace of the poor sufferer before him, and to do it, as he did everything that he undertook, thoroughly and courageously. So he retained Frank's hand in his own, and said, in a cheering voice:

"Good luck to you, sir! You're a brave man, whatever else ye may be! And I'll think well of ye for *that* to my dying day! Keep up your spirits, sir, and God bless you!"

Miles walked to the window as he saw tears of gratitude roll from poor Frank's eyes. Ted seized the hand that his father had released, and could only kiss it sobbing.

"Well, I'm sure!" thought Miss Bell, with some acerbity. "That's a pretty liberty to take!"

Ted could not help it. It was his dear brother's hand—the hand that had been clasped round the same strong devoted neck with his own, through miles and miles of travel, that had never brought an hour's weariness to them—the hand that had pressed his cheek in their slumbers on many a simple, happy couch—the hand that had broken the same crust, dipped in the same bowl, turned over the same dog's-eared page, plied the same workman's tool, with his own! His brother's hand! The brother whom he had always loved, revered, fought for, and sworn by! The brother

whom he had so long lost, and only just found, to lose again more hopelessly than ever! To find him thus wounded in body and mind, under some moral cloud, the nature of which he could only dimly guess at, and to be debarred from tending on—even from speaking to him! Ted's emotional nature was too strong to obey the imposed restraint utterly; so, as I have said, he seized Frank's hand, and kissed it passionately.

Suddenly he divined that the act might be the means of betraying the secret he saw his brother was so anxious to guard. So with sublime presence of mind he turned it off with a laugh, and addressing himself to Miss Evershed, who, he saw, had observed him, said, loud enough for Frank to hear him as the latter was being borne out of the room:

"Blest if I can ever see a real plucky one in trouble without doing the briny! And your friend 's an out-and-outer, miss, and no mistake!"

If there be an Accusing and a Recording Spirit in the Chancery of Good-breeding—as there are supposed to be in an infinitely higher court—I trust that when the intentionally exaggerated vulgarity of Mr. Edward Cassidy's expression was entered in the charge-sheet, the last-mentioned official felt himself justified in blotting out the offence with a drop of rose-water.

"Vulgar wretch!" thought Miss Bell, thinking only of her beloved Frank, and apprehensive that this display of emotion on the part of the stranger might add to his excitement. But seeing that the movement had produced a gratified expression on the face of Frank, she relented, and favoured Ted with a half smile of approval.

"I cannot wonder at anybody being impressed with admiration of his noble nature!" she condescended to say, when she was left alone with her two strange visitors. "I believe he would sacrifice himself for any living creature. He saved my life, and a life as dear to me as my own, at a time when he knew no more of me than he does of you two at the present moment. Your gratitude is highly creditable to you—though, of course, perfectly natural."

This was a very bitter pill to swallow, indeed. But the father and son swallowed it—a feat, however, which the former could only achieve by saying hurriedly:

"My sarvice to you, ma'am. Good morning. Come Ted, darlin'."

This movement awakened Miss Evershed's natural instincts of justice and hospitality.

"Pray, do not leave us so hurriedly," she said. "Perhaps you have received some injuries yourselves that require attention?"

"Divil the one, ma'am, saving yer presence! We 're of the tough sort—me and Ted."

"But really I am indebted to you. Though Mr. Gerald has been injured on your account, yet you certainly stood by him very bravely; and any recompense in my power——"

"Recompense!" thundered Miles Cassidy, unable longer to contain himself. "By the holy——"

"Father, be quiet!" said Ted. "There's no offence meant on either side, miss, I 'm sure. But you didn't quite understand the sort of people you were addressing when you offered anything of the kind. Besides, the gentleman who is hurt came to our help, not we to his."

"I sincerely beg your pardon if I offended you," said Bell. "I was far from intending to do so. I thought I was merely carrying out Mr. Gerald's wishes in offering to do you any service in my power. I saw that he felt, as it were, obliged to you. But, then, he is so noble-hearted to all the world——"

"A moment, *avourneen*," said Miles. "Excuse an ould man's freedom, my dear" (this was just what Miss Bell was not disposed to do): "is Mr.—— Gerald your husband?"

Bell's face flushed indignantly as she replied:

"That is a very impertinent question; but I will answer it plainly. Mr. Gerald is about to become my husband. Does the matter concern you?"

"Not the laste, darlin'; not the laste," said Cassidy, in softened tones. "And I humbly ax your pardon for my boldness. But I 'm an old boy of Ninety-eight ("What a dreadful old story-teller!" thought Miss Bell, looking at the scarcely grizzled head of the speaker), and I 've seen a dale of fighting in my time. And when ye 've fit by the side of a man, ye take an interest in him. I wish him long life and merit to desarve ye, ma'am; for ye look good, and bright, and honest, though a thrifle proud, maybe."

Miss Bell did not relish the compliment in the least, while she resented the concluding qualifications enormously. Altogether she looked upon Mr. Cassidy and his son, the former especially, as very coarse, presuming, objectionable specimens of the lower orders. However, they were for the present her guests, and it was evidently Frank's wish that they should be well treated. So she said, with as much cordiality as she could assume towards such people:

"Let me, at least, offer you some refreshment before you leave."

"Thank ye, ma'am, kindly. Not in this house, if ye plaze. No offince, but we 're losing our time. My sarvice to ye once more."

Miles had gained the street door in a few angry strides, when Ted turned on the threshold of the parlour, and said to Miss Evershed:

"You will excuse my freedom, miss; but if you will tell Mr.——"

"Mr. Frank Gerald."

"That the young man that he helped to-day—Edward Cassidy—though the name is of no consequence—is very much indebted to him, and will take the liberty to call or send to-morrow to inquire how he 's getting on. And if you 'll please to tell him, neither my father nor myself is hurt at all, I think he would like to hear it. I know I should, in his place. It might please him, you know, to hear *he* didn't get his hurt for nothing."

"I will be sure to tell him."

"Thank you, miss. Good morning."

"Good morning."

"At any rate the son is not quite such a savage as the father," said Bell to herself. "But, really, try what you will with the lower orders, they are a most thankless class to deal with. To think that my dear, refined Frank, should have risked a single drop of his precious blood for such people! They did seem impressed with a sense of his bravery, it is true. But as if anybody could help that!"

Poor little Miss Bell! She dabbled her little fingers

in ink sometimes, and flattered herself she was a democrat of the most advanced views. She propounded the most daring revolutionary theories in conversation, and now and then in a feeble manner—through the medium of certain accommodating literary *cameræ obscuræ*—in print. She read and quoted the most violent passages of Bentham, Cobbett, Hunt,—ay, and even Volney, Paine, Byron, and Shelley—as if she understood, and believed in, all they asserted. She was for the abolition of all monarchies and privileged classes whatsoever. She was in the habit of asserting loudly, at the same time very sweetly, the equality of mankind! But oh! if a lady's maid had dared to appear before her in a head-dress at all resembling her own! If a footman had proposed to mount behind her carriage arrayed in the dignity of "plain clothes!" In a word, Miss Bell Evershed was at heart—as every true woman is—a thorough-paced aristocrat. But how angry she would have been had you told her so!

Miles Cassidy, with his brows knit into furrows, his lips firmly set, now twining his right arm convulsively round his cudgel, like the snakes about Laocoön's limbs, now grasping that faithful weapon fiercely in the centre, or spinning it round between his fingers, as in eagerness for the approach of backward foes; hugging his one remaining son tightly to his side, as it were, in custody, strode in silence towards London.

Ted, whose own heart was too full for words, respected his parent's emotions. Father and son never exchanged a word till they had left Kensington far in the rear, and the roofs of Knightsbridge were in sight; then Miles broke silence abruptly, with the question:

"Will he take hurt, think ye?"

"I hope not, father. I'll go back to-night and see."

"Do, *alanna*."

And they walked on again for some yards without speaking. Miles recommenced:

"What does it mane? What desate is he practising? Has the thraining I've given him made a villain of him?"

"He hit out rather too well for that in the mill, father," said Ted, reverentially.

"Thrue for you, and so he did. But it's for the purty colleen there—proud bit of flesh though she is, I'm fearing. Going to be married, she said. If he's practised any desate upon her—passed himself for what he is not—faix, there's time to stop his capers, and he'll find Miles Cassidy the man to do it."

"I'm not frightened, father," said Ted. "He's dropped our name, that's all. He'd do nothing to disgrace it, I'll take my oath. If he's won the girl, it's by fair means, depend upon it. Isn't he a fit match for the best woman on earth? But we had him at a disadvantage. He wasn't himself. He was knocked out of all time, and we were the cause of it. It would have been a foul blow on our side to come down on him when he was off his guard. It's best as it is for the moment. Take my word, he'll clear all up, and we shall find him sound—wind, limb, and mettle."

A fearful change had come over Miles Cassidy, who seemed scarcely to listen to what his son was saying. Tears were streaming down his face. He had removed his hat from his head, which he thrust upward, as if thirsting for more air and light. His lips moved as if they were muttering words, though none were audible. His eyebrows clenched together at their union, and elevated painfully at either extremity of the forehead, with the starting blue eyes beneath, gave that expression of indecision already mentioned as habitual to his face, but now exaggerated almost to the appearance of insanity. He had increased his speed, too, gradually, but rapidly, like that of a locomotive engine newly started, till his stalwart son could scarcely keep pace with the movement of his gigantic limbs.

"Father—dear father! What is the matter?"

Miles walked faster and faster still. With his eyes dilating more wildly than ever, he said, hoarsely, not in answer to his son's question, but addressing himself to vacancy:

"The time's coming when I'm to know. I feel it. I thought the question buried, and that I should never want it answered. But it's come up again like a ghost, and an answer it will and shall have, or I'll die."

"Dear father," said Ted, in a broken voice, "whatever is on your mind let me share the weight of it. With all my faults, want of love for you has never been one."

Miles checked his pace abruptly. He turned round, and placed a hand on each of Edward's shoulders—holding the latter out at arm's length, and looking searchingly in his face. The young man felt like an atom in his convulsive grasp.

"No—never!" said Miles, in a thick unnatural voice. "You're my son. Aren't you?"

"Oh, father!"

"Let me know, though—Holy God, direct me! Look at me hard in the face. Open your eyes—wide; and keep the face quiet, if ye can. It's no harm I mean ye, darlin'—ye know that well. Smile, *alanna!* thry and look as if ye wur a purty child still on a poor boy's knee, that had worked hard and thravelled far for ye, as if ye was still happy and innocent, never having done wrong, or known it."

Edward strove to obey his father's strange injunctions to the best of his ability. Miles gazed intently in his face for a few seconds: then releasing the young man from his grasp, he threw up his arms wildly, exclaiming:

"Holy Mother! it's the same eyes, the two of them! But why both? And, oh! in God's name,—WHICH?"

Miles Cassidy flung himself on his knees in the public road, crouching, sobbing, and clutching his hair in a paroxysm of passion.

It was now Ted's turn to be strong. He lifted his father—who was trembling all over—from his abject position, as he said, caressingly:

"Father! what is this? I have often heard you speak in this strain, but never so violently. Why conceal anything from me? Am I not your son?"

By a kind of cataleptic effort, Miles Cassidy regained his full height, and once more regarded the young man keenly, holding him, as before, at arm's length by the shoulder.

"Yes, ye are—ye must be. I pray to God it is so. Your eyes—only the eyes—are as like hers as his own are. But, then, you're bigger, and like me in build.



CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH EVEN A BROKEN HEAD MAY BECOME TOLERABLE.

Your hair is nearer my colour than his. You are a plain working-man, with a bit of the rollicking divil in you, as I had myself when a gossoon; and ye stick to the ould nest—though ye do scratch up divils' divarshin in it betimes—while he—the fine gintleman—he 's like a duck that an ould hen has hatched out of the egg: as soon as he feels his fine glossy feathers he takes to the wather, and swims away with his own kind."

"You are labouring under some strange delusion, father. We are both your sons. Remember how much alike we were as children."

"There's the wondher, dear, that's been addling this poor brain of mine these two-and-twenty year. Many's the night of late, since he's deserted us, I've watched you in your sleep, and seen a look of them that's gone in your happy smiling face, that tould me my own son was left to me. But when I saw him, awhile agone, thinking he'd got his death stroke, with his pale yellow face, with the black brows and lashes, and the bit of a blue mouth, and the round wax forehead, it was so like *hers* on that bed! Holy God, direct me, and tell me which, before I die!"

"Father, do tell me all. I am sure you are the victim of some strange fancy that might be easily cleared up. I'll lay my life Frank is as much your son as I am. You cannot suspect our mother, whose memory you revere so?"

Miles Cassidy turned fiercely upon him and raised his cudgel. Ted stood meekly to receive the threatened blow, and thereby escaped it. Miles dropped his arm.

"I was spared that sin, anyhow," he said humbly. "I thought I'd heard blasphemy against the purest saint in heaven, and was for killing the man that spoke it—son or no son. But you've brought me to myself, darlin'. See! we're getting into crowded parts. Take care of me. Thrate me as a child. There's many things I should have tould ye of by rights long ago: but they heat my brain to think of, and up to this time I've had to keep it cool for all your sakes. I've had a long voyage to make, darlin', through bad weather, and all in the dark. I'm a mighty poor sailor. I've had neither rudder, nor compass, nor sails; and I'm all at sea yet, though the cock-boat's still afloat. God send it safe into port, with a fair account to the owners."

So habitual had been Miles Cassidy's self-control over his hot Celtic nature hitherto, that Ted could only look upon the foregoing outburst of simple imagery, for which he remembered no precedent,—and which had been uttered in a weak, mournful voice—as an aberration of intellect on his father's part. He trembled for his parent's reason, even for his life.

He called a hackney-coach at Knightsbridge, and ordered the driver to proceed to the inn near Holborn, where they were staying.

Miss Bell Evershed sat up with her patient all that night, in defiance of the protestations of a highly respectable *chaperone*, who was very much shocked, indeed. If ever a man had a pleasant salve for a fractured skull, it must have been experienced by Mr. Frank Gerald, *alias* Cassidy, in the society and devotion of his beautiful and accomplished betrothed. Bell bathed his head and hands for him incessantly, and administered his medicines punctually at the appointed hours. But, alas! she little knew that she was counteracting all her soothing influences by the uncomfortable process of heaping coals of fire upon the invalid's broken head, which she did constantly by a series of violent animadversions upon the vulgarity and unworthiness of the ignoble strangers, in whose behalf her beloved Frank had so chivalrously risked his priceless life.

CHAPTER IV.

A RETROSPECT.

ABOUT a year before the events narrated in the last three chapters, "a solitary horseman" (what is the use of conceitedly departing from these fine old convention-

alities?) "might have been seen wending his way" along a private road that ran through a manorial estate, situated some eleven miles from Oxford, and perhaps eight from the market-town of A——. A more exact definition of its locality is unnecessary.

The road, which was about half a mile long, was flanked on one side by a piece of ornamental water, extending to its full length, and on the other by a strongly fenced wood, rising at a rapid ascent and eminently suggestive, by its sights and sounds, of pointers, double-barrelled Mantons, and the approaching first of September. Beyond this wood ran an overgrown lawn, or an undersized park, whichever you please, surmounted by the manor-house, a goodly terraced building in the Tudor style, but of no princely dimensions. The latter, however, were not visible from the water-side.

Though the road, as has been stated, was private property, it belonged to a portion of the estate to which, by the courtesy of the proprietors, the public was admitted, on the not exorbitant condition of good-behaviour, for the enjoyment of the beautiful promenades and prospects it afforded. No great concession after all, for a more out-of-the-way place in central England than Brayle Manor can scarcely be conceived, and casual visitors were few and far between. I mention the fact to indicate that the presence of our "solitary horseman" in such a spot was no proof of his being an *habitué* of the manor-house. That equestrian would have been only too delighted to find himself recognised in such a capacity.

He was mounted on a faultless bay, which he rode to perfection. He was remarkably well-looking, and dressed in the very height of that detestable fashion, of which enough has already been said in these pages. Had you seen him, and been told that he was a Bachelor of Arts from Oxford, you would not have been surprised. Had you been also informed that he was a carpenter's foreman, you would have been astonished and most likely incredulous. And yet he was both.

For it was Frank Cassidy, at that stage of his chequered fortunes whereof a glimpse has been already afforded you, in the conversation between Biddy and Mr. Steadman, when the strife between himself and his father had commenced. Frank had recently taken a good degree at St. Ogive's, after which, on being peremptorily ordered by his father to choose between an academical and a mechanical career (the wishes of the senior being strongly in favour of his adopting the latter), he had withdrawn his name in dudgeon from the books of his college and "buckled to business," as unwilling a horse as ever was harnessed. For many reasons the change in his situation would have been acceptable to him. The sneers and coldness of his fellow-gownsmen—with a few honourable exceptions of the Steadman school—as to his origin and connections, had rendered college life insupportable to him. And he would have been resigned, if not absolutely glad, to sink into what Society constantly assured him was his normal position; but that it was made hateful to him by certain other reasons, of which the reader has already had some inkling, and which will soon be made more distinctly apparent.

But how comes it that Frank Cassidy—officially installed as his father's right-hand man—was permitted to be riding about, on a handsome bay-mare, *point device* in his attire, at two o'clock on an August afternoon—that of a week day, too!—eleven miles from the scene of his daily labours?

It happened thus. Miles Cassidy, though a tremendous stickler for his bond on all occasions, was no hard taskmaster. All he stipulated was, that his sons should serve him faithfully and diligently. In return for this, he paid them liberally, and with a nice adjustment to the value of their services, leaving them the uncontrolled masters of their own leisure and earnings. Miles was now in a really good way of business, and often undertook large contracts. It was in the organisation and direction of these, rather than by mere manual labour, he felt that the intellect and acquirements of Frank would be so valuable to the common cause. In this he was not mistaken. Frank, on quitting college, plunged into the business with a sort of desperate ardour, at first delighting his father by his skill and diligence. Frank's real vocation in fact—had not his pride and prejudice prevented him from seeing it—was that of a mechanician. His poetry, of which he entertained so high an opinion, and which obtained for him a short-lived popularity, was nothing but a skilful mathematical arrangement of sound, rhetoric, and epigram. At any rate Frank proved a most valuable acquisition to "the business," and Mr. Cassidy only deplored his son's distaste for it. This distaste he tried to remove by every possible inducement of praise and pudding. He allowed Frank the amplest justifiable share of their common earnings, and always exhorted him to diligence, that he might have the greater amount of leisure for the pursuit of his own tastes. So far from being averse to seeing his son and manager assume the dress and manners of a gentleman, after business hours, it was his ambition to see him one altogether: "But the tools, darlin', the tools!" he would say; "we must work hard for them first."

As for Ted—who, on having completed a tolerably sound commercial education, had steadily set his face against being sent to college, declaring that he should "learn nothing, but only get into rows with the swells;" he was merely a simple handicraftsman—one of the finest in the world, it is true, when he would apply himself to labour. A man of business, in the superior sense of the term, he certainly was not. But this is not the place to treat of Ted and his peculiarities. Our present business is with Frank and his afternoon ride by the ornamental water of Brayle Manor.

To judge from Master Frank's movements, he was following the not very creditable occupation of spy to an old-fashioned family chariot, that was proceeding leisurely along the smooth white road, a hundred yards or so in advance of him. Frank regulated his horse's speed by that of the vehicle. Once or twice he quickened his pace, as if with the intention of coming up with or passing it. But his resolution failed him on each occasion.

"No," he said to himself, "they shall not see me this time. What can they think of me, always dogging their steps; unless, perhaps, that I am a highwayman? It is madness—I will ride back, and never ——. Confound the old blockhead! he'll have them into the ditch or the river yet."

The coach (for the vehicle was old-fashioned enough to merit that primitive epithet) certainly did not appear to be under the command of a very skilful Jehu. It "tacked," as the sailors say, from side to side in a most uncomfortable manner. Now and then it would come to a dead standstill, and violent misunderstandings would arise between the old coachman and the almost coeval pair of horses. Occasionally the latter would indulge in a little plunging and kicking, quite unbecoming to their years and gravity—which of course, on their part, was mere presumption on impunity; an abler whip would have resented and suppressed such a liberty immediately. The coach, moreover, though no doubt originally costly, was reduced to that condition, to describe which no adjective exists, except the popular "ramshackle." Frank Cassidy felt really alarmed for the safety of the inmates.

"I'm half-inclined to forget the romantic foolery that brings me here day after day," his soliloquy continued, "and to persuade myself that it is a positive duty to watch over their safety, if they will be mad enough to trust themselves in such a creaky old machine, at the mercy of such horses and such a driver. At first I used to long for a slight accident to happen to them, that I might come to the rescue in the orthodox fashion; but now, at every jolt they take, my heart leaps to my mouth at the imminent prospect of the Fates taking me at my word."

Of course, nobody ever talks aloud to himself—except on the stage; and I don't think it is customary with any of us to shape our reveries into set sentences. I have recorded the above, as the substance of Mr. Frank Cassidy's reflections on the occasion.

It is however certain, that within a few moments of their termination he did give loud, distinct, and horrified expression to two words, "*My God!*" and lashed his horse into a gallop, or rather into a series of mad leaps forward. The Fates had taken him at his word with a vengeance!

The carriage was progressing steadily enough for the moment—only that one of the hind wheels had taken it into its axis to come off, and assume an independent career! Frank watched it for some seconds, skipping by itself, playfully, in front of the vehicle, till it fell into the water. Then the carriage slowly began to topple over. Piercing screams in female voices were heard from the interior. A bare bleeding arm dashed through the uppermost window. The weight of the horses resisted for a brief time, but they were soon dragged into the air by the counterpoise of the vehicle, struggling, plunging, and screaming more horribly than the human voices. Finally, the whole equipage fell into the water with a hideous crash, and the coachman was shot several yards into the stream.

I do not wish to harrow your feelings unfairly, reader. Observe, I have said "crash," not "splash." The water near the shore was barely two feet and a-half deep, and its surface was level with the path; so that there was no danger of drowning, or of a deep fall. The carriage touched the bottom almost instantaneously; and the resistance of such water as there was must have been conducive to breaking the shock. Fortunately, too, the stupid driver had brought them close to the water's edge; so that the vehicle fell only on one side, instead of right over: a state of things which might have been attended with fatal consequences.

However, it was a position of real danger, and one in which a lady of the strongest nerves might be excused for dying of fright. There was a probability of the carriage filling with water. The horses, one lying on the other, were plunging madly, rapidly reducing the fore-part of the vehicle to splinters with their hoofs. The ladies might possibly have extricated themselves from their difficulty, by opening the door from within. I do not know how far their presence of mind would have served them in this respect, as Mr. Frank Cassidy was providentially at hand to save them the necessity of exercising it.

Providentially? Well, yes. The policeman who pulls the burglar out by the legs as he is entering your back-parlour window, is there providentially—though you are apt to underrate the intervention, as a matter of course, seeing that it is the policeman's business to be always at the corner of your street with a watchful bull's-eye upon all such offenders. Just so—considering that Mr. Frank Cassidy had been dogging the daily promenades of the ladies in the carriage, almost without exception for two or three weeks; as he was really apprehensive of their incurring danger, and chivalrously anxious to render them service—it is not to be wondered at that he was there in the nick of time. But it might have been otherwise. He might have been detained at home on business. His horse might have shied. His foot might have got entangled in the stirrup. Ten thousand accidents might have happened to prevent his rendering his good offices at the critical moment. So we will stick to the good old adverb, if you please, in all reverence.

Frank's feet touched the earth almost as soon as the carriage touched the water. He wrenched the door open, and dragged out, first, a young lady, the uppermost, who said, "Grandma' first" (to which Frank paid no sort of attention), and secondly, an old lady, the undermost, seating them both in rapid succession on the shore.

"Joseph!" gasped the old lady, pointing towards the water.

Frank, rightly surmising Joseph to mean the coachman, looked to see what had become of that ill-starred charioteer. Joseph was observed scrambling from a comfortable bed of mud, in which he had been deposited, to a gravel island some fifty yards distant from the shore. Frank felt no further uneasiness on Joseph's account, to whom he felt considerably obliged, it is true, for affording him this brilliant opportunity of succouring "lovely woman in distress;" but who, he thought, deserved a good course of ducking, with rheumatism to follow, as a punishment for his clumsiness. So he determined that Joseph should remain on his desert isle as long as Robinson Crusoe, for any assistance of his.

"Ponies!" said the old lady, extending her hand again.

The ponies (so by courtesy; they were in reality overgrown and enormously overfed Galloways, of vast antiquity), after a few ineffectual plunges in the attempt to recover their perpendicular, had resigned themselves to their condition with the usual philosophy of

their species. They were lying in the water very quietly side by side, with their noses in the air, waiting to be delivered by their friends, with all the easy confidence of a young spendthrift in prison who knows he has a rich mother. Frank unbuckled the traces, and the animals walked gravely to the shore, looking back compassionately at the ruined coach, as if they were sorry to leave an old friend in trouble.

Except that the younger one had inflicted several cuts on her arm in dashing it through the window, neither of the ladies was injured. But they were both very much frightened; and like the young prince, as described in the solitary joke which enlivens the depressing drama of *The Stranger*, "very wet." Their screams had attracted the attention of a neighbouring lodge-keeper, and cloaks, shawls, and restoratives were speedily brought to them. As a matter of course, they were profuse in their gratitude to Frank Cassidy, whom they looked upon as the saviour of their lives. Frank modestly assured them he had saved them from no real danger, except in the possible event of their having been unable to open the door from within, in which case the carriage might have filled with water.

Neither of the ladies would hear of his services being rated at so humble a value.

"Why, good Heavens, Bell! look at him!" said the old lady, who was a grey-headed, aristocratic sort of old body, with a cheerful though rather weak-looking face. "Don't you remember him? God bless my soul, how very odd!"

"It is the gentleman we saw in High Street."

"To be sure. You had your cap and gown on then, sir. And how dreadfully you did give it that poor unfortunate Joseph, to be sure! I was obliged to make him a present to calm his feelings."

"The old scoundrel was going to drive you from the Mitre with one of the buckles of his reins unfastened."

"Don't call him an old scoundrel. He's so sensitive; and he's been in the family so many years. Though, to be sure, he can't hear you, sitting there in the middle of the water, like a seal in the Natural History. If I don't give him at least half-a-guinea, he'll never get over this. But what an odd coincidence that you should be here now!"

This afforded Frank a chance of something like an excuse for his presence. He said: "The fact is, madam, having availed myself very often lately of the privilege of riding through your charming grounds, I have two or three times followed your carriage, really in anticipation of an accident. I trust you will not permit yourself to be driven by so incompetent a person again."

"Ah! Bell has been trusting that for the last six months. But you must know, sir, though a very quick girl at school, there is one thing I have never been able to learn all my life, and I'm sixty-eight."

"Indeed! what is that?"

"To say 'No.' I can't do it; can I, Bell?"

"Never to me, grandmamma, at any rate," said the young girl, fondly, wrapping a thick cottager's cloak more tightly round her aged relative's shoulders.

"When I threaten to supersede Joseph, he cries,—I dare say he is crying now,—and declares he will refuse nourishment, and take poison,—though he pronounces it 'pizen,' in a ridiculous manner. But let us walk up to the Hall. I'm beginning to shiver dreadfully. Be good enough to call out to Joseph that we'll send somebody to fetch him, and prepare him something warm. And if you will just say to him, at the same time, that it is my intention to present him with a new hat, it may be some alleviation to his sufferings."

Frank obeyed the order. The old lady requested his arm, which Frank was only too delighted to offer, giving the other with great trepidation to her young companion.

"I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you as far as your door."

"Door!—fiddle! You'll come in, and change your clothes. We can find you something to put on—if you don't mind being dressed like your grandfather. And you'll dine, and come and see us often—and rate Joseph for me, I hope; for I really can *not* myself. By the way, I am Lady Harriett Brayle, and this is my dear grandchild, Miss Evershed—quite as good as she looks. What is your name, sir?"

This was rather a startling question. But it might have been answered easily and instantly by the plain truth, only that the Fiend happened to be at Frank's elbow, and tempted him, saying:

"Now here is an opportunity you have been pining for for weeks. These people only know you as a collegian, a gentleman, and their preserver. Who, within twenty miles of Oxford, has not heard the story of mad Cassidy, the Irish tramp, who brought his sons to be educated at the University? If you mention the name of your father, you will be identified at once; and after a little cold civility, those doors, which to you are the gates of Paradise, will be closed for ever against you. Call yourself Frank Gerald. It is your own name, and one you intend to make honourable. There is no lie in suppressing a portion of the truth."

Frank thought that the Fiend reasoned well, and without giving Conscience time to speak on the other side, he answered Lady Harriett's question with,

"My name is Frank Gerald."

The falsehood had been uttered, and Frank was pinned to it. Oh! had he foreseen the writhings and agonies the impalement would cause him!

"A good name. Related to the Irish Geralds?"

"My own family is from Mayo."

"I mean the great Kildare Fitzgeralds, as they are called now."

"Not that I am aware of. If at all, it must be very remotely indeed. My own family is one of no importance."

"Modestly said. In Bell's opinion one family is as good as another. Perhaps she is right. I have a pedigree about eight feet long, and I am positively ashamed to read it—there seems to have been so much hanging, murdering, betraying, and beheading in the blood, that one fears it may be hereditary."

Gossiping in this manner they reached the Hall. Frank was shown into a chamber, and accommodated with an old-fashioned change of clothes—for the two ladies were the sole representatives of their family residing in the manor-house; and a suit in the prevailing mode was beyond the resources of the establishment to supply.



FRANK CASSIDY RECOGNISES A PORTRAIT.

Having completed his extempore toilet, Frank descended to a quiet but elegantly served dinner, which he partook of *tête-à-tête* with his kind hostesses. So much refinement, ease, and graceful abundance, offered the elements of a new world to our collegian; but he felt that it was his legitimate sphere. How to return to the workshop and counting-house after this? As to Miss Bell, she was simply the most bewitching person he had ever met with. Not that this astonished him. He had been madly in love with her for months. He had seen her first in the University Theatre, among the spectators of a commemoration. He had there learnt she was a young lady of good family, and moreover, of high intellectual cultivation. He had watched her on all possible occasions. The meeting in High Street, on the occasion of his first lecturing Joseph for his negligence, was no more an accident than that which had led to his introduction to the manor-house. But what fairly overwhelmed him was, that Miss Bell should look so favourably upon him, and treat him as an equal, if not as a superior. How, if she knew that he was one of the celebrated "Freshmen," sons of "Cassidy the Irish?"

After dinner the trio adjourned to a comfortable old wainscoted parlour for coffee and conversation. Lady Harriett, wrapped up in numerous shawls, took her accustomed place by the fireside, in a large easy chair. Bell sat on a more modest seat by her grandmother's side. Frank was requested to make himself comfortable on the opposite side of the fireplace.

As Frank was placing his chair he caught a glimpse of a portrait in oil, framed in the oak-carving above the chimneypiece, which gave him such a start that he had to employ sundry ingenious gymnastic exercises in order to retain his equilibrium and that of his chair.

"Whose portrait is that?" he inquired.

"My daughter's," replied the old lady; "that is to say, my only son's dear wife. What is there in it that startles you so?"

"It is the same picture as an engraving—I remember to have seen in my father's bedroom."

"Called 'Juanita,' is it not?"

"It is."

"It is an engraving from that very picture. The impressions of the plate are very scarce. I should like one exceedingly, if I knew where it was to be met with."

"I do not think my father would like to part with the one I speak of. He bought it on account of its extraordinary resemblance to—some one he knew."

"Possibly the original. My poor girl was universally admired. Your father would, doubtless, have met with her in society. She was one of the greatest belles of Dublin."

Poor Frank was very young indeed in the arts of deception. The deceit he had practised on his own account weighed heavily enough on his conscience; but to tell a lie about his father was an achievement of which he felt himself utterly incapable. So he said, amid much blushing and stammering, "No; I am sure that my father did not know the lady. In fact, when he first met with the print, I remember his wondering who the original could have been. The person whom it so strongly resembled, I have every reason to believe was my own mother. I never saw her—she died on the day of my birth, and there are painful associations connected with the subject which have always prevented its discussion in the family."

"May I ask the family name of your mother?" Lady Harriett inquired.

"Her name was Gerald."

"The same as your own?"

Frank blushed, as inexperienced liars will blush, as he replied, "My father and mother were distantly related, I believe."

"Then the resemblance between your mother and Lady Brayle must have been accidental, for my darling girl was of Spanish origin."

Frank Cassidy mused in silence.

LOVE.

THE drawing-rooms of Paris have been thrown into consternation, and the cause of the consternation is Love. Parisian critics are in ecstasies—ecstasies inspired by Love. Parisian ladies have been excited to fury; and the object of their fury is Love—not Cupid, the son of Venus, but *L'Amour*, the production of Michelet. The celebrated author has presented the world with a book which seems likely to produce a revival of the once-popular bravura, "Tell me, my heart, can this be Love?" By which interrogation would be meant, not, "Can this be the Love who rules the court, the camp, the grove, for Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love?" but, "Can this be the work of the severe moralist of whom we stand in awe, of the laborious historian, of the eloquent defender of families against priestly tyranny, and the torture of the confessional? Ought such a seraphic title to stand at the head of pages which are almost fitted for the lecture-room—and, as some say, for nowhere else?" M. Michelet himself informs us, that nothing aided him so much as the friendship of those to whom everything is told; namely, medical men. He has been intimately acquainted with several of the most illustrious doctors of the age. For ten years he was more than the friend, he was the brother of an eminent physiologist, who retained, in the pursuit of natural science, an exquisite sense of moral things. From him he learned much on many subjects, but more especially on love.

Herein lies the cause of the outcry; the indignation is naturally accounted for, when regarded in this point of view. The sin of the book, as it stands, is its outside form, compared with its contents. Hitherto, the main fault found with Michelet by French readers is, that he is too German; that is, too dreamy, too unprecise, and incomprehensible; never that he is indecorous, flippant, or offensive. Now the charge is, that he has produced—although with a profession of high intentions—according to some, an almost anatomical essay (notwithstanding its assimilation in appearance to any every-day, drawing-room, light-reading volume), in which the fair sex are regarded too much in a physiological point of view to be flattering to their self-esteem. According to others it is a prose-poem, a canticle not attuned to the ears of youths and maidens, though the betrothed and the newly-married may profitably listen to its fascinating strains.

The truth is, that if there really existed a necessity for the writing of such a book as *L'Amour*—a fact which we do not hold to be quite so clearly demonstrated as the sun's shining at noon-day—the author would have been well advised, at least for the sake of his foreign readers, to make of it two distinct books; one containing the offensive portion—offensive when offered in a popular shape—the other communicating such kindly counsel and good advice as would naturally flow from the author's lofty aspirations, poetical temperament, extensive erudition, and personal experience. This would have spoiled the unity of the composition as a specimen of literary finish and skill, but might also have extended its circulation, and have given higher credentials to the respectability of the subject. For the love here considered is not butterfly love, the love of valentine epistles, quadrille flirtations, and watering-place idleness. Nor is Michelet's *Love* a sudden crisis, a drama in one act, as many people understand by the word. If it were nothing more than that, so transitory an accident would scarcely deserve attention. It would be one of those ephemeral, superficial indispositions, of which people only try to get rid at the cheapest possible rate. True love is not the inundation of a torrent; it is the lengthened course of a mighty river, which exerts a steady influence in a thousand beneficent ways, refreshing the air and spreading fertility over the land. Happily, by love properly so called, faithful and fixed on a single object, none else can be meant than married love, serious, earnest, making happiness to spring from mutual duty. Love is a succession (often long) of very different passions, by which life itself is fed and renovated. Doubtless, the flame cannot continue to burn without changing, rising, flickering, sinking, and suffering variations of form and colour. But nature has provided for all that. Woman herself incessantly varies; one single woman contains a thousand different aspects. And man's imagination also varies in its choice of the point of view from which it regards the beloved object. On the generally solid and tenacious ground of habit, the circumstances at the time sketch changes of appearance which modify and renew affection; and so, love attains perennial growth.

From this outset the reader will perceive that it is the errors of execution, especially the redundant and supererogatory passages of *L'Amour*, which have repulsed the majority of would-be admirers. Its lofty aim must be respected, even by those who condemn the mode of treatment, and repudiate the literary means employed for the attainment of the end.

As a proof that M. Michelet's previous teachings have had a moral effect—one morning, at an early hour, while he was at work at home in his study, a young man impetuously passed the porter's lodge, knocked at the door, and entered the room.

"Monsieur," he said, "pardon my intruding in this unusual way; but you will not be angry. I have news to tell you. The masters of certain *cafés*, of certain well-known houses, of certain ball-gardens, complain of the doctrines which you teach. Their establishments, they say, are losing concerns. Young men are seized with the folly of serious conversation; they forget their old habits. In short, their affections are transferred to other quarters. These balls have a chance of being obliged to close. All those who have hitherto got their living out of the amusements of the students believe themselves menaced by a moral revolution, which will certainly ruin them."

Michelet took the stranger's hand and answered, "If what you announce come true, I assure you it will be a triumph and a victory for me. It is the only success about which I care. The day when young people adopt serious manners will be the day of salvation for liberty. Should such a result arrive, and by my teaching, I shall consider it the greatest exploit of my life, and the crowning ornament of my tomb."

The result was a determination to write the book of true love. Its complete title, the author says, should be "Moral Enfranchisement by means of veritable Love"—a title open to the criticism already men-

tioned, of German unclearness and mysticism. It is somewhat elucidated by the explanation that the question of love lies, immense and obscure, beneath the depths of human life. It supports its base even, and its first foundations. Families rest on Love, and Society rests on Families. Love, therefore, precedes all. As are the morals, such is the city. Liberty would be an empty word for those whose moral habits were those of slaves. In the midst of our great material and intellectual progress, our moral sense has become gradually lowered; and a reform in love and family must precede other reforms, to render them possible. For the last century, the progressive invasion of spirituous liquors and narcotics has advanced irresistibly, everywhere isolating the man, and giving him, even by his own fireside, a deplorable preference for solitary pleasure. With his exciting drinks and his soothing cigars he becomes comparatively indifferent to society, to love, and to family joys.

If the title were not spoiled by futile works, what is wanted in the present age is an "Art of Love," by which is meant the "Art of Loving to the End." The beginning is too easy. Michelet believes that this art aiding nature, she (Nature) accords to the soul, at every age and until death, what he calls the rejuvenescences of love. He seriously believes that he has suppressed or done away with the beings hitherto called Old Women. No more such will be encountered.

In return for whatever you may have done for your wife, from what a complicated slavery does she deliver you! Only make the enumeration. From the slavery of baseness: If you have happiness beside your hearth, you will not go in the evening to court love under the smoky lamps of a dancing-room, and to find drunkenness in the street. From the slavery of weakness: You will not drag your limbs along, like your sad acquaintance, that pale, worn-out, bloated, young-old man. From the slavery of melancholy: He who is strong and does a man's work, he who goes out to labour and leaves at home a cherished soul who loves him, will, from that sole circumstance, have a cheerful heart and be merry all day. From the slavery of money: Treasure this very exact arithmetical maxim, "Two persons spend less than one." Many bachelors remain as they are, in alarm at the expense of married life, but who spend infinitely more. They live very dearly at the *café* and the *restaurateurs*, very dearly at the theatre. The Havannah cigar alone, smoked all day long, is an outlay of itself. But if your wife has no female friends whose rivalry troubles her, and excites her to dress, she spends nothing. She reduces all your expenses to such a degree, that the calculation just given is anything but just. It should not have been "two people," but "four people spend less than one." When a marriage is reasonable, contracted with foresight, when the family does not increase too fast, a wife, far from being an obstacle to liberty of movement, is, on the contrary, its natural and essential condition. Why does the Englishman emigrate so easily, and so beneficially for England herself? Because his wife follows him. Except in devouring climates, such as India, it may be asserted that the Englishwoman has sown the whole earth with solid English colonies. The force of Family has created the force and the greatness of the country. With a good wife and a good trade, a young man is free; free to leave his home, or free to remain. It must be a trade, and not an art of luxury. Have such an art into the bargain, if you like; but the first necessity is to be master of one of the arts that are useful to all. The man who loves and wishes to maintain his wife, will hardly waste his time in drawing the precise line between art and trade; a line which is fictitious in reality. Who cannot see that the majority of trades, if traced to their principle, are real branches of an art? The bootmaker's and the tailor's trades make a close approach to sculpture. A tailor who appreciates, models, and rectifies nature, is worth three classic sculptors.

Let us hasten to the object of love, woman, who is a being very much apart; much more different from man than he fancies at the first glance; more than different—she is opposite, but gracefully opposite, in a soft, harmonious contrast, which makes the charm of the world. By herself alone, and in herself, she offers another opposition, a struggle of contrary qualities. Elevated by her beauty, her poesy, her vivid intuition, her divination, she is not the less firmly held by nature in a servitude of weakness and suffering. She does nothing like us men. She thinks, speaks, acts differently. Her tastes differ from our tastes. Her blood does not follow the course of ours; nor does she breathe as we breathe. Nature has arranged that woman's respiration should be effected mainly by the four upper ribs. She does not eat like us; neither so much, nor of the same dishes. Why? Above all, for the reason that she does not digest like us; at every moment her digestion is troubled by the excitability of her emotions. These internal differences are outwardly translated by another, ever more striking still. Woman has a language of her own. Insects and fishes remain ever mute. The bird sings; he would like to articulate. Man has a distinct language, precise and luminous speech, the clearness of the word. But woman, besides the word of man and the song of the bird, possesses a completely magical language, with which she intersperses the word or the song; it is the sigh, the impassioned breath. Incalculable power! Scarcely is it felt, when the heart is overcome by it. Her bosom heaves, she cannot speak, and we are already persuaded, gained over to all she chooses to command. What language of man will influence like woman's silence?

Woman loves, and suffers; she requires the support of a loving hand. This is what, more than anything else, has strengthened love amongst the human race, has given fixity to union. It has been often said that it was the weakness of the infant which, by prolonging the cares of education, originally created Family. True, the child retains the mother; but the man is attached to his domestic hearth by the mother herself, by his affection for the wife, and by the happiness which he feels in protecting her. Superior to and inferior to man, humiliated by the heavy hand of nature, but at the same time inspired by visions, presentiments, and intuitions of a higher order than man can ever experience, she has fascinated him, innocently bewitched him, for ever. And man has remained enchanted by the spell. That is what Society is. Women are said to be capricious. Nothing is more false than that. Quite the contrary; they are regular and submissive to

the powers of nature. They are barometric, if you like; sensitive of weather, times, and seasons; but not capricious. Of themselves, and when themselves, they are goodnatured, gentle, and affectionate towards the man on whom they lean. Their ill humours, their little fits of anger, are almost always the effects of suffering. He must be a great booby who would dwell upon such involuntary faults as those. He ought, at such times, to be all the more forbearing, and to show greater attention and sympathy.

As a consequence, women ought not to work too hard. Real workers, who know that a good hearty start is a grand point, is often almost everything, also know that work frequently interrupted gives little result. Woman, so ailing and so often interrupted, is a very bad worker. Her constitution does not allow of her submitting to long-continued application. To keep her seated all day long is a great piece of barbarity. She is scarcely fit for labour, even when in perfect health; how much less so when weakened by the circumstances which appertain to maternity! In all places, and in all times, woman has occupied, and does occupy herself with domestic duties alone, which amongst savage tribes (where the warrior reserves his strength for the fatigue of great hunting parties) comprise a little agriculture or gardening. And it is while she is doing little or nothing that woman produces the two treasures of this world. Which? Children, men; the beauty and the strength of races. What besides? The blossom of mankind; that flower of arts, gentleness, and humanity, which is called Civilisation. All that, and much else, springs originally from the delicate, tender, and patient culture which woman, spouse and mother, has given us by our own firesides.

Woman does as much as we do, but in quite a different manner. You may see some women who work twelve hours a-day, and yet who believe they do not work at all. This labour, which does not absorb her mind, is, as it were, the warp of the tissue of her thoughts. She interweaves with it, as the woof, such household matters as the man would be too busy to pay the least attention to; often, also, serious reveries about her children's future prospects; occasionally, also, a loftier and more general poesy of humanity and charity. Woman's labour must be something which, for her, is only another form of love; for she is good for nothing else. What is the end of her nature, her mission? The first is, to love; the second is, to love one single object; the third is, to love always.

The man ought to earn enough for both. It is the paradise of marriage that the husband should labour for the wife, that the income should be derived from him alone, that he should have the happiness of enduring fatigue for her sake, that he should spare her the trouble of working, and save her from all rough contact with the world. In the evening he arrives, exhausted. Work, the weariness of things, and the malice of men, have hit him hard. He has suffered, he is bowed down, he comes back less manly than he went. But he finds in his home an infinity of goodness, a serenity so great that he almost doubts of the cruel realities which he has suffered all day long. This is woman's mission, even more than maternity, to renew man's heart. Protected and maintained by him, she in turn maintains him by her love. Man's business is to earn; hers is to spend. That is, to regulate and make the expenditure better than the man would do it; that is, to render all outlay for the sake of pleasure indifferent and insipid in his eyes. Why seek enjoyment elsewhere? What pleasure can exist out of the presence of the beloved wife?

Ought the bride to be rich or poor? She ought to be gentle, believing, initiable, and above all, fresh of heart; all the rest is secondary. But to begin by the point which, at the present day, is considered of the highest importance, Michelet feels it his duty to say that he never saw a rich girl who turned out docile. Almost all of them, the very day after the wedding, put forth enormous pretensions, particularly that of spending in proportion to their dowry, and out of proportion. Many a man who believed himself enriched, has found himself really impoverished. Michelet dared, a dozen years ago, to lay down the axiom, which time verifies more and more: "If you have a mind to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife." By committing that act, you incur a danger still greater than the loss of fortune; namely, the loss of your own proper self: you may have to change the habits which have made you what you are, and have given you all the strength and originality which you possess. By making what is called a good match, you become something like the appendix to a woman.

What, then! Is wealth a crime?

No; all that is meant to be asserted is, that the wife who comes to wedlock richer than the man is rarely initiable—a word happily coined by M. Michelet, to signify that you can rarely get her to follow out any idea suggested by you. She will not adopt her husband's ideas, his manner of living, and his habitudes. She will make him adopt hers; of her husband, she will make her wife, *or* disputations will commence. The soft and insensible union of the two existences will not take place. Grafting by approach will be impossible. There will be no true marriage.

On the other hand, when the wife is poorer than the husband, she is rich in good will. She loves and believes—a great point, but not the whole. There is a third requisite, which she cannot always furnish—to *understand* the object of her love. Here lies the grand difficulty, where there is too great a difference of rank or education. It demands a great deal of time, and skill, and patience to overcome, which are not always at the disposal of a busy man.

And now for the home which is to receive the pair.

The madness of lovers deserves attention. Despise not, ye sages, the words of madmen. Innocents have sometimes, by the hazard of delirium, spoken true oracles. Listen to that young man, who for the first time, in May, treats his affianced bride to a walk through the fields. Their relations are following at a distance, not too close at hand. He seems to be appealing to nature, to earth, to heaven, to bear witness to his happiness. But earth, heaven, nay, his bride herself, appear to be eclipsed by a new transport of admiration. What does he behold? A shepherd's house.

"Ah, that is just what I have been longing for! Small and solitary, it is the dwelling which we have occupied together in my dreams."

Young man, your folly is not so foolish; your instinct has at least revealed to you a truth which many others learn late, and have to pay dear for it: Do not sow in the highway road; do not plant in the torrent's bed; do not make love in the midst of a crowd. What influence can you exert over a woman in society? None at all. In solitude? All you please.

Moreover, it is not her that you need to watch, but yourself. The more alone she is, the more you live with her, the more your hearts are intertwined. But supposing that she has company, even the very best possible—her mother, her sister, a respectable female friend—exactly for that very reason you leave her with less apprehension, and the true-lover's knot begins to untie. "She is with her mother; I will go and see my friends. She is with her friends; I may just peep in at such-and-such an evening-party." And then you will be drawn into the whirlpool of the world; you will doubtless still love, but less and less. Do you fancy that when you return every evening fatigued, with a worn-out, absent air, you will find the same wife and the same affection at home?

So then, according to this plan, marriage is to be a life of seclusion and captivity? The wife is to be shut up, all by herself? The husband scarcely to stir, except on urgent business? That is not life, it is death anticipated.

That is not what is meant at all. Perhaps, what really *is* meant, is some ideal form of society, not likely to be realized by the present generation. But, leaving castles in the air to solidify and settle on an earthly foundation, if they can, the solitude proposed for the wife is not the house of the jealous old Arnolphe, who keeps his Agnes under lock and key and has her watched unceasingly (that is, the body of Agnes), while he suffocates her heart and smothers her mind. In the first place, Agnes ought to have a young husband, according to her age. The best proportion is eight-and-twenty to eighteen; to justify any great departure from the rule, there must be very singular, very special, and very rare circumstances, which certainly may be met with, but which are met with almost never. Agnes ought to have complete liberty. If woman is born weak and the bondmaid of suffering, love is her redemption, and marriage is her subsequent enfranchisement. She rises equal to the change—often superior, in the long run.

Solitude, besides, is relative. Love is so strong a thing, that he lords it over every circumstance. He can, in strictness, be alone in the midst of a vast population. He is healthy and pure, while surrounded by epidemics. A palace, an attic, a throne, to him, is sometimes all the same. Be it remembered, meanwhile, that he only remains strong against the stumbling-blocks of the world, through the aid of an honest heart, of a laborious life, and a succession of employments which occupy and moralise his days.

In one of the most sombre quarters of Paris (Rue des Lombards) there may be seen a handsome woman, born to a good property, who, in spite of her finished education and her large dowry, spends her life in the depths of a warehouse, writing and calculating, in a very small glazed cabinet, giving her orders and governing a score of male attendants. This woman, in the midst of so many men, is alone, with no one to overlook her, mistress. Her young husband is on the run all day long, and transacts business out of doors. In the evening they meet. Madame, having closed her books and dismissed her people, joins her husband up-stairs. No union is stronger, no marriage is happier. Does he love her? No; he adores her rather. The horrible warehouse is their shepherd's hut. And yet it is very natural to wish that your Agnes, a creature of poesy, should be less taken up with invoices and bills coming due; that you yourself should not be exiled from her all the day. In this case, the union is beautiful and strong; but is it deep? Is it not a little similar to the close partnership of two men of business? Is there a true communion of heart between people who are so fully engaged by their interests? One would fancy that the first words on waking, uttered by the pure and worthy spouse, might sometimes be, "My dear, do not forget that to-morrow is the thirty-first."

Picture to yourself rather a little solitary house—not exactly the shepherd's hut, but not very much larger; two stories, of three rooms each. No servant, or, at most, a good sort of country-girl, whom Madame will treat as if she were her child, and who will save her all the heavy work. This house should be at a distance from the town where you are employed every day; well situated, well sunshined, with a large orchard and a small garden, where she can do a little horticulture: above all, plenty of water, and, if possible, water from the spring. It is your business to arrange, to provide, to order all these things in their minutest details. Do not trust to the females of the family, who will pretend that they understand these arrangements better than you. You, who have so great an interest in the matter, you will prepare by yourself the pleasant and charming cage to tempt your little bird, to make it wish to be caught, to live as your captive, in order to become your queen. Take counsel of the bee. She tells you, "I place the same egg in two different cells, the royal cell and the workers' cell. Two completely different bees are nursed from these different cradles." As is the nest, so is the bird. We are moulded by mediums, circumstances, and habits.

When the wedding-day comes, one thing is indispensable; if love is not there, if the bride does not fall into the most gentle hands, all the protection which the law can give her will only aggravate her situation. Paper barriers are vain to shield her from sorrow. The ceremony, the solemnity, the publicity, without the slightest doubt, are excellent; but the foundation of all rests on the soul. As the Roman jurisconsults used to say, "Marriage is consentment," assent, agreement. It is a mutual interchange of hearts; but it is especially a sacrifice on the part of the weaker party, who, yielding all she has, and is, to the stronger, risks her whole sum of future happiness.

By-and-bye follows the installation of your bride, when you have the delight of showing her her house and garden. Greatly are you to be pitied at that pleasant moment, if you have wedded a rich young lady. They are so difficult to satisfy! The prettiest things in the world can scarcely obtain a smile, and the smile very often says, "Not bad, but I have seen much better than that." The girl, on the contrary, whose only wealth is her beauty, her cleverness, and her virtue;

who, with that rich dowry, modestly believes that she brings you nothing; who, from a life of comparative poverty, is transferred to easier circumstances, to joy and freedom — she is happy; she charms you by the delight, the innocent surprise, the pleasure which she enjoys at seeing, and touching, and appropriating everything around her, — in saying, "Here we are, at home at last." Again she repeats, "What a pretty house! Nothing has been forgotten. One would really say that everything had been arranged expressly to receive a lady."

Do you think that what most touches her, what goes to her female heart, are the costly and luxurious articles? Not a bit of it. That which pleases her the most is, what puts things really into the hands of the mistress of the house, whatever allows her to arrange, to keep, to shut up, to distribute things conveniently, in the order and neatness which are the delight of women. Then is the time that she feels she possesses them, — that they are her own. Tall closets and deep drawers; good oak wardrobes to pack linen in; store-rooms and hiding-places; they are fond of all that kind of thing, especially those who have nothing to hide. A variety of furniture, chairs and seats of different heights, even low children's chairs, please them greatly, and with reason. Woman, who is sedentary, has need to change at least her attitude of work; it is the liberty of the voluntary captive. Good carpets (common, if you like), but thick, doubled and trebled, till they are softly elastic, continued throughout, even on the staircase, are the happiness of a little female foot, which so delicately appreciates their gentle resistance and their friendly velvetiness. A great advantage. She has much less reason to come to the fire. No close stove, but open chimneys. Stove and headache are synonymous. Wood fires; they are the most cheerful and healthy.

A happy moment that, when you put the keys into her hand! The sure way to make her economical (if she be left alone to her natural prudence) is to let her have everything, with the power of spending. Henceforward there will be no more childish longings. If anything tempts her she will say, "I could buy it if I liked; we will see about it to-morrow." And to-morrow she will think no more about it. We ought not to forget, nevertheless, that the best-born girl often leaves an extravagant mother who has spoiled her, or a despotic mother who, by forbidding her to interfere with household affairs, has kept her ignorant of the price of articles and the value of money. In such a case she must be formed and instructed. She will take it in good part, moreover, if her husband, while leaving her to manage the details, keeps the supreme direction of the interests of the house, the general budget. They are not very fond of men who abdicate too much. By a charming contradiction, they wish to be mistress whilst the man remains master; that is to say, strong and worthy. They often take pleasure in consulting him, even in female concerns, and in wishing him to command and decide. It is a sensuality of love to obey, to feel that you are possessed by some one who envelopes you in his well-meaning strength, and who, sometimes, gently makes you feel the spur a little.

And now, as to the garden. Could you not, without any great expense, with a few posts and a light zinc roof, contrive for her, between the house and the garden itself, a small open gallery, a little winter portico, where in mild weather she can work or walk in the sunshine? Another for summer, where she may sew, embroider, or read in the shade, by the side of a basin in which a fountain warbles? A little sheltered refuge, costing so little, and so necessary in our changeful climate!

What a transformation has been worked in the spot! What a charm has the solitary garden acquired by her presence! With what a soft light is it illumined, enchanted! Ah! things are no longer mere *things;* they are animated by a soul to receive her, to bless her. The flowers admire and contemplate her beauty, gazing at her with their wide-open cups. And the tiny grass, down there, blossoms at having touched her foot. And she, too, is fascinated, bewitched with the place. She will never ask for the end of so sweet an enchantment. Lost in thoughts of love, she lets you talk on without replying; or, perhaps, she utters, with a sigh, "How happy I am, with you beside me!"

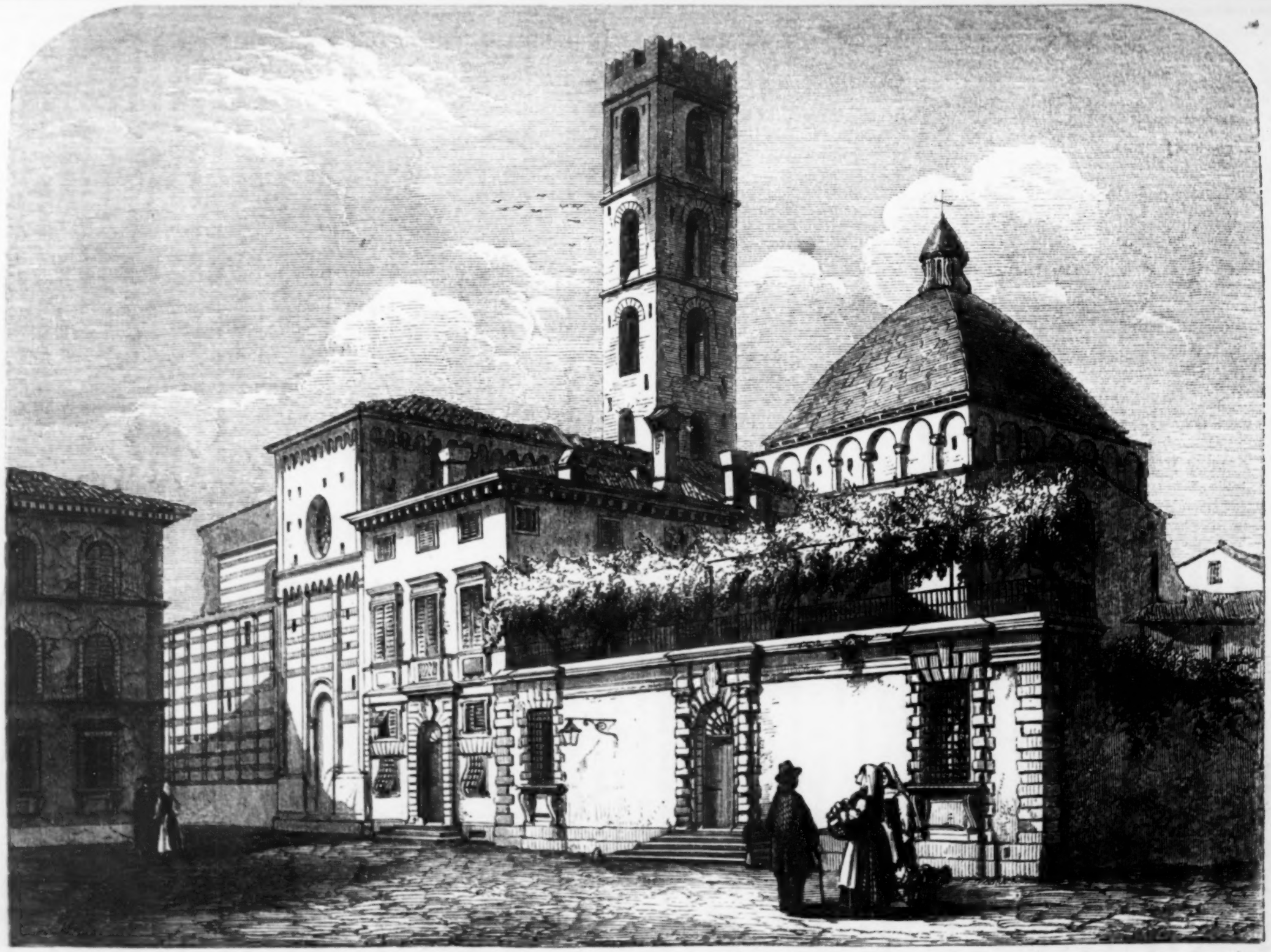
Of course, this is not the whole of *L'Amour*, nor the tithe of it; but it will help the reader to form some opinion for himself of a book which could not easily be published, complete, in England, even stamped with the authority of Michelet's name; which has been smeared by the critical blacking-brush, and gilded with critical gold-leaf; which has been diversely styled anatomical, philosophical, materialist, ideal, a poem, a song, the offspring of an unhealthy brain, and a regenerator of our best affections. E. S. D.

THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI, LUCCA.

By T. R. MACQUOID.

THE church of San Giovanni at Lucca was built, it is surmised, in the eleventh century. It has undergone great mutations; in fact, hardly any building but one on the simple plan of a basilica, the most ancient form of Italian ecclesiastical edifices, could have sustained so much "restoration" with so little injury. But the four-square walls, constructed on the solid and massive system prevalent among the Lombards, will truly bear anything short of total leveling, and yet retain some of their most striking features; simplicity, severe grandeur, and great massed effect. The baptistery, the large square erection which has its angles opposed to the lofty tower, and the pyramidal dome of which is shown high above the outer wall of the place in our engraving, is one of the largest buildings of its kind in Italy. It is Lombardic in style, as may be seen from the arcades of dwarf columns that surround its exterior. As is not unfrequently the case in buildings of that age, and indeed of some centuries later, this church contains some remnants of an ancient temple, in the shape of three handsome columns of white marble, which have been transferred in an almost perfect state to the interior. The difference between the practice of the earlier Italian architects and that of their successors, in this respect, has been, that these columns are here employed whole and complete, whereas the later men would have cut them down to suit their own particular purposes, in utter disregard of the splendid bequests of the classic architects.

One of the most charming features of Italian towns may be observed in this engraving, in the *pergola*, or arcade of vines which surmounts the screen wall, above the heads of the people who are seen conversing. This wall is said to be from the design of Michael Angelo, upon what authority we know not: certainly a less intellect might have conceived it.



THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI, LUCCA. BY T. R. MACQUOID.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

No. I.—MARK STRETTON (*concluded*).

It would have been imprudent on my part to have prematurely excited the hopes of Mr. Stretton, with reference to the printed statement alleged to have been cut from a Quebec newspaper. The more, however, I reflected upon the subject, the stronger my suspicions grew. In the first place, I had noticed that the lines of the newspaper column were precisely parallel on both sides of the slip of paper; now, it is rare indeed that half a column can be cut out of a newspaper without the scissors running into and shearing off some portion of the matter on the other side. This, in addition to the curious circumstance that Morny had not brought the complete newspaper to Stretton at New York, suggested the possibility that so wily a gentleman might have concocted the pretended report, got it printed on a slip resembling a portion of a newspaper-column, indifferent matter being furnished for the other side, which would in such a case be struck off with perfect evenness. Any one who had a sufficient interest to serve might easily do this, and I was now off to confirm or dissipate my suspicions, by examining the files of newspapers at the North and South American Coffee House. The handbill Morny could also easily have managed. It was at all events worth while to make inquiry.

The file of Quebec papers I found to be imperfect, especially so about the time of Bontemps' death; and I was informed by a waiter, that the missing numbers had been stolen by some undetected visitor. Achilles Morny, for a thousand! was my instant conviction, and I will tell the reader why. Neither of the English Quebec papers on the file were printed with the same type as the slip which I held in my hand, containing the report. Moreover, the files of the French journals published at Quebec, and those of Montreal, had been plundered of the same numbers, or nearly so; and the New York journals made no mention whatever of the catastrophe at Le Coq. This last fact was not, however, of so much importance. Moreover, in an affair involving such tremendous issues, it, upon further reflection, occurred to me, that as I was bound to make assurance doubly sure, it would be well, if I could not find the missing papers in London, to send direct to Quebec for them. The worst was, that in those slow old days I could not receive a reply in less than three months. There was, however, no pressing urgency for obtaining the papers, except that in the mean time Achilles Morny might espouse the niece of the venerable gentleman whom, Mr. Stretton believed, the said Morny had murdered. Was it certain, too, that the completest demonstration of Morny's turpitude, in falsely accusing her cousin of such a crime, would induce Miss Vignolles to break off the match? By no means certain. The gloze an artful scoundrel might put upon his motives in the matter,—for example, a wish to drive his friend and her relative from the society of gamblers and blacklegs, by compelling him to acutely feel the possible consequences of such base companionship,—would perhaps impose upon the weakness and credulity of a plain woman on the shady side of thirty, in love with a specious, handsome man. Too probably, I feared. Besides, I had another arrow in my quiver, which, if critically used, would—might, I should say—prove a fatal one.

"I have nothing at present to say, Mr. Stretton," in answer to your look of anxious inquiry," said I, pressing the proffered hand of the terribly agitated young man, "except that the faint gleam of cheering light I spoke of has widened, brightened, since I left you. It will be useless to press me for more than that at present. However, take heart and courage;—to do so, whatever may happen will do you no harm. Above and before all, Mr. Stretton, keep a strict, constant watch upon your cousin, Miss Vignolles, and inform me—if you decide to place yourself in my hands—without an hour's delay, and without committing yourself, remember, with M. Morny, if there is a likelihood of the abominable marriage taking place."

Mr. Stretton promised to do so; adding, that he placed implicit confidence in me: and with a lighter heart than beat in his bosom when he arrived at the Fox, he left the tavern.

I could not, with all my diligence, find the missing papers in London, and wrote therefore to Quebec for them.

I called, not long after my interview with Mr. Stretton, on Mrs. Parkins, in Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly. Her quarrelsome lodgers had not left; though, since she had ascertained (how she did so, I never knew) they were not man and wife, she had given them peremptory notice to quit without delay. The truth was, the Mornys paid well; and Mrs. Parkins dearly loved—herself remaining severely immaculate; provably so, if need be—to dabble with marriage and other correlative mysteries. This, I apprehend, was the solution of their long stay at No. 11. This by the way.

I had a long conversation with Mrs. Parkins, which afforded me many interesting items concerning the Mornys; an especially interesting one being, it struck me at the moment, that not very long before they engaged her apartments, they had been travelling in Scotland as man and wife. Before leaving I had, to a certain extent, made a confidant of Mrs. Parkins, who had undertaken, upon certain distinctly understood conditions, to carry out my instructions. The next day I forwarded her an old *Times* newspaper, which contained a *resumé* of a celebrated case, the decision in which confirmed the law or custom of Scotland, according to which any single man who acknowledges a single woman to be his wife becomes, *ipso facto*, that woman's husband.

Five or six weeks passed away before I again saw Mr. Stretton. He sought for me at Scotland Yard. I chanced to be there, and we were soon engaged in anxious consultation. Miss Vignolles, he informed me, had definitely promised to marry Achilles Morny on that very day week, and would listen to no remonstrances on her cousin's part against that disgraceful, fatal step. "The villain himself," he added, "defies, mocks me,—and—and you were right, Waters; I have *not* the nerve to deliberately face the scaffold when it looms distinctly in view, bravely as you have heard me mouth of doing so."

"A very human weakness, the avowal of which shows courage. By-the-bye, were not M. Morny and

Adèle St. Ange travelling together in Scotland at the beginning of the summer?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"For my own satisfaction, I again tell you, sir. Where is the marriage to take place?"

"At Bellevue House, by special license."

"Is M. Achilles Morny in the habit of addressing Miss Vignolles by letter?"

"Yes; frequently."

"Could you manage to procure me—of course, without the lady's knowledge—a sight of some of these missives?"

"I could; *will* by to-morrow, if you desire it."

"Some one, or more of them, may possibly be of service. I have nothing more to say at present, Mr. Stretton, except that you may rely upon me to the full extent of my resources, zealously exerted."

The next day I received a packet of letters, the love-missives of M. Morny addressed to Miss Vignolles. What a specious, artful rascal they showed him to be! But though exceedingly warm, impassioned—that is to say, warmth, passion, were, to a certain extent, successfully simulated—I was disappointed at not finding some disparaging allusion to Adèle St. Ange. I had hoped that Miss Vignolles might have expressed some jealous contempt of that lady, the reply to which would have blown the ardent passions of St. Ange to consuming flame. As it was, I did not see that I could make effective use of them. Still, as I was going to see Mrs. Parkins, it might be as well to take two of the fiercest with me.

Mrs. Parkins was punctual to the appointment, and informed me that our clever scheme, promising as it looked, had completely broken down. She had apprised Mademoiselle St. Ange that M. Morny was certainly about to marry Miss Vignolles—an announcement which, as we had calculated, threw the lady into a frenzy of rage. Better still, when the mental tempest had in some degree subsided, and St. Ange could listen to reason, she was elated beyond measure to hear, to read for herself in the *Times*, that if, when she was travelling in Scotland with M. Morny, he had only once introduced her as his wife to witnesses that could depose to that fact, she was his lawful wife to all intents and purposes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "he did so, once, twice, twenty times, and notably in Glasgow, at ——"

M. Morny's loud rat-tat at the street door checked her speech, and Mrs. Parkins made a hasty retreat.

A loud, fierce altercation ensued between the "happy pair," which gradually grew milder till their voices could no longer be heard below. After having dined, M. Morny left the house, as was his wont, but looking more lifted up, Mrs. Parkins thought, than usual.

He was hardly gone when the first-floor bell rang. Mrs. Parkins answered it, and found the lady seated at dessert, her eyes flashing with exultation.

"My good Mrs. Parkins," said she, "I wish to say to you that Morny, whom, with all his faults towards me, I still regard with tenderness, has convinced me that we never passed as man and wife in Scotland; he, the cunning rogue, having been at the time quite aware of the droll law which prevails there. I cannot, therefore, be his wife. It is a great misfortune for me; and it is time, I have reflected, that our unfortunate *liaison*, which upon its discovery so justly scandalised you, should cease."

"He has your consent then, Madame, to marry Miss Vignolles?"

"*Hélas*, yes! What, after all, could I do? Achilles will be very rich; and he has promised me a moderate sum to re-establish myself as a *modiste* in Brussels. It is the best part for both of us."

"I remarked," continued Mrs. Parkins, "that it was probable the English lady's fortune would be strictly settled upon herself."

"No—no—no!" rejoined St. Ange, with a burst of scornful triumph; "not one penny will be settled upon herself! She adores Achilles—he is her god; and she will joyfully surrender to him, not only her mature person, but her immense riches. Poor fool!" and again she laughed viciously.

"You think then, Madame, that the marriage will be an unhappy one?"

"My word of honour, no!" replied St. Ange, checking her vivacity, and speaking with pretended seriousness. "My word of honour, no; only it does seem silly for a wife to reserve nothing for herself out of so large a fortune. Nevertheless, Achilles will be a kind husband; which is lucky for her, as she will be quite at his disposition. Her rich cousin too, Mr. Mark Stretton, is Morny's slave."

"Mr. Mark Stretton!"

"Yes, my good woman, Morny's slave; but that is a subject upon which I must not say another word. Enough that it is true—perfectly true. But we shall not be too cruel with either of them. That is to say," again attempting to repress her rampant insolence of triumph, "that is to say, Morny will be kind towards his wife, and have consideration for Mr. Stretton. Enough now, Mrs. Parkins. I wished to make you quite understand that the Scotch story I told you was pure imagination, that is all. We leave your lodgings early on Wednesday next. Good evening!"

"I left the room," added Mrs. Parkins, "in a manner stunned, feeling that some dreadful mischief was on foot; but of what nature exactly I could not comprehend."

"It is so plain, nevertheless, that he who runs may read its meaning. Adèle St. Ange convinced Morny, much against his will I dare say, by the case reported in the *Times*, that according to the custom of Scotland (though I myself have strong doubts whether that custom applies in the case of two aliens) she was his lawful wife. He believing that, a compromise took place. St. Ange is to permit the solemnisation of Morny's marriage with Miss Vignolles, in order that he may get her fortune, which chiefly, I understand, consists of personals, into his hands. That prime purpose effected, the duped Englishwoman will be abandoned. Morny, with his legal wife, St. Ange, as he and she believe her to be, will be off to the Continent, to avoid the penalty attached to bigamy, still keeping his fearful hold upon Mr. Stretton. That is about the essence of the programme agreed to, depend upon it."

"Gracious Heaven! And will you be able to defeat the infamous plot?"

"I do not think I shall. Time, I fear, will beat me. I shall, however, do what I can; and do you, if you

please, in the mean time keep me instantly informed of any movement on the part of your precious lodgers."

A disastrous, most afflicting turn of affairs this! However, as I had, as usual with me, been gradually worked up by the swayings of conflicting action into taking an entirely personal interest in the affair—almost as much so as if Mr. Stretton and Miss Vignolles had been my brother and sister—I resolved, and to a certain extent succeeded, in neither losing heart nor hope.

Finding, after much cogitation, and viewing the matter in every possible light, that I was about at the end of my tether, I bethought me of consulting a shrewd old lawyer of my acquaintance; the chiefs of the force refusing, as a rule, to give directions or advice in cases involving tangled questions of law, and in which police interference is not indisputably recognised.

One of the results of that long and very depressing consultation was, that I found myself wandering about the docks on the following morning, in search of ships which hailed from Quebec. They would be numerous, and if my conjecture was well founded as to the newspaper forgery, some one amongst their crews would surely be able to tell me whether or not Aimé Bontemps, the son of a man of position in that city, had been, the year previously, murdered by drowning.

The search was a tedious one, and for a long time only so far successful that no one from Quebec that I met with had ever heard of a gentleman being flung out of the balcony-window at Le Coq, and drowned. At last, I was directed to the Old Ship Tavern, Wapping, where I should be sure to find Jean Philippe, skipper of the brig "Marie," a Quebec man, who knew everybody there.

I found Jean Philippe, but, unfortunately, he was very muzzy with liquor, and in that mulishly-cunning mood of mind common to many persons of his class when in such a condition, which renders it impossible to elicit a plain answer to a plain question. Such men always fancy you are pumping them for some concealed, selfish purpose, and wonderful is the fence with which they dodge and evade your queries; and to aggravate the annoyance, this fellow believed himself to be a humorist.

"Do you know a M. Bontemps and his son, Aimé Bontemps, at Quebec?"

"Suppose I do, and suppose I don't; what then?"

"Can you tell me if the son, Aimé Bontemps, is dead or alive?"

"Well, one or the other he is sure to be."

"Was Aimé Bontemps drowned during the autumn of last year?"

"Was Aimé Bontemps drowned during the autumn of last year? I should say, being as he was a wild sort of young fellow, he was hanged the spring before."

This last repartee elicited a roar of applause from the company, one of whom whispered to me that I had better see Jean Philippe early the next morning, when he would be sober, and readily afford me any information I required.

I acquiesced in that suggestion, and was leaving the Old Ship Tavern, when Jean Philippe hiccuped out, "I say, Mister Detective; you see I've fathomed you, old fellow. I say, what odds will you bet that Aimé Bontemps was drowned when the Yankee pitched him out of Le Coq into the river, or what will you take that young Bontemps only had a good ducking? Eh? Come now."

"I shall bet nothing either way, but will do myself the pleasure of seeing you early to-morrow."

I had not, the reader will have observed, said a word about "Yankee" or "Le Coq" in Jean Philippe's hearing, and the shadow of a doubt no longer rested on my mind as to the trick played upon Stretton by Achilles Morny.

Still, positive evidence thereof was indispensable. I went in quest of Jean Philippe early the next morning, and found that the "Marie" had sailed with a fair wind on the previous afternoon, about two hours after I left him.

This was exasperating, and that exasperation was increased twenty-fold when, upon my return home, I found a note from Mr. Stretton, to the effect that it was all over with him and his sacrificed cousin, Clara. Morny, in consequence of a hint he had received that an attempt would be made to prove him a married man according to the law of Scotland, had cast off all reserve, insisted that his marriage with Miss Vignolles should take place the very next day, and threatened, in the event of the slightest delay or demur, to forthwith denounce him, Mr. Stretton, as a murderer. Mademoiselle St. Ange had, moreover, been brought to Bellevue House, and had solemnly assured Miss Vignolles that no such pretended Scotch marriage had ever taken place. "Clara fully believes her, and urged alike by her liking for Morny and her fears for me, yields to the scoundrel's overbearing insistence; further declaring, that if I should be mad enough to voluntarily surrender myself to justice, her marriage should not in consequence be delayed for one hour. Thus you see, that if I could summon up resolution—which, God help me, I cannot do—to brave a shameful death, the fearful sacrifice would be made in vain! Hopelessly beset as I am, I have a kind of superstitious reliance upon you. The accursed ceremony will commence at eleven o'clock. Will you see me before then?—M. S."

Mrs. Parkins, thought I, must have been babbling about that Scotch dodge; but there is no time for reproaches or regrets. I must see the lawyer again.

I arrived at Bellevue House at a little after ten the next morning. My ring at the garden-gate was answered by Mr. Stretton himself, who had watched for me from a window. He looked an image of despair, agonised by self-reproach.

"Clara," he gasped, rather than said, "persists in her determination to marry Morny. Still, wonderful as is the ascendancy he has acquired over her, she would, I am positive, after what has passed during the last twenty-four hours, but for her fears for me, insist, at least, upon delaying the ceremonial. Ha!—here they come!"

I looked from the window of the apartment to which Mr. Stretton had stealthily conducted me, and saw an open barouche-and-four approaching, in which were seated Achilles Morny and Mademoiselle St. Ange!

"What!" I exclaimed, "he has the effrontery to bring that woman with him!"

"Yes, he asked Clara's permission to do so; so that if there should be an attempt to forbid the marriage, under the pretence that the bridegroom had been married in Scotland, Mademoiselle St. Ange will be upon the spot to rebut the calumny."

"I see. M. Morny is armed at all points, then."

"Yes; and yet it seems to me, Waters, that your eyes sparkle as with a courageous hope."

"You are right: a courageous, but far, very far from a confident hope. Such," I added, affecting a stilted style of speech which would put a stopper upon prosaic questioning, "such, for example,—excuse me, for hazarding such a similitude—as Ivanhoe, though conscious of the justice of his cause, and determined to do his duty, must have felt when he rode into the lists of Templestowe to encounter his redoubtable antagonist, Brian de Bois Guilbert. *Espérance*, nevertheless. I am not easily beaten when I am morally sure that right is on my side. As, however, the possibility of success, in this instance, requires that my onslaught should be sudden, unexpected, you must place me where I shall be out of sight, but within hearing, till the parson's first words give the *laissez aller*, which will launch me full tilt against M. Achilles Morny."

Mark Stretton stared, and, I saw, fancied I must have been drinking: he, however, said nothing, which was just what I wanted; and softly led the way to the drawing-room, where the marriage ceremony was to take place. I could perceive no place of concealment therein, and we were still debating the matter, when footsteps quickly approaching necessitated decision, and I vanished behind a high cabinet piano. The footsteps proved to be those of a servant bringing a message from Miss Vignolles to her cousin. She wished to speak with him forthwith, and he, of course, at once obeyed the summons.

It was not so bad a place of concealment after all, except for my legs, and they were pretty well concealed by two large lyre-shaped pedals: only a person stooping down could possibly see them. If, indeed, any of the company came round the piano,—why, then, like the theatrical machinist, not being able to snow white, I should be obliged to snow brown!

At last the tedious watch-hands marked the hour of eleven, and a few minutes after the bridal party entered the room and seated themselves. The bride, starting back upon the brink of the precipice, sobbed wofully; a manifestation of feeling which the soft, but stern, low tones of M. Achilles Morny rebuked, and *registered*.

A few painful minutes passed, and then entered the Reverend Mr. ——, and his clerk. The company stood up, and the clergyman commanded the doors to be thrown open: that was done, and the ceremony began.

"Dearly beloved ——"

"It is needless," said I, stepping to the front—"it is needless to read further. I am a police-officer, and the bridegroom, Achilles Morny, is wanted."

Amazement, consternation, could never, I suppose, have been more vividly depicted than by the faces and attitudes of all assembled there.

The clergyman was the first to speak. "What," he asked, "is the meaning of this? If you ——"

"Ha! ha!" interrupted Morny, who had by then recognised me,—"it is that *scélérat*, Waters! He that will have it I was married in Scotland! Adèle," he added, stepping towards the woman, who, for decency's sake, stood some distance apart, "Adèle, thou wilt ——"

Affecting to misunderstand his movement, I seized him by the collar. "Dare to stir, sir, and I will handcuff you!" and I took a pair of handcuffs from my pocket.

The fellow was dumb-founded, and I went on. "I arrest you, Achilles Morny, for felony—for robbing Mr. Mark Stretton of several thousand pounds by threats of accusing him of a capital crime."

"My God! ——"

The fellow's eye quailed beneath mine; the hue of his face was that of a corpse; I felt doubly sure that I was right.

"That accusation, Achilles Morny, you supported by a forged newspaper ——. Ah! you force me to it, then!"—and after a short struggle, I clasped the iron cuffs upon his wrists. "You the while knowing well that Aimé Bontemps was and is alive and well! But we waste words. Come along, and at once;" and I pushed him towards the door with much greater violence than I should have used had it not been my cue to stun, confound him. I succeeded.

"Mercy! mercy!" he screamed, bursting away from me, and casting himself at the feet of Miss Vignolles, who, like her cousin, seemed stricken into stone. —"Mercy, Clara! I swear to you by all that is holy, sacred, by my love, my devotion, to you, that I intended,—our union once consecrated,—to admit, to proclaim that Aimé Bontemps was not drowned, and is alive and well! Yes, I swear that ——"

"That will do, M. Achilles Morny," I interrupted; "and in recompense of your volunteered confession, I will relieve you of the handcuffs."

"Thunder of hell! Then you did not know that—that ——"

"Right! I did *not* know, till you confessed it, that the newspaper paragraph was a forgery; and but for your very candid avowal, we should have been scarcely able to detain you more than an hour or two. You have saved us trouble, and now come along."

The volley of cursing rage which my words elicited was really something awful, and feeling as I did how extremely painful the scene must be to Miss Vignolles, I bore Achilles Morny away by sheer force.

When he was taken before a magistrate the next morning, some slight evidence was given, and a remand requested, which, as a matter of course, was granted. Mr. Stretton's solicitor, who had shaped the charge as one of obtaining money under false pretences,—it being perfectly competent to him to prefer the graver charge of felony at a future period,—the solicitor for the prosecution did not, I say, object to the prisoner being admitted to bail. Bail was accordingly granted, and strange as it may seem to those who have never been behind the scenes of a Police Theatre, responsible tradesmen, who had never before heard of Achilles Morny, came forward to bail him in very heavy recognisances.

This was much the wisest course. Mark Stretton had

almost deserved the suffering and loss he had undergone; and for Miss Vignolles' sake it was desirable that Morny should flee the country, which he very speedily did. As to the alleged crime at Clifton, not the faintest proof thereof could have been obtained. Perhaps too, after all, Mark Stretton's suspicion was unfounded. If not, we may be sure that the crime, though unseen by human eyes, was witnessed by Him who said, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay."

THE FORTUNE-TELLERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"I DECLARE, Horatio, one is never safe!"

Thus spake Mrs. Batkinson, who has been for the last few months only the wedded wife of me, Horatio Batkinson, and on whom, as yet, the cares of housekeeping sit somewhat heavily. In fact, being rather elated with a sense of her new dignity, and proud of exercising undivided sway in our modest mansion in Stanley Street, Belgravia South, she is apt to magnify her responsibilities, and to imagine that our particular "castle" requires a greater amount of vigilance for its preservation than that of any other Englishman. Being at a loss to divine from her remark what particular danger threatened our infant homestead, I looked inquiringly over the top of the *Times*, and awaited an explanation.

Mrs. Batkinson answered my inquiring gaze with the question, "Have you seen *Punch?*"

"My dearest Laura," I replied, "*can* you ask me? Did I not voluntarily, immediately after the happy day which made you Mrs. B., concede to you the first reading of *Punch?* And did you not, in graceful acknowledgment of this piece of self-denial, permit me to stick my feet, bachelor-wise, on the polished fender, without even a dread of being taken to task for a desecration of our mutual household gods, or for domestic insubordination? Have we been so long married that I could plead even the shadow of a shade of excuse for forgetting these facts? No, Mrs. Batkinson, I have not seen *Punch*. I would rather shut my eyes in passing a stationer's window than anticipate your first reading."

"My dearest Horatio, what dreadful nonsense you talk! Now, *do* be serious and read this; it concerns *us as housekeepers!*"

I dutifully promised to be as serious as *Punch* would permit, and turned to the page indicated by dearest Laura, fully expecting either that a Chinese fleet had been seen hovering at the mouth of the Thames, with a view to setting that dirty river on fire, or that his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., jealous of my domestic felicity, had determined on invading the metropolis, and Stanley Street, Belgravia South, in particular, to the destruction of my peace. But I was mistaken. Instead of realising these bellicose visions, I found that my attention had been directed to "The Servant Girl and the Sorceress," a scene of domestic interest, dramatised by Mr. Punch.

It was merely an incident of the day dramatically rendered, and represented a poor ignorant servant-girl listening to the artful words of a gipsy, and permitting herself to be deluded into placing a quantity of wearing apparel and plate belonging to her mistress in the woman's hands, as a "charm" to insure the fulfilment of the brilliant destiny promised by the vagrant. The mistress enters, and is accosted by the gipsy: "Well, my lady, if you please my lady, would you like to know your fortune by the stars, or by the cards, and how many——"

The lady replies, "Thank you, I tell fortunes myself. I see a dark old woman and a light girl. I see a bundle which contains property, some of which belongs to a lady. The lady is looking at the light girl and the dark old woman. She calls for a policeman, &c. &c."

Scene closes as Policeman X 1 marches off Hannah and gipsy.

Mrs. Batkinson watched my face with much anxiety while I perused the above, and the dear little woman was evidently disappointed when I laid down *Punch* with an audible "Pshaw!"

"My dear," said she, beginning to expostulate, "what *Punch* says is quite correct. The incident has gone the round of the papers,—though not, of course, in that amusing shape. I declare I feel quite alarmed lest our Susan should be induced to listen to any of these lying, artful vagabonds, and I consider it my duty not only to warn *her*, but also to keep a strict watch myself. I am positively afraid to leave the house for an hour. Is it not *extraordinary* that *any* young woman, however uneducated, can be induced to listen to the trash these gipsies tell them?"

I put down the *Times*, which I had resumed, and prepared to discuss the subject for Mrs. Batkinson's enlightenment.

"Laura," I said, "for a rational woman who wears a bonnet, and does *not* wear crinoline, to make such a remark as your last is extremely ridiculous." (I may add, *par parenthèse*, that the wife of my bosom laid her hoops at the foot of the altar.)

My wife's eyes were visibly distended, and I was apprehensive. But the adjective "rational" conquered the effect produced by the term "ridiculous," and smiling sweetly, she requested me to say why I ejaculated "Pshaw," after perusing an article in which all housekeepers ought to feel interested.

"I said pshaw, Mistress Laura," I replied, "because I felt disgusted at the straining-at-a-gnat-and-swallowing-a-camel system which pervades this enlightened century. I take up a newspaper, and read how a poor servant has been victimised by a gipsy vagrant. At your suggestion I peruse *Punch's* witty account of the same affair, and in another journal I catch sight of a paragraph headed, 'Extraordinary Superstition and Credulity.' There, after a preface expressing just your own sentiment of surprise that in this wonderful age such a thing can be, I find either that a lass has been to a 'wise man' for a charm to enable her to regain the sweetheart who 'has left her for another,' or that a poor man has consulted the aforesaid 'sage,' anent the probability of his only cow having been bewitched, and her milk and appetite clean taken away, by the baleful influence of a neighbouring old woman, who is supposed to possess an 'evil eye.'"

"Well, Horatio, and what then? Do *you* not consider the superstition and credulity manifested by these

persons as meriting these comments from all rational people?"

"If this were not the golden age for quacks, swindlers, fortune-tellers, and humbugs of every kind, I might agree with you. But considering that all and sundry who can be included under these several heads receive greater encouragement—that is, more money—now than they ever did before, I must retain an opposite opinion. I can neither condemn the town maid-of-all-work who listens to the gipsy, nor the country Dolly or Hodge who consults the 'wise man,' inasmuch as by so doing they only copy their betters."

"Stop, stop, Horatio, you are going much too far. You cannot mean to insinuate that—that ——"

"That decent people, I suppose you would say, dear, in your own rank of life, or perhaps in a still higher position, would ever be foolish enough to commit the same fault—yet without the same excuse of ignorance—as the girl who is held up as a warning in the pages of our amusing friend. Now, that is the very thing I not only mean to insinuate, but to assert most positively."

The little unbeliever pursed up her mouth, and shook her head in a manner which savoured of contradiction; whereupon I, without further comment, appealed to the newspapers, pointing out to Mrs. Batkinson first the list of amusements in connexion with certain metropolitan gardens.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said she, "'the gipsy's tent.' Well, but you know that is only for a bit of fun. People do not believe what is told them at such places. They only want a laugh, and then forget all about it."

"Then why do they pay for the information?"

Mrs. Batkinson looked bothered; and having in a manner inserted the thin end of the wedge, I proceeded to drive it home.

"You well know, my dear Laura, that a century or two ago an individual who publicly professed to foretel the destiny of others would have stood an excellent chance of the pillory, or, perhaps, of being burned as a witch. Only in my mother's young days—and she is not yet threescore and ten years old—it was no uncommon thing for a man whose horse or cow was ailing to fix on some old woman as the cause of the malady, and to seize the first opportunity to draw blood of her by way of breaking the spell; and the practice is not yet quite obsolete."

"Nonsense, Horatio! you exaggerate!"

"Indeed I do not; and, moreover, I assert that the superstitious feeling which you ridicule is rather gaining ground than otherwise, and impostors consequently reap a golden harvest. I will give you a case in point. Before you were Mrs. Batkinson I went to a certain public garden in the neighbourhood of town, which, though formed out of a deserted chalk-pit, is really a charming little spot. My two sisters, and the husband of one of them, accompanied me. Of course we each paid our penny additional to enter the maze, and, having arrived at the centre, we found a gipsy woman—the genuine article, ragged, tawny, and with a child in her arms—telling the fortune of a young man whose hand she was holding. On seeing our party she made quick work of the youth's future, and, advancing towards us, began to run over the usual set phrases by which these gentry try to induce people to hearken to their lies. Contrary to the wish of all the rest, my married sister held her hand to the sybil, who prophesied that she would soon have an offer; told her she had not yet been honoured with one; that she would have no children, &c."

"How absurd! why, Mary has two already!"

"Well, my dear, as you observed, people do not *always* believe what is told them in such places, and certainly my sister would have found it difficult to do so under the circumstances. I gave the woman a lecture, and my sister Alice, almost in tears at Mary's folly, seconded my words, saying to the gipsy, 'Pray do not bring up that innocent baby to such a trade!' 'Oh, my lady,' was the reply, 'I have two daughters grown up, and they do not tell fortunes. But I pay ten shillings a-day for the privilege of standing here, and I must make a living out of it. If I leave it, a hundred would be ready to pay as much.' Now, if such a sum were paid at this suburban garden, it is not difficult to guess the figure which that smart individual pays who, in scarlet opera-cloak, and other accessories to correspond, occupies the gipsy's tent at another more crowded place of the same kind during the season. I presume, after this, you will scarcely imagine that the lower classes of society are the only patrons of these traders in credulity. The lady spends her own money; her servant, as in the case quoted, robs her mistress to satisfy the same desire. But the one the least to blame in the matter suffers; she who ought to know better merely wastes her money, and there generally the matter ends. Of the influence these sham prophecies exercise over the weak minds of those whose ignorance is some excuse for their folly, it is not easy to speak; the evil is incalculable. I know one case in which madness was the result."

"This just brings to mind," said Mrs. B., "a little occurrence which amused me very much when we were at Hampton Court, last August. If you remember, we all entered the maze separately, and I was much more successful in tracing its windings than the rest of the party were, consequently I was out the soonest. I spent the few minutes which elapsed before you joined me in conversation with a very intelligent man, a Crimean soldier, who acted as guide. He pointed out two exceedingly attractive and modest-looking young ladies, who were walking slowly from the spot, and said, 'Those young ladies are sadly disappointed.' 'What,' I asked, 'with Hampton Court?' 'Oh dear, no; they expected to find a gipsy in the middle of the maze, and went in *expressly to have their fortunes told.* I thought I would not enlighten them, so I said, I am sorry she is not in the way. Perhaps she is taking her tea.' The guide and I had a hearty laugh at the notion of these damsels, who deemed that her gracious Majesty kept a gipsy sybil at her palace of Hampton, for the convenience and enlightenment of her credulous lieges."

"This," said I, "exactly illustrates the contradiction between words and deeds which so disgusts me. People raise an outcry when a single case of ignorant superstition is exhibited, and never appear to be sensible that it is only one of thousands which occur daily."

"Thousands, Horatio! that is really too much to say."



THE SEWING LESSON. BY G. SMITH.

One of the most important of the duties to be performed by the mistress of a school in the agricultural districts,—for therein, we presume, Mr. Smith intends the *locale* of his picture to be,—is the instruction of the pupils in the noble art of sewing. A duty which, if scandal is to be believed, they perform with more conscientious care and skill than the more strictly literary branches of their calling. Much is the fun that has been made of those personages, who were usually elaborately unfit for their vocation. Of these, probably, the best is that by James Russell Lowell, in the immortal *Biglow Papers*, in the Introduction whereof he describes the difficulties a woman of this class has with the pronunciation of Hebrew family names in the Bible genealogies; and intense is the gusto with which he describes her efforts to induce the children under her charge—

"To climb the gnarly limbs of Scripture family trees."

After letting them get up a little way, surmount a few syllables, and drop off, so to speak, baffled, she would, he says, essay the terrible task herself, and

"Nerve her larynx for the desperate thing,
To clear the five-barred syllables at a spring;"

a feat she generally accomplished with the less difficulty that she was totally ignorant of the simplest rules for pronunciation in the matter, and utterly innocent of ever having heard any one else pronounce the names before.

In these days of Normal Schools for Governesses, and certified mistresses of even workhouse schools, it is almost needless to say that such blind leaders of the blind are hardly to be found anywhere; even the smallest and most remote villages have got in advance in these matters, and few are the places which could not furnish at least a better educated and more intelligent person than the old woman before us.

Mr. G. Smith is a young painter of some promise, whose works, when he gets over a little conventional character they possess, may bring him into a reputation as a follower of Webster. The present work is in Mr. Flatou's Gallery, Change Alley, Cornhill.

"No, my dear young woman, I do not say more than I am ready to substantiate, so prepare to be convinced."

Following the indications of my finger, Mrs. Batkinson read over a number of advertisements in the same newspapers, which professed to show up "extraordinary superstition and credulity." There were advertisements of "astronomers" who would answer any question respecting future events, for eighteen postage stamps. Graphiologists willing to tell everything about you, and teach you to "know yourselves," for thirteen, eighteen, or twenty-four ditto. There were advertisements from persons possessing remarkable secrets, which would entice any number of bachelors into the meshes of fair maidens desirous of entering the holy bonds of matrimony, or for subduing obdurate female hearts, as the case might be. And these, not in one paper only, but in many; not inserted occasionally, but daily and weekly the whole year round.

And Laura read, and pondered, and believed in my assertion. "Now," said I, "you would find it difficult to calculate the sum spent by all these people in advertising alone, and of course that amount bears a very small proportion to their receipts."

"Indeed, Horatio," replied Mrs. B., meekly, "I never looked on these matters in such a light before."

"Don't say 'light,' if you please, dear, for the mental darkness of which they are a type is fearful. Still, in one sense you are so far enlightened that I think you no longer labour under the delusion that our domestic ser-

vants or country bumpkins are the persons who make fortune-telling such a lucrative profession."

I scarcely know how it came about, but after some talk we—that is, Mrs. B. and I—resolved to procure and contrast the prophecies of sundry professors of astronomy, with a view to offering our mite in the cause of enlightenment. We decided that my sister Alice should be enlisted in the service, and write the letters; so when we came to the old country home of my youth to spend Christmas, that staid damsel, whose hatred of knavery equals my own, most willingly consented. She accordingly addressed three letters, in reply to as many advertisements selected from those of a large number of "professors of astronomy," and enclosed in each of two eighteen stamps, in the third a larger amount, and requested that the answers might be forwarded to 1, 2, 3, Post-office, Ganderborough. One of these advertisements I quote as a fine sample of the whole, there being no material difference in the wording.

"Life's Future Events foretold.

"On success in business, on marriage, legacies, travels, &c., you will have a candid answer by a teacher in Astronomy and the Mathematics. Send time of birth, sex, and eighteen stamps, to M.C." &c.

After a delay of some days the answers came to hand, and I will first take the one which was from the individual whose advertisement is given, literally, above:

"A female, *natus* 1829. Saturday, 10th October. (Noon.)

"She is not a tall person, I *think*.

"The present is what I may term unproductive, but the spring of 1859 is better. Glancing at the ruling, or that is to say the prevailing influences, as connected with her career, I am afraid love matters are untoward, that disappointment and thorny griefs attach themselves to that soft passion. (In early years I expect she would have weakness, or swelling of the ancles, or some detriment there.) The ecliptic aspects of last spring were against her, but after middle of March coming we may look for more favourable things as regards domestic and other circumstances.

"In 1862 and half of 63, the transit of Jupiter through ♎ Libra, where the sun was at her birth, will be propitious. That influence is one that produces money by legacy or gift (or some kind of property). It lays a foundation of good for coming years. "Signed D. S.

"P.S. My advertisement gives subjects for correspondents to choose from; such as marriage, business, stating *any important matter* of the future, is answered for 1*s.* 6*d.* Whoever supposes a man can write out a life for eighteenpence!"

This individual is evidently crusty; I should suggest that Ursa Major had the lead when he was born.

"Observe. When more information is required than the fee now sent will pay for in time and study, *a person having thus once applied* can have a paper going through six years from the present time, carefully collecting all the leading particulars of those years, for 5*s.* 6*d.* in postage-stamps. Please return the remarks now made if you apply for the six years' paper."

The Astronomer is plainly afraid of making a mistake in his futures.

Number 2 ran as follows:

"The stars rule mankind, but God ruleth the stars.

"(Private.)

"I have carefully studied your destiny, and I find that you were born under the planet Mercury. Your life has been an eventful one, and you have experienced changes. You will shortly take a journey, and there are indications of your improving your position by an offer which will be made you by a person well situated in life, and your future prospects become more settled, and your mind more tranquil than it has hitherto been. You will not remain long in your present position. The death of a male will cause much alterations, and your circumstances will eventually change for the better. There are not any disappointments of moment before you, and you will in life twice marry."

A printed circular accompanied it, which was thus worded:

"Dear Madam,—I cannot for the stamps sent forward to you more of your future than the enclosed, for having to study deeply, it will not repay me to continue my researches further.

"Should you wish to have your destiny more fully revealed, my charges are, for five years, four shillings; the whole life, eight shillings; when it shall be sent to you in a few days. It is entirely optional on your part, but if you have it done, I shall be glad to hear from you when convenient.

"I remain, yours respectfully,

"Stamps taken. "_____"

The last of the three, whose fee was more than double eighteen stamps, gave the following information:—

"Your destiny has been hitherto a brilliant one; for the glorious sun, which was at its meridian when you were ushered into the world, smiles upon your career. Consequently the events of your life have been, and will be, less chequered by misfortune than those of most mortals. Venus, too, favours you, though you have as yet sought few gifts at her hands, and steeled yourself against the solicitations of countless admirers. But the time is near at hand when she, combining with the glorious luminary of day, under whose especial influence you were born, will inflame your heart with love! Fear not this combination, it will only increase your happiness. Look forward to the longest day in 1859 as that on which your felicity will reach its height; and when the prophecy is fulfilled, remember by whom it was foretold."

Further information in this case was obtainable for ten shillings.

As I read the above in full family conclave on New-year's day, a storm of comments rattled around me. My mother burst into indignation at the very idea of such an aspersion being cast on Alice's ancles, and could scarcely be induced to laugh at anything, so absorbed was she in denying the possibility of her best-beloved daughter having anything but symmetrical legs at every period of life. Frank, the jester of the family, shouted across the table that he had a great mind to punch the fellow's head—if he went to London on purpose—for daring to insinuate that Alice, in early youth, "did not stand upon trifles." Another merry youngster, Cousin Katie, offered Alice half the amount of the stamps paid for one of the promised husbands; and our neighbour's son, young Wingate, from The Grange, whispered, "Take them, Alice, and be content with ——." I didn't hear the rest, it was too *sotto voce*; but as the same young man has since had an interview with "the governor," and a ring, never before seen there, has appeared on Alice's "engaged" finger, it is not difficult to guess the remainder.

The one good thing done by the predictions is this: our neighbour has taken heart of grace and popped the

question to sister Alice, though certainly in direct opposition to these gifted seers, each and all. And I have a notion that the lovers' future bliss will neither depend on sun, stars, nor soothsayers, though one seldom sees a fairer promise of happiness than is held out to them by surrounding circumstances.

On the discrepancies visible between the communications of the three "Astronomers," I need not dilate. Suffice it to say, they are literally rendered, and were obtained for the express purpose of convincing those who are so foolish — not to say wicked — as to apply to such, of the fallacy of their pretensions.

Surely, after reading these three samples, all professing to relate to one individual, the faith in fortune-tellers of the most credulous will receive a shock, and common-sense so far assert its sway as to save "the public" I cannot tell how many thousands per annum.

FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE, OTTAWA.

By CHARLES SANGSTER.

I HAVE pressed my cheek to Nature's, placed my puny hand in hers,
Felt her kindred spirit warming all the life-blood of my face,
Moved amongst the very foremost of her truest worshippers,
Studying each curve of beauty, marking every minute grace;
Loved not less the mountain cedar than the flowers at its feet,
Looking upward from the valley, open-lipped as if in prayer;
Felt a pleasure in the brooklet's singing of its wild retreat,
But I knelt before the splendour of the elegant Chaudière.

All my manhood waked within me, every nerve had tenfold force,
And my soul stood up rejoicing, looking on with grateful eyes,
Watching the resistless waters speeding on their downward course,
Titan strength and queenly beauty, diademed with rainbow dyes.
Eye and ear, with spirit quickened, mingled with the lovely strife,
Saw the living Genius shrined within her sanctuary fair,
Heard her voice of sweetness singing, peered into her inmost life,
And learned the tuneful secret of the elegant Chaudière:

"Within my pearl-roofed shell,
Whose floor is woven with the iris bright,
Genius and Queen of the Chaudière I dwell,
As in a world of immaterial light.

My throne, an ancient rock,
Marked by the feet of ages long departed;
My joy, the cataract's stupendous shock,
Whose roll is music to the grateful-hearted.

I've seen the eras glide,
With muffled tread, to their eternal dreams,
While I have lived in vale and mountain side,
With leaping torrents and sweet purling streams.

Man's brief, eventful life,
The nations' kaleidoscopic change,
These hurried by, their grandeurs and their strife;
I marked them all, their near and distant range.

I marked, and envied not.
The royal tyrant on his purple throne —
I, in secluded grove or shady grot,
Had purer joys than he had ever known.

God made the ancient hills,
The valleys, and the solemn wildernesses,
The merry-hearted and melodious rills,
And strung with diamond dews the pine-trees' tresses.

But man's hand built the palace;
And he that reigns therein is simply man:
Man turns God's gifts to poison in the chalice
That brimmed with nectar in the primal plan.

Here I abide alone.
This Cicero of Waterfalls, for me
Speaks with God's sanction from its solid throne,
And utters Nature's truest prophecy.

In thunder tones of zeal,
I've seen the Atheist in terror start,
Awed to contrition by the strong appeal
That waked conviction in his doubting heart:

Teachers speak throughout all nature,
From the womb of Silence born:
Heed ye not their words, O Doubter,
Flinging back thy scorn with scorn!
To the desert spring that leapeth,
Pulsing, from the parchèd sod,
Points the famished trav'ler, saying:
Brothers, here, indeed, is God!

From the patriarchal fountains,
Sending forth their tribes of rills,
From the cedar-shadowed lakelets
In the heart of ancient hills,
Whispers, softer than the moonbeams,
Wisdom's gentle heart have awed,
Till its lips approved the cadence:
Surely here, indeed, is God!

'Lo! o'er all the Torrent-Prophet,
An inspired Demosthenes,
To the Doubter's soul appealing,
Louder than the Preacher-Seas:
Dreamer! wouldst have Nature spurn thee
For a dumb, insensate clod?
Dare to doubt, and these shall teach thee
Of a truth there lives a God!'

By day and night, for hours,
I watch the cataract's impulsive leap,
Refreshed and gladdened by the cheering showers
Wrung from the passion of the seething deep.

Pleased when the buried waves
Return again, like incorporeal hosts,
Rising white-sheeted from their gloomy graves,
As if the depths had yielded up their ghosts.

And when the midnight storm
Enfolds the welkin in its robe of clouds,
Through the dim vapours of the cauldron swarm
The airy spectres in their mist-like shrouds,

By th' lightning's flash betrayed.
These gather from the insubstantial vapour
The lunar rainbows, which by them are made —
Woven with moonbeams by some starry taper —

To decorate the halls
Of my fair palace, whence I'm pain'd to see
Thy human brethren watch the waterfalls —
Not with such reverence as I've found in thee.

But of the few who loved
The Beautiful with grateful heart and soul,
Who looked on Nature fondly, and were moved
By one sweet glance as by the mighty whole:

Of these, the thoughtful few,
Thou wert the first to seek the inner temple,
And stand before the priestess. Thou wert true
To Nature and thyself. Be thy example

The harbinger of times
When the Chaudière's imposing majesty
Will awe the spirits of the heartless mimes
To worship God in truth, with Nature's constancy."

Still I heard the mellow sweetness of her voice at intervals,
Mingling with the fall of waters, rising in the snowy spray,
Ringing through the writhing current, like the joy of water-falls
Sending up their hearty vespers at the calmy close of day.
Loath to leave the scene of beauty, lover-like I stayed and stayed,
Folding to my eager bosom memories beyond compare;
Deeper, stronger, more enduring, than my dreams of wood and glade,
Were the eloquent appeals of the magnificent Chaudière.

Ev'n the solid bridge is trembling whence I look my last farewell,
Dizzy with the roar and trampling of the mighty herd of waves,
Speeding past the rocky islet, steadfast as a sentinel,
Towards the loveliest bay that ever mirrored the Algonquin Braves.
Soul of Beauty! Genius! Spirit! Priestess of the lovely strife!
In my heart thy words are shrined, as in a sanctuary fair,
Echoes of thy voice of sweetness, rousing all my inner life,
Ever haunt my wildest dreams of the magnificent Chaudière.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. VII. Popular Fêtes (*concluded*).

One of the most original and least known of those entertainments which the Sovereign of Russia gives his subjects in honour of his Coronation, is the Fête of Music and Fireworks. On the occasion of the accession of Alexander II. it was held at a few miles' distance from Moscow, in front of one of the Cadet Corps, or Military Schools. This building, opposite which the transparencies and principal set-pieces had been placed, stands at the end of a plain, which reminds one of the Champ des Mars; chiefly, perhaps, because the Cadet Corps suggests the Ecole Militaire. The long balcony which runs along the front of the building had been converted into "tribunes," that is to say, rows of seats had been erected in it, as well as in the rooms from which it is entered. The centre portion of the balcony had been hung with the usual Imperial colours (scarlet and gold), and converted into a magnificent state-box for the Emperor and his family. The rows of seats on each side of this state-box were reserved for the *corps diplomatique* and the "foreigners of distinction," as they are officially termed. The male occupants of these places were all in uniform or court dress, if we except one or two of the "foreigners of distinction," who distinguished themselves by appearing in black. The ladies, though they wore their bonnets, were all in evening dress; but it must be remembered that the grand staircase and principal suite of rooms in the Cadet Corps are worthy of a palace, and that every one who was present in the building was supposed to be there at the express invitation of the Emperor. We may add, while on the subject of the audience department (and audience is the exact word, in the case of an entertainment which appealed so forcibly to their ears), that the balcony had been beautifully fitted up for the occasion, and that a brilliant suite of rooms was thrown open, in which a species of *conversazione* or improvised *soirée* took place after the fireworks.

The road by which the Emperor reached the Cadet Corps from the palace of the Kremlin was illuminated from one end to the other. His Majesty was accompanied by the Empress and the Grand Dukes, and wore the uniform of the old Preobajensky regiment founded by Peter the Great. This is the regiment introduced in the *Etoile du Nord*, but the costume of the Preobajensky guards in the opera differs entirely from the one worn by those distinguished warriors in real life, and is in fact that of the Paulovsky regiment, which in the time of Peter the Great had no existence. Of the crowd, we can only say that it was enormous and compact; and between the Cadet Corps and the transparencies erected in front nothing was perceptible but a mass of upturned faces, which shone in the light of the first "signal" as their owners gazed towards the box of their Emperor. This was to be one of the truly popular *fêtes*, and in order that no one might have an excuse for missing it, the time at which it was to take place had been announced the previous day in all the churches of Moscow. Besides the fireworks there was to be a *concert monstre*, in which two thousand musicians belonging to the different military bands, and a thousand vocalists, were to take part. Among the musicians the whole of the military bands of the Guards were included.

In Russia we find system in everything, even in fireworks; and we were not surprised to see that the pyrotechnic display was regularly divided into so many parts, which were again subdivided into so many other parts, the whole tending to a magnificent conclusion in the shape of a *bouquet*. The *bouquet* itself had been prepared in a most elaborate manner, and on the bridge leading to the firework-ground and for nearly a mile round it soldiers were stationed, with rockets at their side, ready to set light to them at a given signal. The signal was one not easy to mistake, being nothing less than the last note of *God save the Emperor*, accompanied by cannon.

The fireworks with their accompaniment of music, and the music with its accompaniment of cannon, were arranged as follows:—There were five so-called "signals," each "signal" consisting of five separate discharges of bombs and war-rockets. At the end of each of the signals a transparency was illuminated, and as each transparency was lighted up the orchestra, or orchestra and chorus, executed a piece of music.

The rockets of the first signal were ignited by means of a butterfly-shaped lantern-rocket, which was lighted from the Emperor's box, and which flew through the air along an invisible wire to the place where the fireworks stood. Then a transparency representing the monument to Ivan Soussanin was illuminated, and the orchestra executed the finale to Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*.

The number of rockets fired off at each signal increased in arithmetical progression, and, in the third, each discharge numbered eighteen rockets or bombs. After the third signal the statue of Peter the Great was lighted up, and this was followed by the march of the Preobajensky regiment, which is said to have been played at the battle of Pultava, M. Scribe (in the *Etoile du Nord*) going so far as to ascribe its composition to Peter the Great himself. The Preobajensky regiment,

we may here remark, derives its name from a cognominal *faubourg* at a few miles' distance from Moscow, where Peter, when a boy, formed his regiment of children, which at a later period contributed so much towards his success at Pultava, and which formed the nucleus of the Imperial Guard.

After the fifth signal (five times thirty-six bombs and war-rockets) the large transparency in the centre —that of the Triumphal Arch of the Narva Barrier at St. Petersburg—was lighted up, and the chorus and orchestra commenced the National Anthem, *God Save the Czar*, in which it was understood that a fundamental bass of an entirely new description would be introduced.

The air was executed for the first time in the ordinary manner, except that there were three thousand executants. It was then repeated with the new bass instruments, or cannons, which, without being quite so large as opheiclides, made considerably more noise. The cannon appeared to be played from the part written for the big drum, which it "doubled," or, more strictly speaking, centupled. Thus it marked the commencement of each bar and all the accentuated notes. Being quite a new instrument, the cannon was on this occasion entrusted to the *chef d'orchestre*, who fired it from a battery (we mean, of course, a galvanic one), and gave each sound with as much precision as if he had been touching a note on the piano. We need scarcely explain, that when we say precision, we mean precision of time and not of tone, in which latter quality the cannon appears to be slightly deficient.

It was Lvoff himself, the composer of the national hymn, who officiated as conductor and cannonier. He had forty-eight pieces of artillery at his disposal, with which to produce the forty-eight requisite bangs. These were arranged at a distance of some hundreds of yards from his rostrum, and were connected with it by means of wires attached, or attachable, to a galvanic battery. At the rehearsal, it had been found that the notes of the cannon were heard exactly five-sixteenths of a beat after the proper time; and as it was impossible, with due respect to the other instruments and to the ears of the audience, to bring the guns any nearer, the conductor had to fire each of them five-sixteenths of a beat, or five sixty-fourths of a bar, before the report was due. Thus the roar of the artillery and the crash of the military bands were heard simultaneously. Nor was this all; for in addition to the cannon, the final note of the air was accompanied by the explosion of the pyrotechnic *bouquet*, consisting of 21,000 Roman candles and 42,000 rockets.

Decidedly there was more noise than melody. But this was not a chamber concert. It was an illuminated out-of-door concert for the masses, and it was an impressive one.

But the finest of illuminations was that of Moscow itself, and it was carried out with a magnificence and taste which, by way of novelty, we would declare to be suggestive of a scene in the *Arabian Nights*, were it not for the fact that no scene in the *Arabian Nights* ever gave us an idea of so much dazzling splendour.

Every house in the city was illuminated, and every house of importance was decorated with some illumination, in which the arrangement of the lamps produced effects of light, colour, and design, that were as novel as they were beautiful. But to understand the effect of the illuminations, it is first of all necessary that the reader should be able to form some idea of Moscow as it usually appears.

Seen from the tower of Ivan Velikvy, which is the loftiest erection in Moscow, and stands in the middle of the Kremlin on the highest ground, the city presents a most fantastic appearance. Like a second Rome, it stands on the crests and slopes of several hills; but otherwise it bears no resemblance to anything, ancient or modern, which has been produced by the Western world; and even travellers from the East, who visit it for the first time, are struck by its wonderful originality. This originality proceeds from two causes. In the first place, the roofs of the houses are neither constructed of tiles, nor slates, nor wood, nor any of the other materials of which the roofs of houses are usually made in other countries. They are all formed of sheet iron, and are painted, almost without an exception, either dark red or spinach green. Besides the contrast between these two colours, which are always found together, and in striking opposition, the scene is diversified by innumerable domes, cupolas, minarets, steeples, and belfries, which rise in all parts of the city, and by an unusual number of gardens, of which Moscow possesses upwards of a thousand.

The minarets are gilt, the domes and cupolas are either gilt or painted green or blue, and spangled with gilt stars. A few of them, too, are plain green or blue. Moscow was formerly said to contain "forty times forty" churches. Fires and captures by assault have lessened the number very considerably; but even now it contains at least nine hundred. It must be remembered, however, that these churches are, for the most part, what would be called chapels in other countries. They are of every variety of form and colour, but always suggest Byzantium and Asia, rather than Rome or any part of Europe. At a height, and seen from a distance, they look like so many little pagodas of porcelain.

As a general rule, the churches and public buildings were illuminated in the true sense of the word; they were not made the mere pretexts for the display of a few coloured lamps combined into initials, but are lighted up by paper lanterns, or bright tallow-fed flames, so as to have their architectural beauties exhibited to the greatest advantage. Some of the belfries were illuminated by means of only one light placed inside, where it shone like the candle in the *petites chapelles* of the French children. Steeples of solid masonry were, on the other hand, lighted up from the base to the apex with circular rows of lamps, so close together as to make them look at a distance like pyramids of fire.

The watch-towers, which are seen high above the houses, and which serve as places of observation for the firemen, who are perpetually on the look-out, were studded all over with variegated lamps, which glittered like coloured beads.

Those persons who could not afford to pay for any very elaborate design had to content themselves with a transparency, bearing the initials of the Emperor and Empress (A. M.), surmounted by the traditional laurel wreath. These transparencies occurred but seldom, and all the great houses were illuminated with some magnificent and, to us, very novel device. Every one

who was at Moscow during the coronation must have been struck by the elaborate and tasteful illumination which covered the whole front of Prince Sheremetieff's magnificent residence, which, with its bouquets and garlands of flowers, and its wreaths of evergreens, formed the most graceful and richly-coloured decoration of the night.

In the Kremlin Gardens, the marble vases of the terraces were filled with illuminated bouquets, and the trees laden with artificial fruit represented by illuminated globes. Altogether, the lighting up of the Kremlin Gardens was a great success; and, like the illumination of the square in which the theatre stands, and of which it forms one side, showed that general and combined effects had been studied as well as separate ones.

The buildings in the Kremlin were illuminated in a mass. Their outlines of fire enabled the spectator to see every detail of the architecture, and the forms of the principal edifices were visible for miles round.

The *façade* of the Arsenal, with its piles of cannon-balls, and its eight or nine hundred pieces of cannon taken from the French, was also lighted up very brilliantly; but the tower of Ivan Velikvy, with its coloured lamps of red, blue, and green, standing on the highest ground, formed the most attractive object in the *ensemble* of the Kremlin.

Close to the Kremlin walls stands the church of St. Basil, the most thoroughly Russian of all the Moscow churches. Each of its fantastic cupolas was illuminated with circular rows of light, and all the salient points of its architecture (which, according to a well-known legend, cost the architect his eyes) were clearly brought out. The appearance of this church was the most striking effect in the whole illumination, except, perhaps, the aspect of the city on the further side of the river Moskva. As seen from the terrace of the Kremlin, every house seemed a square of fire, every street a long fiery line. It is said that 200,000 workmen and soldiers were employed at this illumination, and we can easily believe it; for Moscow is much larger than Paris, and the whole city was lighted up almost simultaneously.

Two of the most characteristic *fêtes* that take place in Russia on the occasion of the coronation, are the well-known dinner and ball which the Emperor gives to his subjects. The former of these is held in the Petrovsky plains, near Moscow. I had received a ticket for one of the "tribunes," and on ascending to take my place, found myself with my back to the Petrovsky Palace, with a number of long semi-circular rows of tables on my right, an enclosure containing a rotunda erected for the Emperor immediately in front, and crowds of moujiks, moujiks' wives, and moujiks' children on all sides. Just then, rain began to fall, and before long it came down in torrents. Still the crowd continued to increase, and the most extraordinary thing about it, after the fact of its immense size, was, that a large proportion of its honourable members were standing upon the tables at which they were intended to have sat down and dined. I had seen the eight miles of tables the day before. They were then covered with white cloths nailed down to the wood, and upon them were sheep roasted whole, and dressed in brilliant scarlet jackets, sausages suspended from poles in rich festoons, pies by thousands, and cakes by tens of thousands. Early in the morning of the day appointed for the feast the sheep had been cut up and placed on large wooden dishes, where they were to remain until the signal was given for the commencement of the banquet. This signal was to be the hoisting of a flag from the imperial rotunda at the moment of the Emperor's arrival. It appeared that the morning's rain, which had penetrated everywhere, had damped the flag to such an extent that the soldier who had charge of it had doubted whether it could be hoisted with proper effect, and determined to satisfy himself on the point by making the experiment before the Emporor's arrival. The experiment was only too successful, and the exhibition of the flag was accepted as the signal for the commencement of the feast; it was commenced accordingly, and long before the arrival of the Emperor everything had been eaten. Another explanation of the misunderstanding, however, made it the result of a deliberate intention. In Moscow the story generally received was, that the contractor for the feast had supplied less food, and of inferior quality to what had been ordered; and that he had taken measures to have the banquet commenced and finished before the Emperor made his appearance. True or not, the story is at all events a well-deserved tribute to the dishonesty of the Russian official system, and its effect upon all who are connected with it.

The fountains of wine, beer, and tea, did not however begin to play until his Majesty made his appearance, and during the following quarter of an hour the scene was highly interesting. From the Petrovsky Palace, with its red turrets and its green dome, to the enclosure, in the middle of which a temporary palace of the most unpretending nature had been erected for the Emperor, the line was kept by the celebrated Circassian Guards, in their crimson uniforms covered with chain armour. At various points in the circumference of the inclosure little summer-house structures had been raised for the accommodation of the military bands, which played throughout the *fête*. Right and left, at some little distance from the inclosure, and parallel to the Petrovsky Palace, were two ice-mountains (with artificial or imitation ice), looking like two suspension bridges; and at right angles to them, and considerably nearer the inclosure, were little theatres, resembling those of the *café concerts* in the Champs Elysées. There was also a circus, and the young lady who was its hope and its pride could be seen from the tribune of the *corps diplomatique* dancing elastically upon the back of her horse, until at length the rain had completely saturated the poor girl's clothes, and she looked in her white muslin dress, which clung round her limbs, like a fly just emerged from a milk-jug. There must have been wailing and lamentation too in the theatres proper; we mean, those in which a species of legitimate drama was being performed: for we saw the *jeune premier* holding an umbrella over his curly head, while the *ingénue* was obliged to conceal her charms beneath a macintosh. There were also swings, in which the swinging *dilettanti* were whirled round with a velocity which must have dried them as fast as they became soaked. It is seen, that in Russia the Emperor gives his people *panem et circenses*, and something more; they have also roasted

sheep and swings. Nor should we forget the climbing poles, with objects of popular ambition — such as sausages — at the top, rising like masts from the midst of the sea of moujiks.

The Emperor appeared between two showers. He rode a white horse, was followed by the usual brilliant staff, and was received with shouts of enthusiasm. After his departure the rain soon dispersed, we almost say dissolved, the crowd, who returned to their homes in the most orderly manner. There were no soldiers or police on the ground to interfere with the people; in fact, it is one of the people's privileges on these occasions to be left entirely to itself; and yet there were no accidents, and no disturbances likely to cause any. I passed thousands of the holiday-makers in returning to Moscow, and saw very few persons indeed who were not sober, peaceable, and generally well-behaved. Some had wooden spoons or mugs in their hands; others had little tubs which they wore on their heads, in order to be protected against the rain; many had only a little piece of the scarlet cloth which had been laid down on the road, along which the Emperor had passed in the midst of his people; but every one had some reminiscence of this interesting *fête*, which only wanted a few rays of sunshine to make it a magnificent spectacle.

The ball, partly because it was independent of weather, but also for other reasons, was a far finer sight than the dinner. The people, too, felt that they were more immediately in the presence of the Emperor, and behaved better, decorous as their conduct on the whole had been in the Petrovsky plains. Thus they made no rush at the refreshment tables, but took their tea, their mead, their lemonade, and their cakes, as they could get them. All these refreshments were served to them in china or on magnificent plate.

The first peculiarity about the masked ball at the Kremlin is, that no one wears a mask; and the second, that no one dances. There are no signs whatever remaining of the ancient masquerade, though owing to the great variety of costume to be met with (especially among the women) in the immense dominions of the Czar, of which every portion seemed to be represented, the entertainment has the appearance of an unusually fancy-dress ball. The only semblance of dancing that now remains is a promenade executed to the music of a *polonaise*, and led by the Emperor himself, who gives his hand to the Empress, to one of the principal ambassadresses, or to some other lady of distinction. The rooms thrown open on the occasion are six in number, two of which are in the Terema or ancient apartments of the Czar, the others forming part of the New Palace which was built by the Emperor Nicholas, and which adjoins the Terema.

At one end of the suite is the Granovitaya Palata, the throne-room of the Terema, in which the imperial banquet took place, immediately after the coronation. At the other extremity is the Hall of St. Andrew, the throne-room of the New Palace.

The Granovitaya Palata is celebrated as the ancient reception-room of the Czars. Here they were in the habit of receiving their future brides; and a small window near the ceiling is shown, through which the Moscow princes, with more prudence than propriety, are said to have observed the young ladies at leisure while they were preparing to meet their intended husbands. On the occasion of the ball to the people this apartment was hung with crimson velvet, studded all over with gold eagles, as on the coronation-day; otherwise, its vaulted roof, and its simple, massive architecture, would have presented a striking contrast to the brilliancy and richness of the apartments in the New Palace. On one side of the room were the thrones used for the coronation, which had been removed for the occasion from the cathedral of the Assumption. Nearly opposite the throne an enclosure had been formed by means of a light railing, within which the Emperor retired for a few minutes after making his promenade through the entire suite of rooms, commencing with the Hall of St. Andrew. The enclosure we have mentioned contained a few chairs, a card-table, two packs of cards, a chalk pencil for marking the points, and a little hard, sharp brush for rubbing out the chalk marks. This compartment, however, is only a resting-place, and the only use of the cards is to aid in giving the appearance of a ball-room to the solemn, magnificent apartment, in which no one dances.

Of the apartments in the New Palace, the Hall of St. George is the most brilliant; in my opinion, altogether the most beautiful. It is decorated — or rather left without decoration — in a style which is altogether Russian. Its alabaster walls are merely relieved by a thin delicate gold moulding, and its white ceiling by gilt stars of the order of St. George. It is entirely without furniture, if we except the white benches or elongated stools with gilt feet, which are seen in the recesses at the back of the magnificent colonnade which faces the window. This colonnade is composed of ten pillars, whose dazzling whiteness reflects the light in every direction. The hall is lighted not only by chandeliers, but also by a continuous row of wax-lights, extending all round the room, and placed at intervals of just sufficient distance to prevent contact.

The Hall of St. Andrew seems to have been carved out of rose-coloured marble. It is profusely decorated with gold ornaments, and is a most magnificent specimen of a palatial interior in the rich elaborated style, and probably, with the exception of the Apollo Gallery in the Louvre, the most magnificent in Europe. On one side of the hall is a row of immense looking-glasses, on the other a double row of windows, through the lower of which is seen a balcony or arched terrace, illuminated with Chinese lanterns of various colours.

The Hall of St. Vladimir is a sort of anteroom to the new apartments, as the Holy Vestibule is to the old. The latter exists now exactly as it was built by the Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch (Peter's father), with the exception of the paintings which decorate the walls, and which were restored when the New Palace was erected. These paintings, without being of the Byzantine school, like nearly all the religious paintings of Russia, are eminently pre-Raffaelian. They represent "Constantine's Dream," "Joshua and the Angel," "The Patriarch Abraham receiving the Visit of the Holy Trinity," "Dmitri Donskoy being blessed by St. Sergius before his Victory over the Tartars," and "St. Vladimir, duke of Kieff, listening to the Exhortations of the Monks, who are exhibiting to him the picture of the Last Judgment" — which, according to the Russian tradition,

assisted materially in effecting his conversion to Christianity. The Emperor, as he walks from the Hall of St. Andrew to the Granovitaya Palata, and from the Granovitaya Palata to the Hall of St. Andrew, is followed by the ambassadors, the principal officials of state, and afterwards by all who choose to take part in the procession: no one, however, doing so who is not either in uniform or in court dress. Every gentleman leads a lady by the hand. The crowd of spectators—or guests, as we ought to call them—form a line on each side of the *cortège*.

The Emperor is literally among his people, he is literally in contact with them; for as he raises his hand to reply by a salute to the enthusiastic shouts with which he is everywhere received, he is sometimes unable to do so without touching the person next to him. But it must not be imagined that there is any rushing, or even pressing. The people have too much respect for their Emperor and their host, who in his turn has full confidence in his subjects and his guests; for, as at all the other popular *fêtes* at Moscow, I noticed the entire absence of soldiers and police from among the people, and noticed too, that their absence was appreciated. Those giants in bearskins under the colonnade are a party of Grenadiers of the court on duty at the palace, and have nothing to do with the question of order. And yet the persons who fill the six rooms of the palace belong to every class of society. Peasants, shopkeepers, and nobles, are all together in the room; and of the three orders, the moujiks are certainly the most numerous. They are wearing black and brown coats for this evening, but it is easy to see they will not wear them to-morrow, and the sheepskin shouba will be resumed before the next twelve hours have expired.

The most curious thing to observe at this entertainment was the effect of the Emperor's presence on his subjects, and the familiarity with which he treated them. At this national *fête* he wore a thoroughly national costume—that of the rifle militia of the crown peasants, formed during the last war. The uniform consists of a caftan of dark-green cloth, tied round the waist with a red sash; loose trousers, also of dark green; and long boots of pliable leather, coming half-way up the calf, and worn outside the trousers. The costume is not complete without a red shirt, of which the edge is alone visible above the collar of the caftan, and a Polish fur cap, somewhat similar to those worn by the Russian coachmen during winter. The dress is admirable, as well for ease and comfort as for picturesqueness, and in the eyes of the Russians it has the additional advantage of being thoroughly national. Hence this corps is one of the most popular in the army.

During the pauses between the never-ending promenades *à la Polonaise*, both the Emperor and the Empress spoke freely to the persons around them. I believe the Emperor Nicholas has been seen to take the arm of a peasant, and walk about the room with him. The Emperor Alexander did not do this; he simply spoke a few words of kindness and encouragement to those who happened to be in the vicinity of the card-tables by which he was standing. The individuals selected for this honour appeared (judging from the costume) to be in most cases natives of the more distant parts of the Russian Empire, and there can be no doubt that, however long their pilgrimage to the city of Moscow may have been, they must have felt more than compensated for any trouble or fatigue they may have undergone by so special a mark of favour. All the people in the immediate neighbourhood of the Emperor were in a state of great excitement, and several of them actually shed tears after he had spoken to them. In the other despotic countries, how many yards could the sovereign walk in the midst of a crowd of fifteen thousand persons without being fired at?

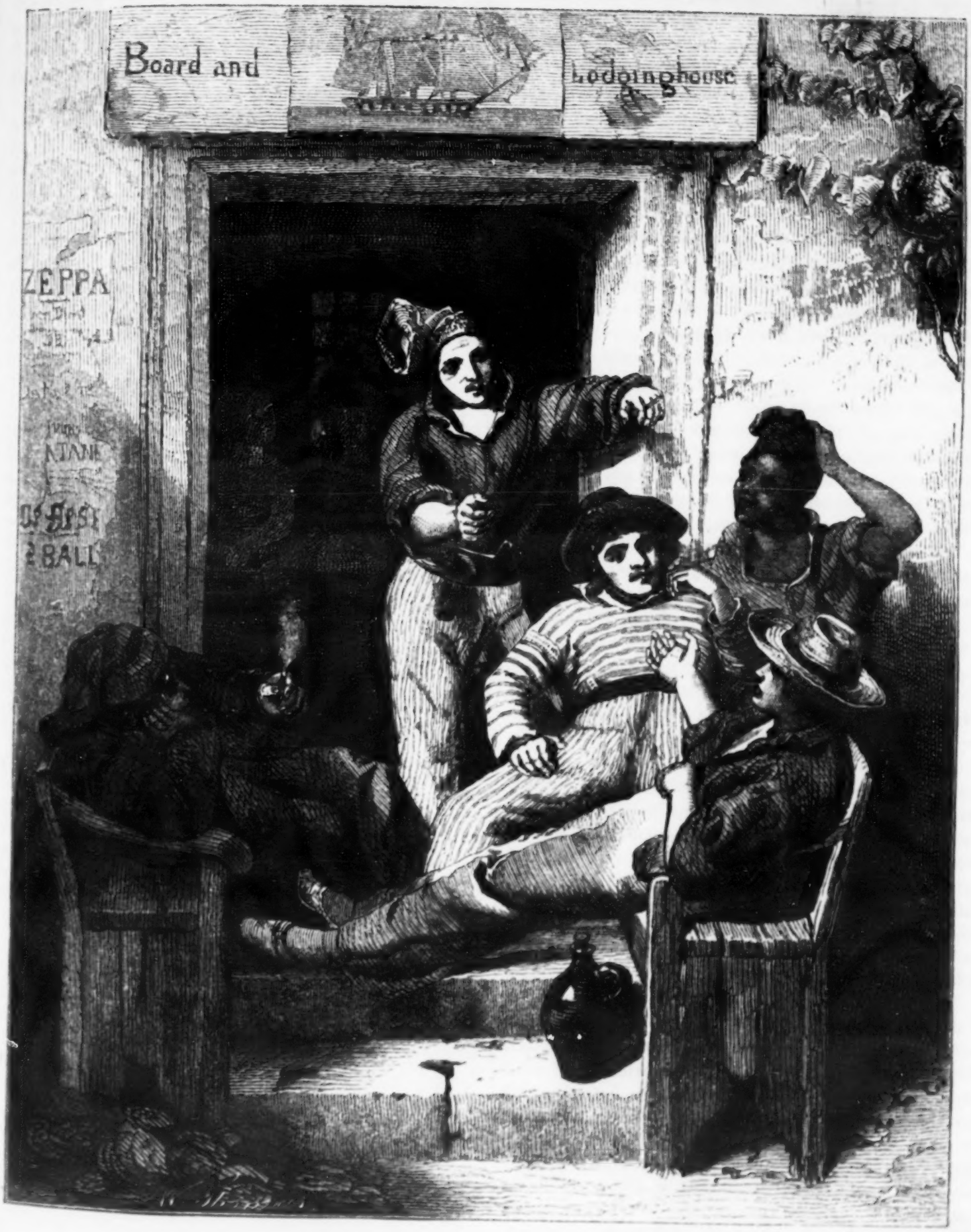
And it must be remembered, that this enthusiastic love of the people for their Emperor was manifested at a time when nothing was positively known of his intention to liberate the serfs. How would the peasants have received him, if they had known of his project for their emancipation!

THE SAILORS' HOLIDAY.

By JACOB GENSLER.

How heartily a sailor enjoys his holiday all men know. Many authors have taken the habits and feelings of this class as their theme; but few painters have dedicated their powers to the representation of marine *otium cum dignitate*, and of those few none more spiritedly than the artist of the work before us, which is vigorous in design, and well suggests the extreme *abandon* of Jack ashore. The men here have earned their leisure, and recline back upon it, as it were, with a satisfaction which is thorough and heartfelt as it is wholesome and genuine. On such occasions they relate "yarns" to one another and to the bystanders, limited only by the power of their own inventive and suggestive experience, being bounded by this far more than by their confidence in the gullibility of the audience. Wondrous are the fictions which they tell; for they found the circumstances upon the vast and ever-mysterious ocean—a theme as infinite as it is ever-varying. Many of our most delightful fictions have had to do with the sea. Which of the "thousand and one" tales of the *Arabian Nights* can compare with that marvellous string of mingled jewels of fact and fiction, the *History of Sinbad the Sailor?* Is there anything which enchains the mind of youth more completely than that never-sufficiently-to-be-praised autobiography, *Robinson Crusoe?* Is there any more entrancing volume than that recording the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins?* What story abounds in the elements of terrible fascination more fully than Edgar Poe's *Narrative of the Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym?* There is, indeed, an inexhaustible fascination about narratives of the sea and its sojourners that has no satiety for us; and how infinitely varied are the subjects it supplies! how huge the fictions, dealing, as they mostly do, with things on the grandest scale! Oceans that sleep from century to century without a storm, rocking themselves to rest by slumbrous waves in eternal heave and fall! Sea-caves that are interminable in their labyrinthine mazes, and inexhaustible in the riches they contain, unexplored, and never to be explored, even by foot of most indomitable man! How vast are the inhabitants of those mysterious depths, who lie dozing while a generation passes away! Our notions of the vigour of corporeal vitality hardly suffice to supply them with the powers of life, as they bask from age to age, reclining leagues of lazy length in the unsunned depths of the sea, their motion a whirlpool, and their breathing a tornado of resistless force.

One source of the extreme interest in sailors' tales, or "yarns," if we must so call them, is, that they are inevitably and of necessity personal, and full of individuality: the man is always before us who did these marvellous things, or contemplated these astounding wonders; and whether we fully believe him or not, he infallibly impresses us in a degree from the circumstantiality he, as a matter of course, introduces.



THE SAILORS' HOLIDAY. BY JACOB GENSLER.

DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS.*

Of the various contributions to our knowledge of North and Central Africa, those made by Dr. Barth are the most voluminous, and, as made under the direction of Government, the most authoritative. Five volumes, of more than six hundred pages each, form in themselves a geographical library on the subject. These have been issued by instalments, and the last two have but recently appeared. The scene opens in Bórnu, where our traveller is in danger from the inroads made by the hordes of the desert on the province of Múniyó. The Díggera of Músa, as they were called, had resolved on settling again in the fine valleys, which are favourable to the breeding of camels. When the road to the west became open, Dr. Barth proceeded on his journey to the chiefs of the Fúlbe or Felláta. His general purpose was to survey the course of the great river from Timbúktu downwards. He had formed no intention to attempt, on reaching that place, to come out on the other side of the continent; but he was fully aware that, even under the most favourable circumstances, he would be unable to keep along the river, on account of its being entirely in the hands of the lawless tribes of Tawárek. He and his band at first were violently affected by the cold, for they started in November, and the interior of Africa, so far removed from the influence of the sea (which is warmer in winter than the *terra firma*), forms, with regard to the cold season, an insulated cool space in the tropical regions, in opposition to the warm climate of the West Indies, and the coasts and islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; but the cold served the beneficial purpose of invigorating their frames after the enervating influence of the climate of Kúkawa. They passed on their journey the frequented well of Beshér, which presented a different aspect from what it had done on Dr. Barth's first journey from Kanó to that place; those bleak and dreary hollows of black argillaceous soil were changed into the richest corn-fields, and waving with a luxuriant crop of masákuwá, while the fields of small millet stood in stubble.

In the following month we find the Doctor and his party encamped near the dead branch of a river called Kulúgu Gússum, S.E. from the celebrated lake of Múggobí. Our traveller took a long walk along this sheet of water, which is indented in the most picturesque manner, and bordered all around with the richest vegetation. The trees belonged principally to the species called karáge and baggarúva; and farther on dúm-palms became numerous. Guinea fowl also were so abundant, that he could hardly move a step without disturbing a group of those lazy birds, which constitute one of the greatest delicacies of the traveller in those regions. They reached the site of the town that had been the ancient capital of Bórnu. It had a regular oval shape, and was little more than six English miles in circumference, encompassed with a strong wall, having six or seven gates. The principal buildings consisted of baked bricks. All things indicated that this old capital had contained a great deal of barbaric magnificence, and even a certain degree of civilisation, much more so than is at present to be found in the country.

Previous to this Expedition the mountainous province of Múniyó was entirely unknown. The road to it was highly picturesque. Descending into a hollow of clayey soil, an isolated date-palm started up on one hand, while, on the other, the unwonted aspect of a tall, slender gónda, or *Erica papaya*, attracted attention, the intermediate ground being occupied by a rich plantation of cotton. Then suddenly our travellers approached a large *sirge*, or lake of natron, of snowy whiteness, extending from the foot of the height which towers over Búne—the rich vegetation which girded its border, along which the path led, forming a very remarkable contrast to the barrenness of the waterless "sirge;" while people were busy digging saltpetre, from pits about six feet deep and one foot and a half in diameter, on its very border. A short distance off fresh water was to be found close under the surface, giving life to the vegetation, which bore a character entirely new to the district. They gazed with delight on the rich scenery around, which presented such a remarkable contrast to the wondrous plains of Bórnu. Anon, they would scale some eminence, such, for instance, as Old Búne, a village built in a recess of rocky cliffs, the residence of Yegúddi, the eldest son of Múniyóma. Next, they would choose their camping ground on another rising slope by the side of the path shaded by the wide-spreading tamarind, and feast their eyes on the pleasant panorama that composed the landscape in the bottom of an irregular vale. Then they would wind their way through a delightful succession of irregular glens and dells, surrounded by several more or less detached rocky eminences, all of which were clothed with bush. Numerous herds of camels enlivened the landscape, all of which belonged, not to the then owners of the country, but to the Tawárek, the friends and companions of the people of Músa, who had there recently made a foray on a grand scale. Sometimes they partook of the hospitality of the natives, feasting in their little encampment almost the whole night long. At others, they traversed a fine cotton plantation, or a grove of date-palms, or a thicket of mimosas.

The wealth and power of Múniyóma was considerable. He was said to be able to bring into the field 1500 horsemen, and from 8000 to 10,000 archers. His revenues amounted to 30,000,000 of shells, equivalent, according to the standard of the place, to 10,000 Spanish dollars, besides a large tribute in coin, equal to the tenth part, or 'ashúr, which, in all the provinces of Bórnu north-west of the Komádugu, belonged to them, and not to the sovereign lord who resided in Kúkawa. Each full-grown male inhabitant had to pay annually 1000 shells for himself; also 1000 shells for every pack-ox, and 2000 for every slave. As a specimen of his style of living, it is mentioned that he had recently bought a horse of Tarkíye breed for 700,000 shells, equal to about *50l.* sterling. His palace exhibited a solid and well-ornamented style of building. In a somewhat sombre audience-hall, Dr. Barth found the governor seated on a divan of clay, clad in a blue

* *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, in the years* 1849—1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. In 5 vols. London: Longmans.

bernús, and surrounded by a great number of people. His real name is Kóso, Múniyóma being nothing but a general title, meaning the governor of Múniyó. The most princely of the chiefs of Negroland, he had succeeded in spreading a sort of mystery round his daily life. Nobody ever saw him eating. He died in 1854. He was of a noble disposition, but the horrors of the slave-trade cast a shadow on his memory.

Gábatá was the residence of the Múniyóma in former times. At present it exhibits a heap of ruins, which are encompassed towards the road-side by a wall built of different kinds of stone, now entirely in decay. In the angle of the recess at the foot of the mountains is a stone dwelling, where it had been the custom, in olden times, for every ruler of the country, upon his accession to the throne, to remain in retirement for seven days. The place is now said to be haunted by spirits. Other instances of superstition of the same kind are given. Two lakes near Mount Shedíka particularly attracted Dr. Barth's attention; which at their junction were covered with papyrus on the shore, while in the water the kumba—a weed, the core of which is eaten by the poorer inhabitants—abounded. His young Shúwa companion, who was brought up on the shores of the Tsád, immediately recognised, from the species of reeds, the nature of the water on the border of which they grew. It is quite brackish; and this mixed character of brackish and sweet water is, exactly in the same manner, peculiar to the outlying smaller basins of the great Central African lagoon. The water at the junction of the two lakes was fordable, but from sixty to seventy yards broad, though only four feet and a half in depth. The difference between the appearance of the natron lake and the fresh-water basin was remarkable—one being of dark blue and smooth surface, while the other resembled the dark green of the sea. When agitated by the strong gale it broke, splashing and foaming on the shore in mighty billows; so that Dr. Barth's two companions, the Shúwa lad and a Háusa boy, were quite in ecstasy, having never before witnessed such a spectacle. There was, however, neither boat nor canoe; for, according to the superstition of the inhabitants, the waters are inhabited by demons, to whose pranks neither swimmer nor rower would willingly expose himself.

Near to this were a village and a market-place, bounded by a narrow but rich valley, clad with a profusion of vegetation. Here Dr. Barth observed another spring, which broke forth with almost as powerful a stream as that near the southern quarter, and was enlivened by a number of women busily employed in fetching their supply of water. The market-place was formed of about thirty sheds or stalls, and there was a good deal of weaving observable: the whole appearance of the spot evinced signs of industry.

We have not much of interest in these travels until we reach Sókoto, the main object of the party. Alíyu, the prince, received them with great hospitality. To the request of his guest, that he would give him a letter of franchise, guaranteeing to all British merchants entire security for themselves and their property, in visiting his dominions for trading purposes, and also that he would allow him to proceed to Timbúktu, and facilitate his journey to that place by his own paramount authority, he most cheerfully acceded. This chief was a middle-sized man, with a round, fat face, exhibiting rather the features of his mother, a Háusa slave, than those of his father, Mohammed Bello, a free and noble Púllo, but full of cheerfulness and good humour. His dress was simple, consisting only of a tobe of grayish colour, and his face was uncovered. His father, Bello, even in his private dwelling, at least before a stranger, never failed to cover his mouth. In this place Dr. Barth had to stay while the prince went forth on a warlike expedition. His leisure hours Dr. Barth employed in perusing a manuscript work, containing the history of the western portion of these Féllani dominions, composed by 'Abd Alláhi, the brother of 'Othmán the Reformer. Dr. Barth also obtained the work of Belló, entitled, *Infák el misúrí fi fat-há el Tekrúri*, which had been earnestly recommended to him by his friend the faki, 'Abd el Káder, in Kátsena. He found that the greater part of its contents, which had any geographical or historical importance, were identical with the documents brought back by Captain Clapperton, on his first journey, and which have been partly translated by Mr. Salame, in the Appendix to the account of those travels.

Having passed Sókoto, Dr. Barth pursued his journey into unknown regions, "never trodden by European foot." The first place of importance at which we arrive is the fine valley of Sála, which is intersected by a considerable sheet of water. There is here a walled town, almost lost in splendid vegetation, among which the tamarind-tree was distinguished, and attracted to its dense foliage countless flights of birds. They next reached Gando, the residence of another powerful Púllo prince, as powerful as that of Sókoto. As they approached the town, they could not help wondering how the people had been led to choose this locality as the seat of a large empire, commanded as it was by hilly chains all around. The ruler was, unfortunately for our traveller, a man without energy, and most inaccessible to an European and a Christian. His name was Khalilu, and he was the son of 'Abd Alláhi, the brother of the great Reformer 'Othmán, to whom that remarkable man, at his death, gave the western part of his vast domains, while he installed the celebrated Sultan Bello over the eastern portion. Such was the seclusion in which Khalilu lived, that even by Mohammedans he was scarcely to be seen, except on Fridays. Here Dr. Barth was fortunate enough to obtain, from a learned man of the name of Bokhári, a copy of that most valuable historical work of 'A'hmed Bábá, to which his friend 'Abd el Káder had first called his attention. He spent three or four days most pleasantly in extracting the more important historical data of this work, which opened to him quite a new insight into the history of the regions in the middle course of the Niger, whither he was bending his steps.

He now approached that great African river which has been the subject of so much discussion—the Niger. His first sight of the river Dr. Barth celebrates with rapture, on reaching the place of embarkation, opposite the town of Say.

"In a noble, unbroken stream, though here, where it has become contracted, only about 700 yards broad, hemmed in

on this side by a rocky bank of from twenty to thirty feet in elevation, the great river of Western Africa (whose name, under whatever form it may appear, whether Dhiúlibá, Máyo, Eghírrën I'sa, Awára, or Báki-n-rúwa, means nothing but 'the river,' and which may, therefore, well continue to be called the Niger) was gliding along in a N.N.E. and S.S.W. direction, with a moderate current of about three miles an hour. On the flatter shore opposite, a large town was spreading out, the low ramparts and huts of which were picturesquely overtopped by numbers of slender dúm-palms. This is the river-town, or 'ford,' the name Say meaning, in this eastern dialect, 'the river.' The Fúlbe call it Ghútil, which name may originally have been applied to the ford at the island of Oitilli. The banks at present were not high; but the river, as it rises, approaches the very border of the rocky slope.

"I had sent a messenger in advance the preceding day, in order to have some boats ready for me to cross the river. But no boat having arrived, I had plenty of leisure for contemplating the river scenery. There were a good number of passengers, Fúlbe and Songhay, with asses and pack-oxen, and there were some smaller boats in readiness suitable to their wants; but at length the boats, or rather canoes, which were to carry me and my effects across, made their appearance. They were of good size, about forty feet in length, and from four to five feet in width in the middle, consisting of two trunks of trees hollowed out and sewn together in the centre. These boats are chiefly employed for conveying the corn from the town of Sínder, which lies higher up the river, to the town of Say; and they had been expressly sent for by 'the king of the waters,' or the inspector of the harbour—the 'serki-n-jirgi,' or 'lámido-lala,' as he is called by the Fúlbe, or 'híyokoy,' according to his title in the Songhay language. The largest of them was able to carry three of my camels; and the water was kept out much better than I had ever yet found to be the case with the native craft of the inhabitants of Negroland."

"Having presented myself at the governor's house, I soon obtained quarters; but they were not at all according to my fancy, being small and narrow. The town, in its very low position, is not refreshed by a single current of air, and altogether has a very oppressive atmosphere. The huts in the Songhay places are made rather for women than for men, the greater part of each hut being occupied by the female apartment, or the alkilla; and the bedstead, or serír, made of the branches of trees, being inclosed in a separate chamber of mats, and thus leaving only a very small entrance, and obstructing the whole of the interior of the dwelling. I have already had occasion, in describing the town of A'gades, to point out the care which the Songhay people bestow upon their matrimonial couches; and I was obliged, first of all, to take down one of these small matting bed-rooms, in order to obtain some little ventilation in my hut."

But the Great River had to be left behind, and Dr. Barth had to proceed to the totally unexplored countries on the south-western side of its course. He had scarcely set out, however, on this series of new adventures, when he encountered a most fearful sand-wind, which enveloped the whole district in the darkness of night, and was followed by a violent rain. At length they reached the residence of Galaijo, a distinguished chief. He was a man of about seventy years of age, and of middle stature. Just at the time when Galaijo became ruler, the great religious movement of the Fúlbe of Góber began, under the Reformer 'Othmán, and instigated by their example, and fired with religious zeal, a chief went forth from them, in order to spread Islám among that section of the Fúlbe which was established along the upper course of the Niger. This man was Mohammed, or Hámed, Lebbo, who, arriving in the country of Másina in the beginning of the year 1233 of the Hejra, at the head of a small band, formed first an alliance with Galaijo, who himself had embraced Islám, and, thus closely allied, they spread their conquests over the neighbouring country. Mohammed Lebbo, however, ultimately took advantage of Galaijo, who was compelled to quit Konári and seek a new home further eastward. Here he was warmly received by the ruler of Gando, who was not at all pleased with the independent bearing of Lebbo and his son A'hmedu, by whom he was succeeded,—those people, being borne away by a pure reformatory view of their religion, and elated by their victory, going so far as to despatch a message to their kinsmen in Sókoto and Gando, to the effect that, if they would not reduce the number of their wives to two, and renounce their wide effeminate dress, they would pay them a hostile visit; and it is on this account that, even at the present time, there is no amicable relation whatever subsisting between the courts of Sókoto and Gando, on the one hand, and that of Hamda-Alláhi on the other.

"The chief of Gando, therefore," continues Dr. Barth, "granted Galaijo an extensive although not very fertile district in his territories, where he has now been settled for almost thirty years. Thus we find in this region a small court of its own, and a whole community bearing no resemblance whatever to the customs of the people around them, but having faithfully preserved the manners and institutions of their native country, Másina; for, while all the neighbouring Fúlbe are rather a slender race of men, with expressive and sharply-cut features, who make it a rule to dress in white colours, we find here quite the reverse,—a set of sturdy men, with round, open countenances, and long, black, curly hair, all uniformly clad in light-blue tobes, and almost all of them armed with muskets. I was utterly surprised at the noble bearing of several of the courtiers, but especially that of the vizier and the commander-in-chief, or 'lámido konno,' both of whom reminded me of Europeans. The old chief, even at the present time, keeps up a continued intercourse with Timbúktu, where his eldest son was at the time studying, and which place he did not leave until some time after my arrival. Indeed, the town of Konári is still said to belong to Galaijo."

We follow our travellers through the wildernesses which, however unsafe, they had to thread—through the arid desert and the boggy swamp—and arrive at the village of Bosebángo, which is surrounded by a strong stockade, and inhabited by the Karábe. Here follows a characteristic picture:—

"A few hundred yards beyond the village we came to the river Sírba, which here forms a bend from N.W. to N.E., between banks about twenty feet high, and caused us not a little anxiety, as it was nearly seventy yards wide, and not less than twelve feet in depth in the middle. We had, moreover, to cross it merely on bundles of reeds, which we had to tie together ourselves. At length, after much controversy, we succeeded in arranging with the natives, for 2000 shells, to assist us in crossing. While the large bundles which were to constitute our frail ferry were being tied together, the head man of the village and a great number of the natives were sitting on the high banks of the river, which form a sort of amphitheatre, in order to enjoy the spectacle. There was something very peculiar about the inhabitants of this place. The men were formed into interesting groups, with features full of expression, but approaching somewhat to effeminacy; their hair being plaited in long tresses, which hung down over their cheeks, and in some cases reached

their shoulders. Their dress consisted of short blue shirts, and long wide trousers of the same colour. Almost all of them had small pipes in their mouths, which they smoked incessantly. The women were of rather short stature, and of not very symmetrical form, with naked legs and breasts. Their necks and ears were richly ornamented with strings of beads; but they also were destitute of the nose-ring, which I had supposed common to this tribe."

And now away again over field, through forest, by rocky pass and masses of rank vegetation on a clayey soil, and across large sheets of water, passing on the way a number of "unsettled provinces obstructed by nature and infested by man," suffering, too, by the fraudulent conduct of a native attendant, his crafty Arab companion, El Waláti, until our exploring European arrived at the important town of Bámbara, situated on a branch, or rather a dead backwater, of the river, forming a very shallow bottom of considerable breadth, but a very irregular border, and then containing but little water. A rumour had preceded our heroic traveller that he had great favour with the Almighty, and could influence the fall of rain; wherefore all the inhabitants, although Mohammedans, headed by the emir, came to him in procession, and solicited his interference in their behalf for a good shower. A moderate shower happened to fall in the evening, and so far confirmed their superstition. Here he experienced an inconvenience in regard to the currency. Hitherto shells had represented the circulating medium, but now "tári," *i. e.* cotton strips two hands wide, were required, and of this Dr. Barth had not the smallest quantity. It was only in purchasing sweet or sour milk that the inhabitants accepted shells.

Considerations of space now compel us at a stride to overleap distance and enter at once Timbúktu. This city, Dr. Barth states, has rather unjustly figured in Europe as the centre and the capital of a great Negro empire, while it never acted more than a secondary part, at least in earlier times. But on account of Timbúktu becoming the seat of Mohammedan learning and Mohammedan worship, and owing to the noble character of its buildings, well deserving to rank as a city or "medína," a title which the capital itself perhaps never deserved, it always enjoyed great respect, even during the flourishing period of the latter; and after Gágho or Gógó had relapsed into insignificance, in consequence of the conquest by the Rumá at the end of the sixteenth century, Timbúktu, on account of its great proximity to Morocco, became the more important place, where gradually the little commerce which still remained in that distracted region of the Niger was concentrated. Here Dr. Barth experienced the effects of the excitement which he had undergone, and fell ill of fever. News, too, had reached the Fúlbe, or Fullán, that a Christian had entered the town, and it was resolved to kill him. Matters improved, however, day by day; and though not able to stir abroad, the Doctor found it possible to ascend the terrace of his house, and survey the district from above, where he made a sketch of the city. Attempts also were made at his conversion. He was detained for eight months under these conditions, suffering greatly from the machinations of his wily Arab companion, the hostility of the natives, and the policy of the Sheikh. He was lodged for awhile in an indigenous tent of camel's hair, outside the town, and at the foot of the hill, which afforded to him a great deal of relief, by the change of air and scenery. He could also get here a little exercise, though the more open the country was, the greater care he had to take of his safety.

"In the morning, particularly," he tells us, "the camp presented a very animated sight. The two large white tents of cotton cloth, with their top-covering, or 'sarámme,' of chequered design, and their woollen curtains of various colours, were half opened to allow the morning air to pervade them. The other smaller ones were grouped picturesquely around on the slope, which was enlivened by camels, cattle, and goats, that were just being driven out. All nature was awake and full of bustle, and the trees were swarming with white pigeons. In the evening, again, there were the cattle returning from their pasturage, the slaves bringing water on the backs of the asses, and the people grouped together in the simple place of devotion, laid out with thorny bushes, in order to say their prayers, guided by the melodious voice of their teacher, who never failed to join them. At this time a chapter of the Kurán was chanted by the best instructed of the pupils, and continued often till a late hour at night,—the sound of those beautiful verses, in their melodious fall, reverberating from the downs around. At other times animated conversation ensued, and numerous groups gathered on the open ground by the side of the fire."

Altogether his stay was disagreeable enough; but he managed to make acquaintance with several things, — one the Great Mosque, which he found agreeable to Caillie's report, but he was only permitted to survey the outside. The chief error, he says, which Caillie has committed, relates to the smaller tower, the position of which he had mistaken, and the number of gateways on the eastern side, there being seven instead of five. Occasionally he received visits from Arabs or other people. He found, on the whole, that the private life of the people in the encampments ran on very tranquilly when there was no predatory incursion. Many of the mixed Arabs have only one wife at a time, and they seem to lead a quiet, domestic life, very like that of the Sheikh himself. The difference which he found between the position of the wife among these Moorish tribes, and that which she enjoyed among the Tawárek, was extraordinary. While the latter was allowed to move about at her pleasure, quite unveiled, the wife even of the poorest Arab or Moor is never seen unveiled, being generally clad in black under and upper gown; and the wives of the richer and nobler people never leave their tents. The camp life, of course, would give to coquetish women a fair opportunity of intrigue; but, in general, Dr. Barth speaks favourably of their morals. The chastisement which awaits any transgression is indeed severe,—a married wife convicted of adultery being sure to be stoned. An incident happened during his stay at the tents which gave proof of love affairs not being quite unusual here, — a Fárki, or rather A'mghi, having been murdered from motives of jealousy, and brought into their camp. But such is the austerity of their religious creed, that he witnessed no dancing or singing. Meanwhile the political horizon of those extensive regions became turbulent, and war and feud raged in every quarter. Altogether his condition was a very anxious one; but the Sheikh adhered to him without wavering for a moment.

The year 1853 arrived, and still found our traveller detained against his will in this desert place. Among the religious discussions that occupied a great part of the time, we find the following important argument:—

"Meanwhile Sidi Mohammed had made a serious attack upon my religion, and called me always a káfir. But I told him that I was a real Moslim, the pure Islám, the true worship of the one God, dating from the time of Adam, and not from the time of Mohammed; and that thus, while adhering to the principle of the unity, and the most spiritual and sublime nature, of the Divine Being, I was a Moslim, professing the real Islám, although not adopting the worldly statutes of Mohammed, who, in everything that contained a general truth, only followed the principles established long before his time. I likewise added, that even they themselves regarded Plato and Aristotle as Moslemín, and that thus I myself was to be regarded as a Moslim, in a much stricter sense than these two Pagan philosophers. I concluded by stating that the greater part of those who called themselves Moslemín did not deserve that name at all, but ought rather to be called Mohammedán, such as we named them, because they had raised their prophet above the Deity itself."

The above argument proceeds on a text in the Kurán itself, which states that Islám dates from the creation of mankind. Ultimately warlike demonstrations were got up, both for and against the Christian traveller. On the whole, however, his life in the desert was tedious and monotonous. After very many abortive attempts Dr. Barth was enabled to leave Timbúktu,

"The difficulties which a place like Timbúktu presents to a free commercial intercourse with Europeans are very great. For while the remarkable situation of the town, at the edge of the desert, and on the border of various races, in the present degenerated condition of the native kingdoms makes a strong government very difficult, nay, almost impossible, its distance from either the west coast or the mouth of the Niger is very considerable. But, on the other hand, the great importance of its situation at the northern curve or elbow of that majestic river, which, in an immense sweep encompasses the whole southern half of North-central Africa, including countries densely populated and of the greatest productive capabilities, renders it most desirable to open it to European commerce, while the river itself affords immense facilities for such a purpose. For, although the town is nearer to the French settlements in Algeria on the one side, and those on the Senegal on the other, yet it is separated from the former by a tract of frightful desert, while between it and the Senegal lies an elevated tract of country, nay, along the nearest road a mountain chain extends of tolerable height. Further, we have here a family which, long before the French commenced their conquest of Algeria, exhibited their friendly feelings toward the English in an unquestionable manner; and at the present moment the most distinguished member of this family is most anxious to open free intercourse with the English. Even in the event of the greatest success of the French policy in Africa, they will never effect the conquest of this region. On the other hand, if a liberal government were secured to Timbúktu, by establishing a ruler independent of the Fúlbe of Hamda-Alláhi, who are strongly opposed to all intercourse with Europeans, whether French or English, an immense field might be opened to European commerce, and thus the whole of this part of the world might again be subjected to a wholesome organisation."

We cannot trace our traveller's course through the desert on his homeward route, which had its dangers and difficulties more than enough, storms of sand-wind being frequent, and the swamps most unhealthy. Of the nomade tribes, we think, he had not much, though something, to complain. Here is an incident touching the tribe of Súk:—

"Besides several respectable men of this tribe, I received a visit also from Nássaru, a daughter of one of their chiefs named Khozématen. She was one of the finest women that I saw in this country. Her decent apparel contributed not a little to increase her beauty; for over her undergown she wore an upper garment of red and black silk, in alternate stripes, which she occasionally drew over her head. Her features were remarkable for their soft expression and regularity, but her person rather inclined to corpulency, which is highly esteemed by the Tawárek. Seeing that I took an interest in her, she, half-jokingly, proposed that I should marry her; and I declared myself ready to take her with me, if one of my rather weak camels should be found able to support her weight. As a mark of distinction, I presented her with a looking-glass, which I was always accustomed to give to the most handsome woman in an encampment, the rest receiving nothing but needles. She returned the next day with some of her relations, who were equally distinguished by their comeliness, and who were anxious to obtain a glimpse of me, not less than of the Shièk El Bakáy. These noble Tawárek ladies furnished a remarkable example of the extreme liberty which the females belonging to this tribe enjoy; and I was greatly astonished to see the pipe pass continually from their mouths to those of the men, and from the latter back again to the mouths of the women. In other respects, I can only hope that they surpass the female portion of the population of Tademékha, of whose virtue El Bekri speaks in rather doubtful terms."

Their course continued by the side of the river. At a remarkable place called Tósaye, or Tósé, the Niger contracts between two steep banks to a breadth of not more than 150 yards, but is there of such a depth that the bottom had not been found by the natives. The locality is of the greatest importance, on account of the intercourse between the desert and the province of Libtáko, as the Arabs of A'zawád in general prefer crossing the river at this point. Farther on the river widens again. At length Dr. Barth reached Gógó, the ancient capital of the Negro empire, but now the desolate abode of a small and miserable population. It consists of about 300 huts grouped in separate clusters.

After his parting with the Sheikh, Dr. Barth crossed the river to the south-western side, and passed various encampments; the former, too, was thronged with islets. At length they came to where a denser population began, and retraced much of their former route, *i. e.* Say, Gando, Sókoto, Wurnó, Kanó, and Kúkawa. In the last-named place he met with Europeans,—Mr. Vogel and his companions. Much delay and much desolate region had to be borne and traversed before they reached Tripoli in safety. The impression made upon his mind by the rich vegetation of the gardens that surround the town, after the long journey through the desert waste, was very great; yet infinitely greater, he declares, was the effect produced upon him by the wide expanse of the sea, which, in the bright sunshine of that intermediate zone, spread out with a tint of the darkest blue. Borne thence by a Turkish steamer to Malta, he next embarked for Marseilles, and reached England by the most direct route, where he arrived on the 6th of September, 1855.

These volumes are profusely illustrated with coloured engravings, and in all respects are of the utmost authority and value.

FARDELL HOUSE.

"I TAKE it for granted," wrote a friend late in July, "that you have returned from the East, and, well knowing your love for the West, bid you come hither without delay, and repose yourself amid the shades of Devonia, by the side of the sparkling Erme. We are well lodged in a delightful old mill-house, hard by the stream at Ivy Bridge; a more picturesque locality, even in Switzerland, it would be difficult to find, and the whole country around abounds in spots full of interest and beauty, among others Fardell House, the favourite residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Add to this, that the trout, which are in profusion, still rise at a fly with sufficient eagerness to afford some sport. Then, we have the coolest of cellars, and baths in the mill-stream, a tributary of the Erme, which comes tumbling and plashing from heathered Dartmoor, over rocks the most picturesque, and through woodlands the most charming: in fact, at Ivy Bridge it is a mountain torrent flowing onwards, through lovely meads, and orchards which produce cider such as you have never tasted, and which is equal, if not preferable, to champagne."



FARDELL HOUSE.

Who could resist such enticements? I read—went—and was charmed; found the country delicious, and the interest incessant. Fish we did, and drink cool cider, and wander far and away over the heather-clad and breezy Dartmoor, that touches the woodland ravine at the foot of which Ivy Bridge reposes: at which place, I may observe, for the benefit of those who have never ventured so far westward, there is a station of the South Devon Railway.

But my great desire was to visit "Fardell," or "Fardendella," the residence of Raleigh, which is situated in the hamlet of Ermington, within a few miles of Ivy Bridge. The first tolerably cool morning we started, and after a charming walk through lovely lanes the aged mansion, half-covered with ivy and lichens, stood before us—a mere farm-house—a residence made precious by the reminiscences which must ever linger o'er the spot, but which, unfortunately, like so many others in the land we live in, is allowed to fall into decay.

Within gun-shot of the house is a sparkling trout-stream, bearing evidence of having once been an ornamental water. In the front of the house are still seen the remains of a broad and fine terrace of stone, on which is an ancient horse-block of granite. Passing through a gateway we entered a gabled portion of the building, beneath a large circular-headed doorway, leading into what must originally have been a handsome entrance-hall or public room, now the somewhat dirty kitchen of a Devonshire farm-house, the windows of which have stone casings with heavy mullions. A dark oak staircase, with oaken gates as it were on the landing, leads to the upper portion of the first floor of the building, evidently that part of the house most used by the family in other days; and the very room is shown in which, it is said, Sir Walter was refreshing himself with the narcotic, the use of which he introduced into England, and which has since become so universal, when his servant entering fancied his master was on fire and deluged him with water. The windows of this precious room look on the terrace I have named; and thence, far and awide, on one of those rural scenes of peace and beauty beheld in no portion of the earth in such perfection as in England, and nowhere more peculiarly so than in Devonia.

Over the mantelpiece, framed, as it were, in the carved oak panelling, now destroyed by paint, may still be seen an oil-painting of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. As a work of art it has little or no merit; but it bears the stamp of age, by whomsoever painted or placed there, and is curious in itself—doubly so in the room we find it. It has been half cut through with the knife of some despoiler; but the present occupants of the house could give no information on the subject, either of painter or destroyer, while the room itself is used as a store-room for potatoes and cider-apples. The remaining rooms are occupied by the farmer, his wife, children, and farm-servants; honest people, doubtless—rare churners of butter and pressers of cider, but dirty and slovenly withal.

Remonstrating good-humouredly as I did with a buxom dame as to the state of the house and the rooms, and adding some strong observations as to its beauty and the interesting associations connected with it, she replied, as referring to the latter words, "Us knows nort o' that."

But when I touched on the beauty of the country, and the advantages of the big kitchen, or hall, out came,—

"Dear heart! what strange things come to pass! When I used to think how happy a body mert live in such a sweet place, I could ne'er ha thort it 'ud come to my take. Everything so handy: a pirtty cloming oven, big enew to bake a batch o' bread; water at the shet just by the thorn-hedge; and the garden and big tree," &c.

At the north end of the terrace already spoken of are the stables. They have a fine entrance arch, and windows on each side, with heavy mullions. Though very old, the stables are not of such high antiquity as the chapel, at the west end of which they are erected. This chapel is enclosed on the south side by a gabled porch, surmounted by a cross, beneath which is a large

entrance and slightly pointed arch, with a saint's niche between them. The building is 35 feet long and 16 wide. It is lighted by a large eastern window, with quatrefoils on the upper tracery; and the stonework throughout is decorated. The chapel is now divided horizontally by a modern flooring, the lower portion being used as a cider-cellar, the upper as a hay-and-straw loft. The lower interior is highly interesting. On the north side of the altar, or rather the place where it once was, is a very large and curious trefoiled recess, the centre arch being greatly depressed, with curious angular cuttings, or latchings, with spandrils, which doubtless was once used for the Easter Sepulchre. On the south side is a picina, or credence shelf, with a slightly acute-pointed arch, having circular trefoils with triangular cuttings in the angles. Vestiges of two other windows are on the north. Those on the south side, illumining the ancient altar-place, are still to be distinguished; one of them is walled up, but the other has been filled in by masonry, and a modern window, at least one of much later date, inserted. It is, however, very difficult to examine the chapel satisfactorily, owing to its being crowded with cider-casks.



HAYES FARM.

The estate of Fardell, Lysons tells us, was held in the time of the Confessor by Downy, under the name of Ferdendella, or Ferdindela; and that in the reign of Henry III. it was the property of Warren St. Iver, whose heiress brought it to Newton, and the heiress of Newton to Raleigh of Smallbridge, and that it remained in the Raleigh family until Sir Carew Raleigh, son of the celebrated Walter, sold the estate to Elizems Heler. It is now, I believe, the property of Captain Pole, of Slade.

Sir William Pole states that Fardel, anciently Turdell, was, anno 27 Henry III., the dwelling-place of Warren Fitzjoe, whose daughter Ellen was wife of William Newton, "which dwellyd here in King Edward Ist tyme, whose daughter Jane brought this land unto Sir John Raleigh, Knt. her husband. Sir John Raleigh was son of Sir Hugh of Smallbridge, son of Wymond Raleigh, the first Raleigh that came into Devonshire, being a younger son of Raleigh of Nettlecombe, in Somerset."

I enclose a drawing of Fardell House as it stands at present, and also, as a companion picture, one of the house in which Sir Walter Raleigh was born, now called Hayes Farm.

SAYAH.

GLASS.

We are so used to some of our commoner household blessings, that we never stop to consider what we should do without them; indeed, we scarcely care to remember that there was once a time when they were not, yet that men lived, toiled, suffered, and wrought nobly, much as they do to-day under the light of our modern inventions. Glass is one of the household goods with which we have become almost ungratefully familiar. Glass is more than an institution with us now; it is almost an embodied instinct, and treated much as if it were really a natural production, simply cut into shapes and forms by man. People without glass might as well be people without eyes or hands, in our estimation; and, indeed, we have made so many things of present, vital, and primary importance, depend on glass, that, could we lose that art, we should lose almost our all. It would be difficult to find a substitute for even the commonest uses to which glass is put: impossible for its higher uses.

Glass has been both an early and a general discovery among civilised men; of course in cruder form than at present, when every new experiment is a bridging over of two perfections, and the starting-place is higher day by day. It is so early and general, that we may take its presence and manufacture almost as a gauge of national civilisation. No savages with which we are acquainted have ever made glass. A few have fashioned rude clay vessels, and a few have found that baked clay was better than unbaked; but none have shown us glass. The old Egyptians knew it, as they knew almost everything; in broader outline than ourselves, but none the less positively; the Phœnicians and Carthaginians knew it; the Greeks and Romans had it, both by home manufacture and by importation. Alexandria was long famous for her glass ware; retaining the supremacy of her fame quite down to the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, and later than her rival, Sidon, retained hers. The Jews had glass among them, too; and what Oriental scholar does not know that pretty story of the Queen of Sheba, who drew up her gown while walking over King Solomon's idea of an aquarium—a glass floor, beneath which was running water? People denied, though, that the early Egyptians understood the art. But three thousand three hundred years ago a certain glass-blower of the Pharaohs made a certain bead in Egypt, and impressed it with the name of the reigning monarch; which bead, dug up not so long since, settled the question of date as to when glass ware was common in the Thebaid. We have yet to find out when it was not known. Glass ware and its uses were disputed points among classical scholars for a long time; and people got violently angry, and used hard and naughty names to each other, because some affirmed that the Greeks and Romans did not use or manufacture glass as we do, and others swore they did. The

believers in the grand old pagans were in the right. Later discoveries at Pompeii have established their claim; for "not only have many fragments of flat glass been disinterred from time to time, but in the tepidarium of the public baths a bronze lattice came to light, with some of the panes still inserted in the frame, so as to determine at once, not only their existence, but the mode in which they were secured and arranged." B.C. 58 a notable display of glass was made at Rome, by Scaurus, during his ædileship. He divided the *scena* of his theatre into three tiers, the lowest of which was marble, the highest gilded wood, the centre compartment glass. They could cut glass in olden times as well as we can now; they could colour it, in some shades better than we, in others worse; they could not etch it, for they had not discovered fluoric acid, but they could enamel it, as in the Portland Vase, and make it iridescent, as in the changeable Pigeon's Neck; they could imitate gems and precious stones so well, that to this day connoisseurs even cannot distinguish such imitations by the eye alone; and they could arrange to fuse it into a mosaic column, which then they sliced thin, as we do our Tonbridge ware, or rather the ornaments inside our glass globe letter-weights; they made it into thick sheets, with which they paved their floors and lined their walls, much as scagliuola is used to this day in Italy; and they made it into mirrors, which were failures. The mirrors which reflected back the loveliness of Aspasia, and the charms of Julia, were of metal, not glass; the metal mirror was the finer, the more costly, the more perfect. The slave of a classic coquette held nothing half so mean as glass before her mistress. Silver, rare stones, imitation gems, and compound metals, all more or less luxuriously framed and set, any of these our sandalled, grave, decorous tire-woman might hold while her mistress powdered her myrrh-coloured tresses with gold-dust, or drew the kohl pencil across her eyelids; but glass was not in favour. The immense mirrors which lined apartments were not of the same character as the round or oval hand-mirrors of the female toilette. Domitian had a long gallery lined with a reflecting substance — stone or glass, scholars are undecided which — so that he might see the fate he deserved, and could not avoid stealing through the corridor at his back; and a certain room is spoken of as being hung throughout with mirrors, so that Venus, or her votary, might see herself whichever way she turned. But the hand-glass was of metal, and the mirrored rooms were of glass or stone; mention also being made of "glass mirrors covered on the back with tin." Glass was known as a manufacture by the ancient Britons, and before the conquest of the Romans. Blue vitrified rings, called "glass adders," and probably worn by the Druids as amulets, are to be found at times scattered over the country. Later, by some centuries, the Venerable Bede states that "Artificers skilled in making glass for windows were brought into England in the year 674, by the Abbot Benedict, who were employed in glazing the church and monastery of Weremouth." Glass windows to private dwelling-houses were not used in England till the end of the twelfth century, and then only sparingly; at lordly castles, here and there, as marks of royal magnificence. Italy was the great glass manufactory of Europe in those days. She passed the art into France, and France gave it to England; but, for all our ability and success, we have not got the secret of those Venetian glass-workers, who could make such honest vases they would refuse to hold poison, shivering to pieces if touched with it. In the land of La Tofana, and the birthplace of the Borgias and Catherine de Medici, this was a useful art, and a gracious invention. But with the rage for secret poisonings the antidotal manufacture died out, and was lost; and we have now neither aqua Tofana, if it is not in prussic acid, nor the generous glass which would refuse to hold it. The Venetians alone possessed the art of making glass mirrors. Even so late as the fourteenth century, Anne de Bretagne, wife of Louis XII., used a metal mirror; and in the time of Louis XIV. a sapient lady bargained away a piece of land, "which did nothing but yield some stupid corn," for two fine Venetian mirrors. The great glass works were at Murano, a small village near Venice; and there, so far as we can judge from what testimony remains to us, the first mirror ever "silvered" with quicksilver was made: but who was the first man that undertook the experiment no record is left to show.

The earliest manufacture of glass established in modern England was in 1557; the finer sort was made at Crutched Friars, and "fine flint glass" — not equal, though, to the Venetians' — to be had at the Savoy House in the Strand. In 1635 Sir Robert Mansell was granted a monopoly of the manufacture, which was to be carried on with sea-coal instead of wood, and which received still greater aid by the importation of certain Venetian models — flint-glass vases to study from; but we did not make decent flint-glass before the reign of William III. The Duke of Buckingham, in 1670, obtained the use of glass-plates for looking-glasses and coach-windows, and brought over some first-rate Venetian artists, who helped on the manufactures in England, much as we should help on railroad-makers or steam-engine builders, if we were sent for from abroad. At the present day, no one is superior to us in glass-making, excepting the Bohemians, who make coloured glass better than we; but in clear crystal glass we are unrivalled. The vexatious duties so long maintained on windows, on importation, and the manufacture generally, kept us back, both in popular adoption and in price, whereby other nations had more good of the art than we had; but we have fetched up lee-way since then.

In 1634 Eustache Grandmont obtained a patent for establishing a glass manufactory in France, but the whole thing failed. After him Nicholas de Noyer took up the matter, and offered Colbert to "make mirrors according to the Venetian method." Charles Rivière, sieur du Freni, valet to the king, obtained the royal permission for such an undertaking, selling it immediately after to De Noyer, for an immense sum. In 1665 De Noyer received his confirmation of the patent, and an advance of twelve thousand livres for four years, on condition of his gaining workmen from Venice, who were to be naturalised after eight years' service in the kingdom. Several men entered into a kind of partnership with him, especially one Poquelin, who had hitherto been the great importer of Venetian mirrors, and who engaged the necessary workmen from

Murano. Then "glass-houses," as they were called, were established at Tourlaville, near the redoubtable Cherbourg: Louvois, after the death of his predecessor, Colbert, renewing the charter for thirty years, and Pierre de Bagneux taking the place of the departed and enterprising De Noyer. Before five of the thirty guaranteed years had passed, Abraham Thevart offered to the court to "cast glass mirrors of a larger size than any yet attempted." This was in 1688. He got his patent, and at St. Gobin, in Picardy, cast plates of the then justly "enormous size of eighty-four inches in height, and fifty inches in breadth." But the two companies quarrelled, as a matter of course, and in 1699 were united into one, to stop their litigations; the palace of St. Gobin was sold to François Palestrier; the whole concern went, as we would say, to the dogs; and, in two years after, there was not enough money among them to pay their debts, or keep up their furnaces. A year after a new company was formed, and France since then has suffered no diminution in her glass-making glory.

The eighty-four inches by fifty, which set all the vitreous world in a blaze, have now swelled out to twenty feet by ten,—not at all an uncommon size for one single sheet of plate-glass in the shop-windows in London; and in the Viennese Exhibition of 1845 there was a sheet of blown glass seven feet in length, and three and a half in breadth, and sufficiently thick to bear polishing. And any one who has ever seen Osler's fountain and chandeliers would be satisfied that neither Alexandria nor Sidon, neither Venice nor Bohemia, ever turned out more beautiful things in form, if, indeed, they were ever equalled in purity of crystal and faultlessness of workmanship.

The ancients knew how to engrave and cut glass; the first was done by a wheel; of the manner of the second we are ignorant, unless it was done by diamonds and diamond dust, which they used for cutting and polishing other stones. In the beginning of the seventeenth century Caspar Lehman, originally a cutter of steel and iron, found out a manner of cutting crystal and glass with instruments. He used emery powder, sharp-pointed steel instruments, and a red-hot iron. He was in the service of the Emperor Rudolph II., who, in 1609, conferred on him the title of lapidary and glass-cutter to the court, and forbade any one to imitate him in his trade. But even in those times trades and arts could not be always kept secret from imitators; and George Schwanhard, his pupil, learnt the trick, and practised it after his death, with great success, at Nuremberg. So early as the middle of the sixteenth century—both in and before the year 1562—festoons and other ornaments, cut with a diamond, were common on Venetian glasses; later, John Rost, an artist of Augsburg, ornamented in a very curious manner, and by the same means, some drinking-glasses, which were purchased by the Emperor Charles VI. But the first mention we have of a diamond being used in France for cutting or writing on glass, was when Francis I. wrote with his diamond ring on a pane of glass in the castle of Chambord,

"Souvent femme varie,
Mal habil qui s'y fie."

Which was an intimation to his ladye-love, the Duchesse d'Etampes, that he was jealous of her, and suspicious; as, indeed, he had greater cause for than he knew of. In 1771 Scheele, the great chemist, discovered that fluoric acid corroded glass, whence dates the art of etching on glass. But there are some who contend that Schwanhard's son, Henry, knew the secret in 1670, though he could not catalogue it scientifically. He was wise to keep it to himself; for, in those terrible times of state and trade secrets, the man who made a discovery was not sure of being treated as a benefactor; but quite as often met with contumely and disaster, as though he were an enemy to the public peace, and a foe to good morals. That story of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who cut off a glass-maker's head, because he had discovered a means of making glass so malleable that it would dint and not break, and might be hammered back into shape and smoothness after having been crushed and crumpled like soft metal, was only a barbarous exaggeration of the feeling which has lasted, in a certain form, up to our present time. People do not want to be worried with new improvements. They are all very well when perfected and established, but the trouble of perfecting and establishing them annoys the easy and supine. Then there are vested interests, which all revolutions disturb; and which Tiberius protected, in the name of the precious metals, the value of which he thought this new kind of glass would diminish. It is the old, old story always and everywhere,—inventions are secured, but the inventor fails.

No modern manufacture has attained to greater perfection than has glass. The etherealised sister of pottery and porcelain, it has shared in all their successes, and adapted to itself all their beauties. Even painted porcelain, though this is the specialty of beautiful porcelain, is not to be compared with painted glass; while coloured or stained glass has a grace no "kaolin" or "petuntse" ever gave. We should fare badly now without our glass manufactories. Science herself would fall back into the darkness from which we have so laboriously evoked her. Nero's emerald "opera-glass," with which he aided his short-sighted eyes at the arena, and thought the invention unparalleled, would not do much good to Carpenter or Milne Edwards, Lewes, or any other enthusiast of the microscope. And as for the burning-glasses of Archimedes, and the earlier telescopes which Friar Bacon knew of, they would not be of much value to any one who has seen the lenses of our best microscopes, or looked through the tube of Lord Rosse's telescope. Think what would go with the manufactory of glass! All our sciences, and half our civilisation; the beauty of our homes, the luxury of our lives, chemistry, physiology, electricity, astronomy, and every other guide and teacher of humanity, down to the pretty airs and graces, taught her by her mirror, of our youngest and most fascinating coquette! We should be literally beggars in the world of mind if we lost the art of melting sand and flint together, and running out transparent slabs of common, unregarded glass. We should get on better with the loss even of textile fabrics than with the loss of glass; but, indeed, these two represent the hands of civilisation, without which but very little would be done in the world, and that

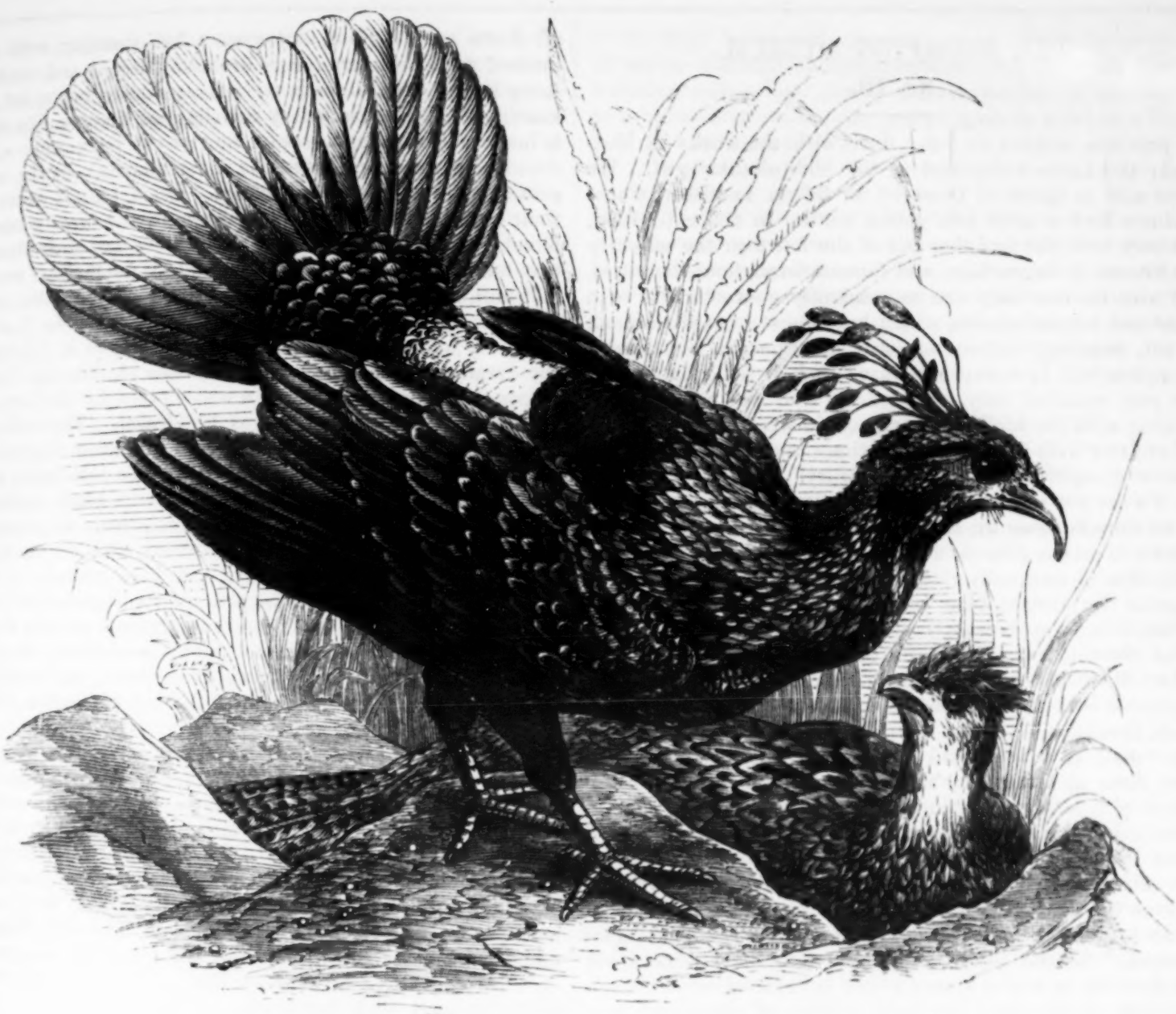
little very badly. Civilisation reduced to iron hooks would never learn to use them with grace or profit. Every day glass is turned to some new account. Glass rooms for sea-flowers and fishes, wherein they can bloom and live far away from their great mother; glass homes for mountain ferns, where they may grow and flourish in the midst of London smoke and the eternal eclipse at Manchester; glass houses for rare exotics, and for rarer birds; glass cases for preserved curiosities of nature, which the air must not touch, and which man must inquisitively study; glass registers of heat and rain, of the power of sunshine and the depth of the fall; glass miracles, whereby the moon may be mapped out, and the sun brought nearer to the knowledge of man; whereby the nebulæ are resolved into their perfect systems, and comets are dethroned from their place of flaming executioners and heavenly messengers of wrath, which they used to hold, to be received as the youngest children of Science; whereby, too, Life is yielding up its mysteries one by one, and the wonderful secrets of Nature are being plucked from her with such toil and difficulty; glass for the dainty lady's toilette, for the rough-armed workman's shop, for the philosopher's quiet study, and for the experimentaliser's hard-wrung successes; glass for the palace, and glass for the cottage; glass everywhere in this crowding, busy life of ours, which, without glass, would have very little order or organisation in it. What should we do without it? Conceive, for instance, a poor blundering creature, with round, prominent, helpless eyes, blinking and winking at the blurred objects which stand him in stead of trees, and stones, and human beings; what would he be without glass—that is, without spectacles or *lorgnettes?* How he would stumble along through life, one endless mass of mortifying mistakes, the butt of all his friends, and his own tormentor! How men got on without spectacles, when spectacles were not, passes our present understanding. It is to be supposed that there were short-sighted men in olden time. Don Quixote, we should say, was short-sighted; so were most of the gentlemen who found themselves—by enchantment, of course—compromised with damsels so fair to view in the dusk, and so hideous in the dawn. Nero, as we have seen, was confessedly short-sighted, but he had the help of what they chose to call an emerald lens, though we know it was only a bit of green glass, dignified by Latin magniloquence; others, also, must have been of the miserable race of myopes. And what would they not all have given for a pair of Harris's spectacles, or for one of Chevallier's best *jumelles!* Then fancy, too, oiled paper against the windows, instead of those large delicious plates which seem to give a veritable lustre to the landscape; but oiled paper was once the only "glazing" known, and even that was not granted to serfs or villeins. In other countries they used, instead of paper, thin laminæ of talc, which gave a shimmering, semi-opaque, dirty pane, as bad a medium as dirty water would be, through which nothing was seen in fit perspective, and nothing in natural colours. Windows alone ought to make us daily and hourly grateful for the "behaviour of flint" under amalgamation and a furnace. It would be impossible to enumerate half the blessings of glass. Let any one try to count them, and he will be surprised at their infinite ramifications. They run and spread themselves all through our life, and are mixed up with every action and every pleasure of our existence. Our religious rites and our state ceremonies, our balls and our fêtes, our health, the blessed healing in our hospitals, the adornment of our homes, the lamps in our streets, and the beacon on the rocks,—all are connected more or less with these varied blessings of glass, without which we should be flung back to the most miserable barrenness and disorder. We forget what we should be without these daily goods, which have become so much matters of course with us that we have ceased to think of their origin, or to contemplate their loss. But when we place ourselves apart, and in imagination fashion out our lives denuded of our old familiar wealth, we then understand its value better, and see more clearly what benefits science, art, and industry have wrung from nature for the good of man.

E. L. L.

THE IMPEYAN PHEASANT.

FEW persons can walk through the magnificent galleries of the British Museum since their recent re-arrangement without being struck by the immense improvement in the art of Taxidermy, exhibited by several detached cases of birds placed on separate pedestals. To one of these, a group of Birds of Paradise, especially remarkable for the admirable manner in which their exquisitely graceful plumage is displayed, I may recur on another occasion. I would speak now of a case nearly opposite this, containing a pair of Impeyan Pheasants, in which the female is placed upon her nest, snugly niched between some pieces of jutting rock, while the male bird, whom some slight alarm has called up to the defence of his mate, stands in a half-listening, half-defiant attitude, that forms a fine contrast to the repose of the close-sitting female; as also does his brilliant metallic colouring to her more sober plumage of soft mottled brown. The art of thus giving the effect of actual life and motion to stuffed birds is of quite recent attainment; the first specimens of this kind of skill, that could really be called artistic, were those seen at the Great Exhibition of 1851, for which the artist was rewarded with a medal of high class. Previously little or no attempt was made to imitate those characteristic angularities which an internal frame-work of bone necessarily creates. A merely puffy and almost spheroidal effect was produced; while any attempt at a position representing action was always a signal failure. In the specimens of the art to which I am alluding, these defects have been completely overcome, and not only does the artist display his perfect acquaintance with ornithological anatomy, but also a knowledge of the habits of the bird, with artistic skill to place it in a position consistent with its mode of life. The group is the work of Mr. Bartlett, who prepared it for the Zoological Society; and on the dispersion of their fine collection, of which it formed one of the chief ornaments, it was secured by the Trustees of the British Museum.

The Impeyan Pheasant, first known to Europe near the close of the last century, is interesting, as offering a probability of naturalising here one of the most gorgeous of the exotic pheasants. It is a native of the highest range of the Himalayan mountains, near the regions of eternal snow; and therefore, if properly introduced, is likely to prove perfectly hardy. It feeds upon the bulbs of various plants, and would probably thrive well in woods overrun with the common Blue-bell, or the wild Squill. The lengthened point of the upper bill, squared at the end like a kind of scoop, appears well fitted for unearthing food of this kind, though



THE IMPEYAN PHEASANT.

it was taken by Latham for an unnatural growth in the specimen he described, caused by confinement and unusual food.

It may be imagined what a splendid feature this Himalayan pheasant would form in our parks and woods, when the gorgeous plumage is described. The head, with its graceful and singular crest, somewhat resembling that of the peacock, is of the most dazzling metallic green, approaching purple. Towards the shoulder this shining metallic colouring varies to a rich yellowish orange tone, of dazzling brilliancy, becoming purple-green, nearly purple on the buts of the wing, and then shading off in many directions to a full green, varying in intensity with every play of light. The breast is nearly black, and the back rich purple-green with a saddle-like patch of pure white, which Latham appears to have considered an accidental mark. The tail, unlike that of the better-known pheasants, is broad and short, which was one of the characters that caused Cuvier to make this bird the type of a separate genus, of which it remains at present the only species. This broad fan-like tail is of a rich and soft fawn colour, and can be closed or spread at will. The female, like our common hen pheasant, is far less splendidly clothed than her mate, the sober mottled-brown plumage being only varied by a large space of white on the throat. In his nest-feathers the male resembles the female in sobriety of colouring, and instead of the graceful crest is only distinguished by a tuft of long brown feathers on the head. It is not till after his first moult that he begins to receive his refulgent plumage, and not till after the second that it appears in all its beauty.

The first of these birds brought down to Calcutta by some natives from the hill country in the north, created quite a sensation among the amateur Anglo-Indian naturalists of that city. It was known among the natives as the Morant, and also, it would seem, by the name of Moorz Zereen, by which it is distinguished in the drawing made soon after by General Hardwicke. Lady Impey, the wife of a distinguished Indian official, endeavoured to bring a living specimen to England; but it unfortunately died during the voyage. When scientifically described by our naturalists, it was, however, named in honour of Lady Impey, who was well known for her general accomplishments and love of natural history, and it became in scientific phraseology, *Phasianus Impeyanus*. Cuvier, however, has since separated it, as before stated, from that genus, and it now figures in Gould's *Birds of the Himalaya Mountains*, and other recent works, as *Lophophorus Impeyana*, the honorary specific name being duly preserved.

Mr. Gould, who has some experience in such matters, says that the Impeyan Pheasant has been hitherto seen only as a museum specimen, but may soon become a denizen of our parks. Many other splendid birds from the same region, of the pheasant, grouse, and partridge families, might also be naturalised; such as the *Phasianus Stacei*, named after Major Stacey, the *Trapogon Satyrus*, one of the short-tailed pheasants, like Impeyana, &c. We have successfully introduced the peacock from the plains of India, and the red-legged partridge from the continent of Europe, and it would seem, therefore, that with proper care there could not be much difficulty in naturalising many birds of the Himalayan range.

H. N. H.

THE BROMPTON MUSEUM.

No. III.

In previous articles we have dealt with the works by Mulready and Leslie comprised in the Sheepshanks' gift. We have now to speak of those by Sir Edwin Landseer, whose pictures form a most instructive feature in the exhibition, not only from the fact that out of the fourteen the majority are known by engravings, and famous throughout the world, but also because they are so eminently characteristic of a great and original genius, which has almost created a branch of art, standing therein not only unsurpassed, but almost unapproached, by a contemporary; and in the long rolls of the past equalled only by Snyders, who was not more in keeping with the bluff and burly age in which he lived, than is Landseer with the refining, at times luxurious, and always humorous, spirit of the present century.

We are not so fortunate in this series of Landseer's works as we were in those by Mulready and Leslie, in having specimens of all the phases of the artist's mind; for while this collection is unusually rich in examples of the pathos or humour he throws into his delineations of animal character, it lacks representatives of the courtier-like and luxurious element exemplified in the well-known "Eos," the "Two Spaniels," and others. These, however, may be well dispensed with in the presence of such works as "The Highland Breakfast," "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the "Jack in Office," and "Suspense." Indeed, we could give them up altogether with but moderate regret, on account of a certain effeminacy in them, were it not that in examining such works our attention is quite free to dwell upon the marvellous execution, undivided by the claims of the subject, and we feel as if the artist had endeavoured to redeem the trifling nature of his task by the performance of some inimitable feat of skill and dexterity. The "Two Spaniels" in the Vernon Gallery—two little dogs lying beside a hat in which a gray plume is fastened—contains an example of this sort; the wavy texture of the plume is a marvel of technical power; the fibres, departing from the central stem, fall and flow in graded curves, evidently laid on, stroke after stroke, by a hand gifted with transcendent skill, guided by perfect judgment and long experience. We recommend an examination of this feather to all who care to understand what are the difficulties of execution besetting the artist, and how triumphantly they may be overcome.

The noblest character of Landseer's mind, pathos, is represented here by two of the most remarkable examples of his success in this style. "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" has a genuineness of grief about it, far more touching than the majority of graver and more direct appeals. A lonely shepherd, who has lived a long life among the Highland valleys, has finished his course, and the picture represents his coffin, covered with his maud for a pall, with his dog, the trusty companion of his latter years, for chief mourner, the single and faithful guardian of the dead. The expression and attitude of the now friendless animal are admirably suggestive of almost human woe; his limbs seem relaxed, and without feeling of life, as, pressing close to the coffin, and resting his head upon it, he broods over his lost master. The thoughtful and pious life of the shepherd is hinted at by a Bible lying upon a settle in front, and his age and infirmities by the spectacles placed beside the book, never more to be used. These simple incidents indicate a whole biography of long and painful life, pursued faithfully to the end. If there existed no other grounds for granting the artist a high place amongst the painters of England, these thoughtful points would alone be ample justification. Another picture, perhaps even more suggestive than this, for the means employed are still more limited, is that named "Suspense." A large hound is standing by the door of a chamber, listening, with an expression of the intensest anxiety and terror. He is too absorbed in waiting even to sit down on the floor, but cowers, half-standing, with depressed tail, and large ears brought forward and erected. Long he has been there, motionless, afraid to move, lest his hearing should be baffled by the slightest change. The door is inexorably shut against him, and we can but surmise what dreadful sounds come from the inner chamber, by the concentrated interest of the animal. Some hint is given of their nature, and perhaps their cause, by the large gouts of blood which have soaked into the carpet; and their absorption tells how long the dog has watched, for they are brown and dull, not bright and red; we gather only a little more by noticing a torn plume lying on the table, as if some passer-by had raised it from the floor, where it fell when the dread burthen which yielded those plashes was borne across the chamber. Here is a whole event for the observer to think upon and construe as he pleases. The animal's master has been wounded in a duel, direfully injured by accident, or set upon and murdered. To this latter idea our own fancy inclines, because we notice a black walking-staff leaning against the table, nigh the plume, which seems as if the owner had gone out unarmed, and his favourite stick, recovered after the fray, had been placed, by the habitual service of an old domestic, in its accustomed place in the ante-chamber. The broad and masterly style in which this picture is executed will not fail to be admired; there is a fit keeping, and power of tone throughout, well meriting study; the dog himself is one of the most vigorous of the painter's creations.

The faculty of Landseer's mind which is most popular, because most obvious, is humour, than which no painter possesses a greater share. True humour, however, contains pathos, and sets us thinking even while we smile, as is well shown in "A Jack in Office." An itinerant dealer in dog's meat has left his barrow in a sort of alley, under the guardianship of a satiated mongrel, while he transacts a little business, probably across the bar of a tavern. The tight-skinned custodian has seated himself upon the top of his charge, as on a throne, where he receives the courtier-like attentions of his hungry and less fortunate fellow-creatures. One wretched beast exhibits his lean carcase, as a plea for pity; another, seated on his own tail, begs humbly, *in forma pauperis*, with dropped paws, and with adulatory whine; a third appears to support an appeal to the guardian's gallantry and devotion to the sex, but equally in vain; he looks on with calm consequentiality, with a half twinkle in his eye, as though he saw through it all, and scorned the suppliants. Nevertheless, he seems experienced in the canine world, for under his half-closed and disdainful eyelids is a sharp look at the self-degrading beggar we have named the second, because he feels him to be totally devoid of principle—a rascal who might, if that watchful eye should only wink, dash upon the spoil and fly. The meagre beast in front is a pointer, and all about him is pathetic; his drivelling mouth, sunk chaps, ravenous and imploring eyes, shaking limbs, and quivering tail, powerfully suggest the idea of a gentleman driven to implore charity, exhibiting the signs of utter famishing as the strongest appeal. A contrast which heightens the pathos of this is seen in the person of a dark puppy, who, having devoured his "ha-porth," now nervously gnaws the skewer which held it, quivering all over with unsatisfied greed. One discerns that the guardian is a thorough dog of business, on seeing that he pays not the slightest attention to the manners of this little customer, who, having legally acquired his portion, is not under surveillance. There is such a hateful and conceited disdain about the "Jack in Office," that the spectator hopes some one of the dogs would sacrifice himself for the general good, and engage him in combat, while the others appropriate his charge of savoury meat. There are whole volumes of character about the picture, sustained even by the placing of a dog in the distance, looking on, probably in hopes to profit by the chances of a *mêlée*.

"A Highland Breakfast" shows several sheep-dogs and

terriers anxiously waiting the cooling of a mess of hot milk, which has been put before them in a pan. That impatient beast whose back is towards us risks his nose, and vainly demurs at the delay; the next, a canine mother, yields a meal to her puppies, but gets none herself; another, longing but prudent, sniffs the feast, and, feeding in imagination, licks his mouth; beyond, a staid, experienced, and dignified retriever, is content to bide his time, knowing that he, at least, will get a lion's share; a little white terrier, evidently a toady to this last, endeavours vainly to imitate his patience and self-command. The mistress of the shieling, a fair young mother, nourishes her babe in the most approved fashion. Her face is pretty and good, but exhibits the besetting fault of many of the artist's women—a similarity of character and feature—which prevails to such an extent in his works, that even in the famous portrait-picture, "Bolton Abbey," the same features may be recognised. He appears, unfortunately, to have fallen into a mannerism in this respect, so that we know a Landseer face at once. This is the more remarkable, as in lower animals he ever preserves a perfect individuality. This similarity of facial type will be observed in the large work named "The Drover's Departure." That the personages here should resemble each other is proper enough, as being of one family; but the same countenances appear in other canvases. A drover has gathered his herds into the pasture in front of the cottage, and its inmates are assembled to see him depart for the south, and to bid him God speed on his long journey. He embraces a child brought to him by the mother. The grandfather, who dozes on through the lees of life before going on his long journey, has come out into the air, his old companion, a herd-dog, gray-muzzled and lean, huddling up close to him, both, probably, recalling the days of their strength, when they traversed together many a broad county, in the same life as he who now departs. Two lovers are gossiping before they separate; the drover's wife pours out the *doch an dorrach*, or stirrup-cup, of whisky; while, to the front, a boy, heedless of the event, teases an irascible dog. The animals are, of course, splendidly painted, being, indeed, the best portion of the picture, which, in other respects, appears to us inferior to the majority of the artist's works. We do not find that wonderful fertility of incident and feeling which characterises them; and we notice the shortcomings as to truth and realism of colour, to which the artist does not appear to aspire, as will be appreciated by the observer, if he considers what was the real colour of the grass he passed at the entrance of the gallery, and compares it with the brown and dingy greens which represent the same thing in this picture and others near it.

"A Naughty Child," well known from the engraving, represents a boy who has been "put in the corner." He appears to have smashed the slate, which lies in fragments on the floor; beside him, on a form, is the hated book, which he dares not cast farther from him. The expression of his face is admirable, with its fierce, sulky resentment; there is a dogged, glaring anger in his eye, that sadly requires taming; his knit and furrowed forehead gathers itself under a splendid head of flaxen hair, that now looks twisted into Gorgon curls, and quivering with determination and wrath. It is good to notice how the self-devouring passion of the child seems to make him shrink himself into the smallest possible space,—turning his toes in, huddling up his feet close together; his arms are pressed against his sides, and his shoulders raised, as though every power of body and mind concentrated itself in little compass for unflinching resolution and anger. He is indeed "a naughty boy."

"Comical Dogs" is a picture of purely facetious character, and that not of the first class—nevertheless, true and good in itself, and will doubtless amuse many. Two large rough terriers have been decorated by their master, the one with an old woman's cap, and pipe in his mouth, the other with a great Scotch bonnet. There is considerable humour in the dogs' faces; and, above all, much broad and powerful execution throughout the painting. "A Fireside Party" transcends this last greatly in character. A number of serious-looking terriers are gathered about a fire in a Highland hut, and are sitting and lying in various positions of thought and ease. This is a picture well worth studying.

With the exception of No. 99, "There's no Place like Home,"—a terrier returning to his tub-kennel after a long and foot-wearying stray, whining with delight and satisfaction,—the remainder of the pictures here by Sir E. Landseer do not call for special remark or description; much of the same humour, the same manliness of feeling—ever its true accompaniment, and, to a great extent, the same faults we have commented on, will be found in all of them.

L. L.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

M. DUMAS, as our readers are aware, has long been endeavouring to bring the atomic doctrine under a larger generalisation than any to which it has hitherto been rendered amenable. The December number of the *Comptes Rendus* (vol. xlvii. No. 26) contains some interesting remarks on this subject. M. Dumas sets out with the two following propositions, from which it will be perceived that he objects to schemes of classification founded on combination of elements with oxygen:—First. The natural classification of non-metallic bodies is founded upon the characteristics of the compounds which they form with hydrogen, upon the volume-ratio of the two combining elements, and, lastly, upon their mode of condensation. Second. The natural classification of metals, and in general of bodies not capable of uniting with hydrogen, ought to be founded upon the characteristics of the compounds which they form with chlorine, as far as possible on the volume-relation of the two combining elements, and, lastly, on their mode of condensation. Under a somewhat dry and unattractive exterior—save to the chemist—a speculation of great interest and beauty overlies these investigations of M. Dumas, which open the question whether many, or, indeed, any of the so-called elements of modern chemistry are really elements at all. "To decompose the radicals of mineral chemistry," remarks M. Dumas, "would be a labour of greater difficulty than fell to the lot of Lavoisier. Not only would the discoverer place in evidence forms of matter novel and devoid of any analogy, but he would have carried his analysis to a point beyond the present knowledge of man, and beyond the operation of the most active of discovered forces. It is, then, one of those problems which the human mind must, perhaps, meditate upon century after century. The analysis of Newton only became possible after way for it had been prepared by the systems of more than one Copernicus, and the empiricisms of more than one Kepler." The final summing-up of M. Dumas is as follows: "Compounds which the three kingdoms offer to our notice are reduced by analysis to a certain number of radicals, susceptible of being classed in natural families. The characteristics of these families, whether we deal with the radicals of mineral chemistry or of organic nature, manifest incontestible analogies, but the radical bodies of mineral chemistry differ from those of organic nature in the circumstance that, if they be compound, they are at least endowed with a stability of such power that known forces are incapable of effecting their decomposition. Moreover, the analogy made manifest between the radicals of mineral chemistry and the organic kingdom warrants the question whether the former, any more than the latter, are compounds."

An animated discussion has been going on between the members of the Geographical Society relative to the productive value of the regions on the eastern coast of Africa, now being developed by the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone and

his companions. In timber those regions are especially rich, and Messrs. Laird and McLeod are very sanguine as to the value of this timber for ship-building purposes; on the contrary, Mr. Crawford, a gentleman well acquainted with the country by residence, maintains that it is not adapted to that use. A still wider discrepancy of opinion exists as to the wheat-growing capabilities of the region: while, on one hand, it is contended that wheat enough could be grown there to supply all our South African colonies, Mr. Crawford expresses himself equally certain that the idea of growing wheat successfully anywhere within the tropics, except on elevated table-land—as in Mexico, for example—is fallacious. Perhaps the most promising aspect under which to contemplate the vicinity of the Zambesi river is as a coal-yielding locality. Of the abundance and excellence of this mineral there no doubt now exists, and but slight consideration of the bearings of this region in relation to our Indian and Australian possessions will demonstrate the local advantages capable of being secured to this country by opening up the carboniferous treasures of the valley of the Zambesi.

At home, scientific men are seriously contemplating the present very high mortality in the metropolis. Malignant disease of the throat, *diphtheria*, is unusually prevalent, and, like most other epidemic and endemic diseases, the causes of it are enveloped in much obscurity. Physicians are, however, pretty well agreed that foul and vitiated air, ill odours, and miasms without odour, have much to do with it; whence the pertinent question suggests itself, whether the perpetual disturbance of the terrain of our streets and public ways may not sensibly contribute to lower the standard of public health. This point was discussed at a late meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers, at the instance of Dr. Letheby. That gentleman has long been endeavouring to establish something like permanent ways for the tubular subterranean system of London; and, doubtless, if some means could be devised for giving access to gas and water-pipes without ripping up the streets, public health would receive a boon as well as public convenience.

All who can appreciate scientific teaching, popularly conveyed without puerility, will regret to hear that Professor Faraday, in his inaugural juvenile lecture, expressed a sort of half-conviction that this would be his final Christmas course. To grudge the great electrician the repose to which he alludes, now that he has nearly reached the full normal age of man, would be ungenerous; but the scientific public can ill afford to lose him. No philosopher combines—nay, perhaps no philosopher has ever combined—the elements of so much attractive popularity with such original views and profound scientific knowledge.

Notwithstanding the depreciation with which certain organs of the press have visited the scheme of a new Exhibition of Arts, Science, and Manufactures in 1861, the Society of Arts is steadily moving to accomplish it. The members of the Council have recently forwarded circulars to town and country members, soliciting expression of opinion and pertinent suggestions. If the Society of Arts do not succeed it will not be for lack of trouble and good will: to carry out the project to a successful issue will, however, be a difficult task.

We mentioned in our last some highly successful experiments with Mr. Armstrong's rifle-cannon. One of the greatest practical difficulties that gentleman has had to encounter is in respect of the ammunition. His projectiles are encased with lead, which is very prone to lose its contour when subjected to the ordinary jolting of an ammunition-waggon, so that they cannot sometimes be got into the gun. Severe experiments are now being tried, with the object of ascertaining whether he has overcome the difficulty.

France has to deplore the loss of M. Soubeiran, the great authority on pharmacy, a gentleman who held a position amongst our neighbours similar to that of the late Dr. Pereira amongst ourselves. He died on the 17th of November, after a long and painful illness. Professor Soubeiran's professional *status*, and the appreciation in which his scientific acquirements were held, may be inferred from the number of his appointments. He was Pharmacien en Chef to the hospitals and civil infirmaries; Professor of Pharmacology to the Faculty of Medicine; Member of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Conseil de Salubrité; and lastly, one of the editors of the *Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie*. He was born at Paris on the 4th prarial, year V. of the Revolution, and whilst very young exhibited a strong predilection for science. Pharmacy, however, was not that to which he directed his earliest attention. His father, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, having founded at Bezons, near Paris, an establishment for bleaching, on the system of Berthollet, young Soubeiran associated himself for some years with him at this establishment. In 1813, however, he departed for Montpellier, where he became a pupil of M. Pouzin. After three years passed with this gentleman he returned to Paris, and terminated his pharmaceutical studies as the pupil of M. Montillard.

It is not often that we have to record a scientific discovery of so much interest to our lady-readers as one by M. Bœttger, who has discovered a means whereby ostrich and other ornamental feathers, when crumpled or abruptly bent out of shape, may be restored to their pristine beauty. The operation consists in dipping them into boiling water, where they are to remain until quite soft; then withdrawing them, manipulating them into shape, and finally immersing them in cold water. The same chemist also calls attention to a new method of cleansing silver articles which may have become tarnished by exposure to atmospheric influences. The process consists in immersing the articles to be cleansed in a weak solution of caustic potash and borax, then touching them whilst yet immersed with a plate of zinc. Under this treatment he reports that superficial foulness disappears as if by magic.

According to recent experiments of M. M. Sonnenschein (*Ann. de Chim. et de Pharm.* tom. liii. p. 241), the most delicate of all re-agents for the discovery of vegetable alkalis is phospho-molybdic acid. Some idea of the delicacy of the agent as regards strychnia may be formed from a consideration of the statement that one 0·000071th part of this alkali forms with it an appreciable precipitate. To obtain phospho-molybdic acid the following process may be conveniently resorted to. Molybdate of ammonia is precipitated by phosphate of soda; the yellow precipitate is suspended in water, and heated with carbonate of soda until dissolved; afterwards the liquor is evaporated to dryness. The residue is now calcined until ammonia ceases to be disengaged, moistened with a little nitric acid, and again calcined. The dry mass is now taken up by hot water, and nitric acid added until the liquid presents a strongly-marked acid reaction. Lastly, the liquor is diluted by water until the solution contains about one-tenth of the salt. The resulting fluid, which has a golden yellow colour, must be well protected from ammonia, which precipitates it.

M. Ropp has also been devoting attention to the discovery of a good precipitant for vegetable alkalis, or rather certain members of that class. His re-agent is fluosilicated alcohol, made by dissolving hydrofluoric acid in alcohol diluted with 5 per cent of water. Fluosilicated alcohol precipitates quinine and morphine, but neither affects cinchonine nor narcotine. M. Ropp regards the test-fluid as a mixture of silicic ether and hydrofluosilicic acid. We have presented the exact formulæ of preparation for these two tests, because of their great importance and the previous weakness of this part of toxicological chemistry. Our readers have only to remember the difficulties which beset the trial of Palmer, to be thankful for the discovery of good tests for the vegetable alkalis.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

No. IV. The Section of Education.—Education in its Relation to Crime.

Out of 125,000 criminals committed to prison in 1857, only about 400 had received a superior scholastic education; of the rest, little more than 6000, or about 5 in every 100, could even read and write their own language well. It does not follow, however, that scholastic ignorance is the cause of crime. That there is a close relationship between the two is certain, but it may be that of twin brethren, and not that of parent and child. It may be that the causes which keep men ignorant are those also which make men criminal, and that though by removing those causes we may get rid of ignorance and crime together, we are not likely to extirpate either of them by merely acting on the other. It must be remembered, that of the 125,000 criminals, one half belong to the professionally criminal classes, among whom the amount of education is, from their social position, necessarily very small. We may assume that these would not contribute more than 1000 of the 6000 who could read and write well. We have, then, a residue of about 70,000 criminals, drawn, not from the criminal class, but from the general mass of society, and among these probably 5000 have received a moderate education.

But out of 320,000 persons who were married in the previous year, 110,000 signed the marriage register with marks only. Making some allowance for nervousness, we are still obliged to conclude that 30 per cent of the adult population are unable to write. In the criminal returns, the number of those who cannot write at all is still largely exceeded by those who can only write imperfectly; and as the proportion of the totally uneducated is likely to be greater in these returns than anywhere else, we may safely suppose that if 30 per cent of the full-grown men and women of England have not even learnt to write, the number of imperfect writers must be at least equal to 50 per cent. If this be so, it will follow that not more than the remaining 20 per cent, that is, one-fifth of the adult population, can be so far educated as to be able to read and write well; and supposing all classes to contribute in the same proportion to the crime of the country, we ought to find 14,000 of these among the 70,000 criminals drawn from the general mass. If, in point of fact, there are but five thousand instead of fourteen, it may seem at first sight that education has largely reduced the number; but if we bear in mind the general social condition of the educated, and remember that half the crimes committed are acts of theft, to which the chief temptation is poverty, we may, perhaps, wonder rather to find even so many as five thousand in the melancholy list, and we can hardly help admitting that the power of learning alone as a preventive of public crime admits of doubt, and requires very careful consideration. Neither are we to take for granted that the public crimes of a nation are in themselves any index of its true moral condition. It is possible for the most worthless nation to be in this sense the least criminal, and an increase of punishable offences may often be the result of an actual improvement of the whole. Crimes against property may prove nothing but its abundance; crimes against the person may indicate only the close proximity of the population, or the vigour with which aggression is resisted. A real increase of either may simply accompany the growth of these external causes, and an apparent increase may result from nothing but the improvement of the police. Moreover, in its catalogue of punishable crimes, our penal law skims only the surface of morality. Of the Ten Commandments, four may be broken with complete, and four more with general, impunity. Of the two on which all criminal codes are chiefly founded, one at least may be evaded openly in the business of every day; and of that better Law, in which the Decalogue itself is but the criminal code of a higher jurisprudence, human courts know little or nothing. For the purpose of such courts is not at all to be the moral overseers of nations, but simply to prevent, as far as may be, such acts as are generally mischievous, and which at the same time it is possible to control by the use of physical force. The judge has no power at all but that which dwells in the arm of the gaoler. His office is only to direct and regulate its exercise. He can do nothing but what sinews, bullets, and bayonets can accomplish at his bidding; and these great forces, powerful as they are, are well known to act usefully only within the narrow limits to which, in England, their employment is generally confined. A decrease in public crime, therefore, may not prove that society has moved a step nearer to the gates of heaven. It may prove only that one kind of force has for the time prevailed over another. It

may even be a fatal sign, showing the suppression, not the cure, of a mortal malady. There may be more corruption in the inward ulcer, eating away a rich man's life invisibly, than in all the visible gangrene of a beggar's sores. The devil can dress as decently and behave as quietly as anybody, and there may be a nearer approach to the state of Sodom and Gomorrah, where broken heads are never heard of and a policeman is a superfluous blessing, than in the lowest court of the largest city filled with the outcasts of the world.

The details of criminal procedure show very plainly that the immediate causes of public crime are more closely connected with the social position of men than with anything else. If a man is poor and wicked, he manifests his wickedness in one way; if he is rich and wicked, he manifests it in another. The manifestation of the poor man's wickedness generally takes the form of a punishable offence; that of the rich man generally avoids this form and assumes another. One half of the crimes that fill our prisons are, as we have said, principally acts of theft; the other half are principally acts of personal violence. Whether men will commit these acts depends very much upon their comparative wealth and station. A covetous poor man, possessing little and surrounded by abundance, can, by a snatch and a run, carry off so much of his neighbour's goods as is of dazzling value to him, and he does it accordingly. When a rich man covets, he covets more largely. The small gains of direct theft are not worth the risk to him. He, therefore, does not put a hand of flesh into a pocket of linen and take out a metal coin; he puts the hand of cunning into the pocket of simplicity, extracting some advantage or other which satisfies his more magnificent desires. In like manner, when a poor man of vicious temper is aggrieved, he breaks the aggressor's head, because he has not much opportunity of revenging himself in any other way; while his richer neighbour, with much wider and more delicate instruments of wrath in his possession, makes use of these rather than bear the brunt of a physical encounter. The cases tried in our CIVIL Courts represent, to a great extent, the crimes of the wealthier classes. These are not called criminal actions. The parties to them seldom lose caste by them, whatever else they may lose, and this is their grand recommendation to the evil-minded. But in the majority of these actions, either the plaintiff or the defendant is attempting to do in other ways what a poor man does by direct and, according to law, criminal means, when he steals a purse, breaks a window, or knocks down an enemy.

It is by no means clear that intellectual education has much to do with these differences. The poorest classes are at once the most ignorant and the most criminal, in the judicial sense of that word; but their poverty is, to a very great extent, the cause both of their ignorance and their crimes: and, on the other hand, the absence of those crimes among the better educated does not in itself give any assurance that the spirit of life is purified because the evil part of it has changed the form of its manifestation. Let no one for a moment suppose that we are arguing against the utility of intellectual education; there are few things of more paramount importance; there is nothing at all to which the nation has at present more reason to devote its energies. But those energies should be exerted with a clear conception of what is to be done, and why it is to be done; of what may be expected, and what must not be hoped for; and we ought specially to guard against the error of supporting a good cause by bad reasoning, or resting satisfied with those partial views of facts which are as mischievous as false ones. If we set to work to teach all the tramps in the streets, and all the children in the gutters, those good things called reading, writing, and arithmetic, with the expectation that there will soon be a striking difference in the criminal returns, we shall probably be grievously disappointed; if we look to those returns as indications of the amount of good that is being effected, we shall be deluded, and perhaps disheartened; or if, on the other hand, we satisfy ourselves that the world is much better than it was, simply because we know that, if called to judgment, it would be able to write its name instead of its mark on the scroll of the Recording Angel, we shall make a mistake more fatal, perhaps, than any other, and lose our labour by supposing we have insured a harvest when, in fact, we have only cleared away the lower branches of the primeval trees.

The real cause of crime, whether public or private, apart from the circumstances that are its immediate occasions, is of course a moral want, not an intellectual or a physical one. It is not every poor man who will rob, or every rich one who will overreach. The extremes both of poverty and of opportunity are borne by millions, in all stages of intellectual culture, without so much as the thought of crime. In fact, the sternest view of human nature, justified by any existing figures, still shows the habitually criminal to be the rare exceptions in every class but that to which they are collectively assigned. It is the moral want whereby these exceptions are made that needs so urgently to be removed.

Considerations of this kind explain, even if they do not justify, the little favour with which plans of merely secular instruction have been always received by the great religious bodies of England. A true instinct has told them that disease of the heart was being treated as if it were disease of the brain, and they seem to have erred chiefly through over-haste in concluding that such treatment must necessarily be wrong, and through an over-estimate of the power of schools as instruments for direct moral training. When disease is complicated, the symptoms that can be first subdued must be attacked the first. You may try in vain to make the circulation healthy while the head is congested. When an enemy is to be dislodged, the first business is to make a practicable road by which you may get at him. While insurmountable barriers lie between you, he laughs at the captains and the shouting. Hope nothing from your road itself, however. It will never fight the battle for you; and if you suppose it will, and go to sleep because you have made it, you will find that your foe can use it as well as yourself, and will only see his hosts, some pleasant morning, tramping down the fair highway.

This is better understood than it was a little while ago. There is a general consciousness that secular education is necessary, not as in itself a cure for crime,

but as the grand preliminary step whereby the application of more specific remedies is rendered practically possible. It is, in truth, neither the Sword of Gideon, nor the Sling of David, nor Joshua's Trumpets, nor any substitute for these. But it is the causeway to the enemy's castle, and that is why we must work at it and finish it; that is why we must make it broad and solid. We shall not win by stealth. We want no narrow by-path for an Indian file to steal along warily, but a road along which the whole artillery of heaven itself can be driven to victory.

A misconception in regard to the power of schools is still a serious drawback in the matter of national education. For intellectual training the machinery of a school is the best that can be devised; for moral training its power is altogether inferior, and what it has is chiefly incidental. The effect and purpose of a school is to abstract the scholar, while he is in it, from the common interests of life, that he may be able to fix his attention, undisturbed, on such things as can be learnt by study. This is the right way of acquiring Knowledge. The powers of the head are exercised by it to the fullest extent; they grow under it, and they are disciplined.

But this is not at all the right way of educating man's moral nature. Its powers are exercised, not by abstraction from common interests but by immersion in them. The schoolroom, which is the workshop of a boy's brain, is the sleeping chamber of most of his passions; and sentiment, emotion, affection, all the qualities that make him, not wise or ignorant, but good or bad, have more to do in the first half hour at home than during the whole studious morning. This is quite inevitable, and altogether as it should be; but it marks distinctly the natural limitations to the power of schools. You cannot talk a child into virtue. You will never make him kind to his brothers, obedient to his parents, unselfish among his friends, by taking him away from them, and making him learn by rote that he ought to be so. To learnt it by rote is a good and necessary thing, as far as it goes; but it goes a very little way in the actual formation of human character. Moral feelings can only be disciplined where they are called into natural life and action; and this in the nature of things will always happen chiefly, not in school, but out of it. The influence that prevails over the hours not appropriated to learning is that by which a child's moral life is really moulded; and to think of counteracting or largely modifying it by any number of ethical or theological lessons, is to misconceive the relation between means and ends. Thus it is, that although there are doubtless better and worse ways of bringing up children, the really important difference is not in the method but in the moral atmosphere. The general rule, that virtuous and earnest parents bring up the useful members of society, and that the criminal ranks are filled with the offspring of those who are themselves vicious or indifferent, is very plain, notwithstanding the many exceptions produced by other causes. Educated or not, the moral training of children will necessarily take place at home, and its nature will depend mainly, neither on the method nor the circumstances, but on the character of those by whom the home life is governed.

There is a practical recognition of this truth in the new-born system of Reformatories. The purpose of the Reformatory is to take those children who are manifestly being brought up in a wicked atmosphere, and to bring them up in a virtuous one. How far the present plan will succeed is a question both of deep interest and grave uncertainty. That it is successful in the hands of individuals enthusiastically devoted to the work, and specially gifted for the purpose, is already proved; but whether such enthusiasts are numerous enough, or whether their work can be performed well enough by others to make a sensible impression on the nation, remains to be seen. Plainly, it is not a work that can be trusted to the mere force of system and machinery. To fill a large house with young criminals already experienced in crime, and then to turn the habitual current of their thoughts and feelings from evil things to good, is a task we can only hope to see accomplished by the individual self-devotion of earnest and noble lives. The Reformatories already established are already filled. The number they contain — some 2000 or so — is a mere fractional sample of the young criminal population; and the demand for a great increase in these establishments is likely enough to defeat its own object, by calling new ones into mechanical existence, with nothing in them higher than their mechanism.

But these Reformatories suggest at once the course that must be taken if crime is to be attacked successfully by means of national education. It is not enough to teach certain branches of learning, or to impart moral maxims or religious truths, or, in fact, to do anything that can be done in school-hours; it is the Daily Life that must be altered. When children are leading out of school such lives as have a direct tendency to make criminals of them, their mode of life must be changed, or there is little to be hoped from other remedies. There is a criminal population. It is perfectly well known that all the children belonging to it are being educated in crime, and that its numbers will be maintained chiefly by its own reproductive powers. If we want to succeed we must attack these children; to leave them as they are is simply suicidal: we know what will become of them, and why. Now our present plan is to wait till they have proved their own corruption, and make the crime of the Child the test of the necessity for his removal to better influences. But the real test of that necessity is surely the crime of the Parent, and to wait as we do is to neglect the natural warning of common sense and to court affliction. When a man who is a parent has proved himself one of the criminal class, to suffer him to bring up little children in his own home is as sure a way of increasing crime, as to suffer the festering of foul ordure in the streets would be of increasing pestilence. You know the infinite mischief he is doing, and the mischief must be stopped if you would prevent its consequences.

There is but one method of doing it, and that is by taking the children of criminal parents away from their corrupting homes, while they are still tender in years and unformed in character.

No doubt this is a difficult and delicate proceeding. It involves a whole catalogue of social questions, and is on that account one of those matters in which the Association is especially fitted to elaborate a complete

practical system, and offer it to the Legislature. No government is very likely to initiate such a system of its own accord ; for statesmen, like juries, prefer to see a simple issue before them, and shrink from the trouble of solving the more complicated questions of social life. The present law, which makes the crime of the child the only ground for removing him from a life of vicious influences, is an example of this. There is no more doubt that such an arrangement saves a world of trouble, than that it fails altogether to meet the requirements of the case.

In considering in what practical form the criminal lives of the parents could be made the ground of a child's removal to a scene of better education, we cannot, in such a paper as this, attempt to meet objections in detail. The chief points however may, we apprehend, be answered summarily as follows:

1st. All efforts in this direction must be strictly limited by the legal principle, which suffers no man to be called a criminal till he has proved himself to be so by a breach of the law. We can go no further than this; we cannot inquire into the private characters of parents, or question their right to the education of their own offspring, except on the ground of public crime committed by themselves. Those acts which justify us in taking the parents from the children that the parents may be punished, will also justify us in taking the children from the parents that the children may be saved. But we must stop there.

2d. A broad distinction must be drawn between occasional and confirmed criminals. It is only the latter whom we can know to be unfit for the office of parents.

3d. Some means must be devised by which the removal of their children shall become a loss and damage, not a relief and gain, to these parents. This is one of the real difficulties of the case. It may be met by various suggestions, and is doubtless practicable in the main. Voluntary help might be had in aid of the enforcement of legal provisions, and might, in this matter, be of the highest value.

Supposing the system to be so far completed, we should find ourselves in face of the great criminal class, taking away their children from homes where we know they are being brought up to crime. The next question is, what to do with them.

Consider what they want. The fitting life for children is domestic life; the care of the heads of households; schooling for their brains; home duties and discipline for their hearts. The cottage of an honest labourer is, on the whole, a better home for the children of his own class than any Reformatory can be.

Now there are in England nearly a million of married couples who have no children. If we deduct from these 100,000 who have been too recently married, and twice that number for those who may still have offspring, there will remain over 600,000 households which are permanently childless.

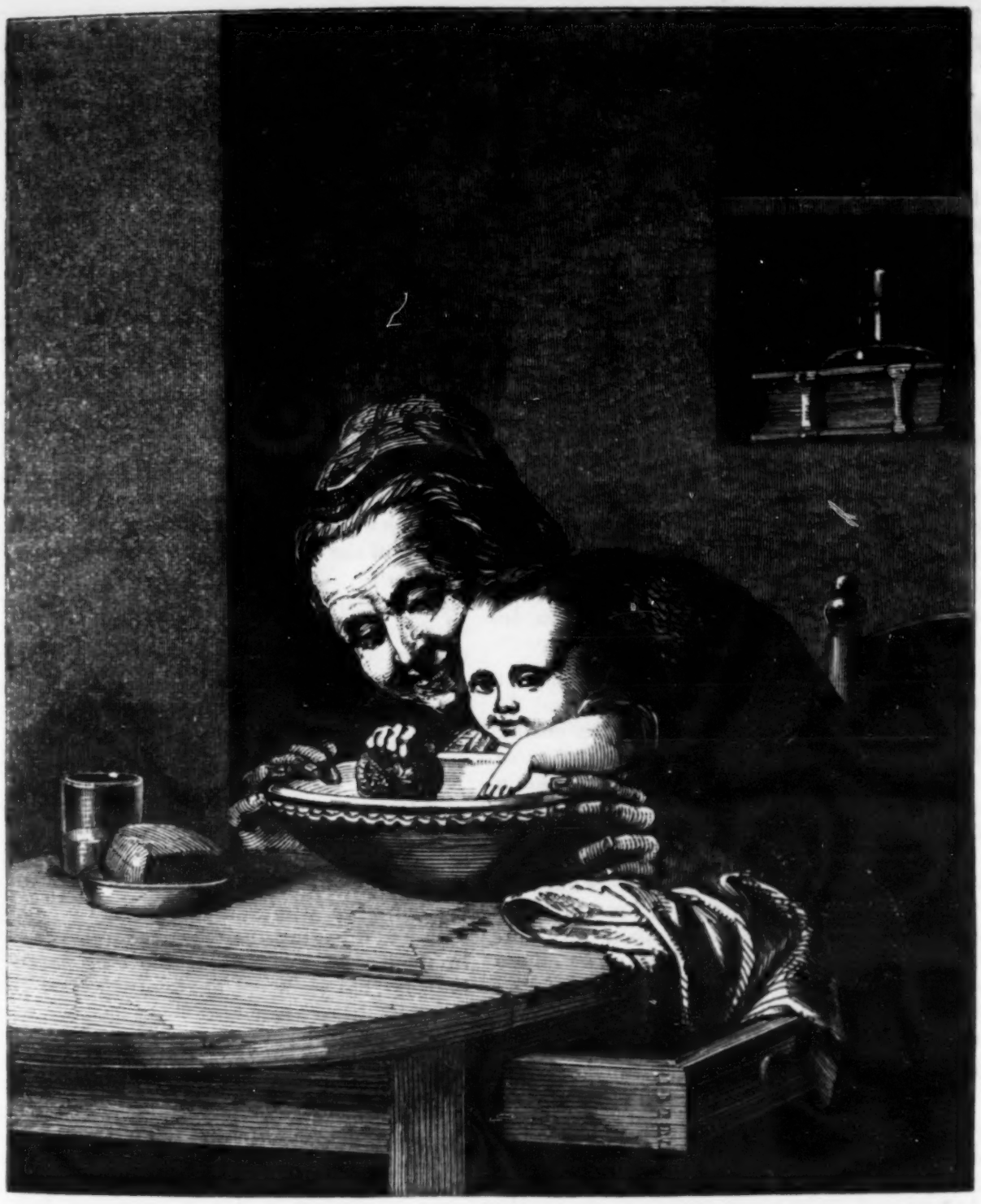
Moreover, there are 800,000 widows in the land, half of whom have no children who require their care. The number of unmarried women who could nevertheless perform the duties of mothers is also very considerable. Altogether we may say that, after making full abatement for infirmity and other disqualifications, there cannot be less than 500,000 homes among us in which children could be brought up with the average advantages of English domestic life, although no child will ever be born in them. This is a vast reserve of power, and it seems at least worth considering whether it cannot be made available for our present necessity. Of course, it is not every one who would undertake the charge of a thief's children, nor would it do to make such a charge a source of immediate gain: but suppose some future reward — perhaps a pension — were offered to those who should undertake the work, and should successfully bring up one of these little ones to honest and self-supporting manhood; suppose some small allowance, sufficient for the simple maintenance of the child, were made in the meantime; suppose a system of local inspection were organised, first, into the qualifications of such foster-parents, and afterwards into the mode in which they fulfilled their trust, leaving them as much liberty of action as possible, and looking only to the Success of the Result; suppose all this were done with a view to the summary transfer of the young children of criminals from a corrupting life to a wholesome one, the chances are, that a large band of volunteers would offer themselves for this service, and that the country would at once be sown with Reformatories of a strictly domestic kind.

We can offer nothing here beyond the bare suggestion of such a system. We recommend it to the Association, because it would require great thought and patience to overcome the difficulties and fill up the details involved in it. The work is a very serious one, and lies at the threshold of every effort towards national education. If we want to reduce the number of our criminals, we may be sure that education, in its highest sense, is the most efficient weapon; but we must carry it, not to the full-grown weed, not even to its early manifestations, but to the dark places where its seed is sown.

MÖLLHAUSEN'S JOURNEY.*

THE various scientific expeditions fitted out from time to time by the United States are highly creditable both to their spirit of enterprise and their growing intelligence. In 1853 they had three such undertakings in hand: one, commanded by Governor Stevens, for the purpose of moving westward between the 47th and 49th parallels N. L., to cross the Rocky Mountains near the source of the Missouri and the Columbia Rivers, and to follow the valleys of these two streams, deviating as little as possible, in order to ascertain precisely what facilities they would offer for the construction of a railway to California; another, under Capt. Gunnison, to proceed along the 38th parallel, on a line marking the nearest route between San Francisco and San Louis and the navigable waters of the Mississippi, and in its prolongation dividing the territory of the United States into two nearly equal parts; and the third, headed by Lieut. Whipple, to follow the 35th parallel N. L., in order that in the poorly-watered prairies to the east,

* *Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific with a United States Government Expedition.* By Baldwin Möllhausen, Topographical Draughtsman and Naturalist to the Expedition. With an Introduction by Alexander von Humboldt, and Illustrations in Chromo-lithography. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols. Longman.



GRANDMOTHER AND CHILD. BY MEYER.

This is a charming specimen of domestic painting by a German artist, exhibiting many of the excellent qualities which render remarkable the productions of the painters of that nation. Eminently a domestic people, the Germans have always, as might be expected, acquitted themselves well in home subjects; for not only is the artist constantly furnished with fit themes, but the taste of their public, strongly bent in that direction, fairly encourages their production.

If, as has been said, children's children are the crown of old men, they are the glory and delight of old women. The mother has active household duties to perform, and due attention to pay to the tastes and likings of *paterfamilias;* but with the grandmother these things have passed, and she cheerfully devotes herself, body and mind, to the little manikin, who finds in her the most unflinching slave of its will and the stanchest advocate in its little peccadilloes. In the picture before us the delighted old lady contemplates the morning ablution of her grandchild, and letting it feel the water for itself — best of thermometers — she abides its youthful pleasure, and has yielded the sponge, that, heavy and saturated with water, its little right hand can hardly lift. Very homely and simple is the grandmother's face; while from under the quaint coif of ancient fashion escapes her thin grey locks, to mingle with the thin golden hair of the little one.

This picture is at present in the Crystal Palace Gallery.

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and the desolate wastes to the west of the Rocky Mountains, they might take advantage of the tributary streams of the Mississippi, the Rio Grande, and the Great Colorado of the West. With the last Mr. Möllhausen, the author of a book that comes before us with the recommendation of the celebrated Baron Humboldt, became connected as topographer or draughtsman. He was also entrusted with the Natural History Collection by the Smithsonian Institution. Humboldt speaks of the author's energy and activity in the highest terms, and particularly of "the remarkable artistic talent which he has developed almost wholly by the study of nature." He speaks also strongly of the political importance of the part of the earth described in these volumes, "with relation to the commerce of the world and its cultivation, which must stand in immediate connection with that commerce."

"The rich Atlantic States on the Ohio and the Mississippi

find themselves," he adds, "compelled, by the course of events, to seek the best route to the newly-acquired countries on the Pacific coast, which have now been received into the mighty American Union. These countries are richer than the seaboard lying opposite to Europe in safe and beautiful harbours, in timber for shipbuilding, and in the mineral productions most in demand. This new territory, so long under the strict though peaceful rule of the monks, and engaged only in the productive chase of the sea-otter, is now, with all its physical advantages, in the hands of a restlessly active, enterprising, and intelligent population, destined to play an important part in the commerce with China and Japan, as well as in the slowly-rising trade of East Siberia."

In 1853, as above stated, it was projected that a railroad should be constructed between Fort Smith and Pueblo de los Angelos on the Pacific Ocean. By this the locomotives might rush fearlessly through the territories of hostile Indians, establishing a connection between the two oceans, and bring the gold mines of California within easy reach. While making preparations for the expedition, Möllhausen indulges in reflections:

"Every Indian is capable of civilisation, if only his first introduction to it is such as to awaken confidence, and do away with the mistrust that has existed for centuries among his people. From his first acquaintance with the European intruders he has been driven through the country like a noxious animal, flying continually from the arrogance of the whites, and often, through their unprincipled policy, engaged in bloody strife with brother tribes, or wickedly encouraged in his plans of vengeance for the thousand wrongs inflicted upon him by the professors of a religion of love, in order that they might obtain a justification for their own unchristian and treacherous behaviour. How, under these circumstances, should he have learned anything of the blessings of a peaceful settlement, of a cultivation of the soil, and of a regular and orderly life?"

Möllhausen describes with glowing enthusiasm the comparative civilisation of the Choctaws and Cherokees. The picture is beautifully drawn, for the author is master of the graces of style. After crossing the river Poteau, the expedition arrived at the Choctaw Nation Agency, having suffered from a violent thunderstorm. It was the period of a great public meeting of the Choctaws, and the scene was therefore full of interest. His account of Choctaw eloquence is favourable. Nor is the game of ball-playing among them forgotten.

We next make acquaintance with the Creek and Shawnee Indians. Allusion is likewise made to the history of Te-cum-seh, the great Shawnee chief. Afterwards the Delawares and their chief pass under review. Much labour, we are told, has been expended to bring this tribe within the pale of Christianity, but always in vain. And wherefore? Let us take shame to ourselves while we necessarily add, that "by Christians they had been cheated and betrayed—driven from the graves of their fathers, and cut down like wild beasts; and for this reason they have repelled missionaries with displeasure and contempt, considering that, as the pioneers of civilisation, they would bring in their train the ruin of the legitimate owners of the American continent!"

Our traveller gives a very different account of a prairie fire from that disparaging one which we lately quoted from the French Ecclesiastic. In these pages we have it reinvested with all its terrors, and the description is even grand—certainly it is picturesque. Nor does the writer want for opportunity, even when the danger is over, to decorate his style with animated groups. Whether in action or repose, he is master of a graphic pen—*e. g.* of the latter:

"Our people soon burnt a clear space, amply large enough to contain our whole party; and as the flames approached they were checked by the bald strip, and, opening, left us a wide secure passage. Again we were passing through dust and ashes, but not for long, and the far-stretching train of waggons was soon moving across the green slopes in the neighbourhood of Walnut Creek, where all the life of the prairies appeared to have taken refuge. In one ravine the leading stag moved composedly along with a troop of fat deer, and offered himself as a convenient target for the hunter, who was following his movements on the high bank. The white wolf was lying down exhausted in the shadow of the single tree, his dry tongue hanging out of his jaws, and gazing, without disturbing himself, at the muzzle of the weapon from which he was about to receive his death. The small groves were alive with families of turkeys; and large prairie hares were crossing the valleys in all directions, and vainly endeavouring, by laying down their long ears, to render themselves invisible."

A traveller who has so mastered the graces of composition has evidently great advantages when he comes to tell his tale. The following portraits are even classically delineated:

"Our airy tents were pitched on the edge of a cool, well-watered ravine; and faint and exhausted with the sultry heat of the day and our long ride, we were lying about in groups in the shade, when our attention was attracted by two horsemen, who were advancing over the plain from the west, and directing their course straight towards our camp. In these wild regions one can only expect to meet with Indians; but every one anxiously awaited the arrival of the strangers, who, when they came up, rode at once fearlessly into our circle, leaped nimbly from their strong horses, and shook the hands held out to them in a friendly manner. They were two tall, slender young men, their limbs almost girlishly delicate; so that when you compared the strong bows they carried with the small hands and slender wrists that had to manœuvre them, you could not help wondering that they should be able to draw the strong sinew and the feathered arrow to the ear. A light woollen blanket was wound round their hips, leaving the upper part of the body entirely bare; they wore leggings and mocassins of soft leather, and a quiver made of rich fur, and filled with poisoned arrows, was slung carelessly to their copper-coloured shoulders: their youthful Indian faces were set in a frame of coal-black hair, and were not without an expression of subtlety and cunning; red and blue lines were drawn, in Indian artistic style, round their eyes and over their prominent cheekbones, and their scalp-locks were fashionably dressed with coloured feathers."

These Indians belonged to the tribe of Wackos. An Indian of the Kechie tribe next appears, and serves them for a guide. The cavalcade is now in motion. They made their way by the Sweet Springs and the Natural Mounds. But these and Rock Mary were at length left behind in the blue distance. The surface of the country was destitute of vegetation, but glittered all over in the rays of the sun. Some of the party were induced to examine the place in search of supposed treasures; but on closer investigation they proved to be nothing more than semi-transparent crystalline fragments of gypsum.

"A troop of these inquiring persons, who were pursuing their way, in the eagerness of their talk, at a rather brisker

pace than the rest, and had got considerably in advance of the slowly-rolling waggons and their escort of foot-soldiers, made a halt upon one of these glittering hills, and alighting from their mules left them to crop what they could, with only the precaution of leaving the long leathern thongs trailing on the ground, that they might easily catch them again; and determined to rest, and await the arrival of the lost stragglers. The Geologist, in the meantime, hammered away lustily at the rocks; the Doctor, who was never wanting, instituted a search for plants; the Topographer gave himself a great deal of trouble to note down on the chart some variations in the level of the plain; and the German Naturalist toiled, in the sweat of his brow, to roll over blocks of gypsum in hopes of discovering snakes and lizards, and transferring them to his spirit-bottles. Scarcely had the old Doctor reached the top of the hill than he called out joyfully: 'Here! come here, all of ye; the earth is split open here, and we can get inside!' We did not let him wait long, and on coming to the spot, really found a wide funnel-shaped opening in the ground, which, at a depth of twelve feet down, enlarged and showed entrances to low caves and chasms. As soon as the first surprise was over, we made preparations to descend. The rough alabaster-like gypsum formation of the walls offered points of support enough for our hands and feet, and in a short time the whole party was below, endeavouring to find an entrance through the low passages into the nearest grottoes; but they were pitch-dark within, and the marks of the feet of wild animals were pretty plainly impressed on the soft sand of the floor, so that it did not appear to us quite advisable to thrust ourselves in blindfold. Fortunately, one of us found that he had got with him in his hunting-pouch the means of kindling a light; so after a little discussion, another of the party determined to lead the way, and crawled, accordingly, with his comrades behind him, on his hands and knees, into the nearest passage, holding the light in one hand, and with the other cautiously pushing forward his revolver. The narrow path soon led to a lofty, spacious grotto, whose vaulted roof rested on two irregular pillars; it was very cold, but showed some beautiful and picturesque formations. Here, large masses hung from the roof in the form of stalactites,—there, curiously-perforated fragments rose from the floor;—in one place the wall was cleft from top to bottom, in another appeared the opening to an inner grotto—not large enough, however, for a man to enter,—and at every step made by the explorers some new and interesting phenomenon presented itself, the white rocks glimmering and glittering in the faint light like masses of ice and snow. All the passages opening into this grotto seemed to lead into the open air again, but they were only large enough to allow of the passage of wolves and wild cats, who would certainly have made their way out as we approached."

The description of Canadian scenery is rather dull; the monotony being seldom broken, except by the appearance of an isolated conical hill, or table-shaped rock, which, on account of its rarity, was regarded by our travellers with great interest, and carefully examined.

The prairie-dog, as it is called, is, we are told, no dog at all, but a marmot (*Arctomys Ludovicianus*). It was named dog, *petit chien*, by the old Canadian trappers, on account of its peculiar cry. It is a curious animal. These small creatures have no end of settlements, or villages, as they are termed: for days and days together you travel among small hills, every one of which marks a marmot establishment. The single dwellings are generally eighteen or twenty feet apart, and the hillock at the entrance of each consists of a good waggon-load of earth, which has been gradually thrown up into the light of day by the little inhabitants in constructing their subterranean abodes. Some habitations have one, others two entrances; and the firmly-trodden path leading from one to the other gives rise to the conjecture that relations of friendship must subsist among these lively little animals. Their choice of a site for their villages appears to be determined by the presence of a peculiar kind of short crisp grass which flourishes on these elevated plains, and which forms their sole nourishment; and their populous republics are to be found even on the lofty table-lands of Mexico, in places where for many miles round there is not a drop of water, and where no rain falls for many months.

"Water," adds our traveller, "can only be obtained there by digging to a depth of a hundred feet, so that it is to be presumed that the prairie-dog does not need it, but is satisfied with the moisture afforded by an occasional heavy dew. The winter they doubtless pass in sleep, for they lay up no store for that season; and as the grass is withered in the autumn, and the ground afterwards hard bound in frost, they cannot obtain their food in the customary manner. When they feel that their sleepy time is approaching, which is commonly towards the last days of October, they close all the entrances to their abode to protect themselves against the winter's cold, and then settle themselves to their long sleep, and do not wake again till the warm spring days recall them to joyous life. The Indians say that the prairie-dog does sometimes open the doors of its house during the cold weather, but that this is a sure sign of warmer days approaching."

The Comanches and the Kioways remind our author of the nomades of the Old World. They are governed by a chief, whose authority lasts no longer than the general consent. He is the leader in war and the first in council; but should he be guilty of any act of cowardice or of bad administration, he is immediately deposed from his supremacy, and another elected in his stead. They worship the sun as the symbol of the Supreme Being.

The expedition still sped on its way prosperously, barring a few accidents, which simply gave zest to the enterprise, until the whole party had crossed the Rocky Dell Creek, and they had attained beyond the western boundary of Texas, having traversed the entire extent of that territory from the Antelope Hills to the river. We next find them at Fossil Creek, twelve miles from the mountains, where they pitched their camp for the night. At noon on the following day their train of waggons was moving slowly past the Cerro de Tucumcari, a hill that rises six hundred feet above the plain, its circumference at the base being about four miles.

"Here, as amidst the wilderness of waters, in the dark primeval forest, among the giant mountains, Nature builds a temple that awakens feelings not easily to be expressed; but the pure joy we feel in the works of the Almighty Master may well be called worship. Even the savage on his war-path is not wholly insensible to such impressions, and he does not bow only before the works themselves, but before Him who has placed them there as a token of His power, and whom he calls his Manitoo. The fact that clear springs so often gush out amongst the rocks amidst these grand scenes, inviting the wanderer to rest near them, may even suggest the idea that the hard rock has been thus smote, and the water made to gush forth, to detain man the longer before these natural waters. The Indian, as he lingers there, recalls the vague traditions that have come down to him from a remote antiquity, and which are often to be found

amongst different races, and in regions far remote from one another. We find, for instance, the Manitoo Rock on Lake Erie, the Great and Little Manitoo on the banks of the Missouri, the 'Chimney Rock' and the 'Court House' in the Rocky Mountains, and many other remarkable points in the American continent, which the Great Good Spirit, the Indians say, placed there when his Red Children had forgotten Him, to lead them back to Him; and when they come to these places they are fond of decorating them with such images as their wild fancies suggest.

"At the top of the Tucumcari you are rewarded for the trouble of the ascent, by the wide and glorious prospect."

The settlements of the Pueblo or village Indians lie on the Rio Grande, and in the fertile valleys of its tributaries. They are probably descendants of the ancient Aztecs. The Indian tribes constitute, with the descendants of the Spaniards, the present inhabitants of New Mexico. The Spanish physiognomy is in some districts so mingled with the Indian, that the closest examination can scarcely discover the pure Andalusian blood.

Leaving the Rio Grande, the ruins that are passed as he journeys westward suggest to the traveller, owing to their being so numerous, that the country must have been once most richly cultivated; but no one has yet succeeded in penetrating the deep obscurity that overhangs the history of the vanished races of Aztecs and Tolleks. In Dr. Buschmann's works, however, we discover many traces of the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac. Here, too, may frequently be found inscriptions on the rock, both in Indian and Spanish characters.

One of the most curious localities visited by the expedition was a petrified forest. Our travellers really thought that they saw before them masses of wood that had been floated thither, or even a track of woodland where the timber had been felled for the purposes of cultivation:

"Trees of all sizes lay irregularly scattered about, and amongst them stumps with the roots that had been left standing; some of them were more than sixty feet long, and of corresponding girth, and looking as if they had been cut into regular blocks, whilst broken branches and chips lay heaped up near. On a closer examination we found they were fossil trees, that had been gradually washed here by the torrents, and had broken off by their own weight, and that, singularly enough, in logs of from one to three feet in length. We measured some of the largest trunks, and found one of five feet in diameter. Many of them were hollow — many looked as if half burnt, and they were mostly of a dark colour, but not so much so as to prevent the bark, the burnt places, the rings, and the cracks in the wood, from being clearly discernible. In some of the blocks appeared the most beautiful blending of agate and jasper colours; and in others, which had yielded to the influence of the weather and fallen to pieces, there were bits so brilliantly tinted, that if polished and set they would have made elegant ornaments; others, again, had not yet lost the original colour of their wood, and looked so like decaying beams of deal, that one felt tempted to convince one's self, by the touch, of their petrifaction. If you pushed these, they fell into pieces that had the appearance of rotten planks. We collected small specimens of all these various kinds of fossil trees, and regretted that as our means of transport were so small we had to content ourselves with fragments, which certainly showed the variety of the petrifaction, but not the dimensions of the blocks.

"We sought in vain for impressions of leaves and plants, and the only thing we found besides the trunks and blocks were the remains of some tree-like ferns, that we took at first for broken antlers of stags. We had to renounce our intention of making our way further to the south, along the river Secco, for we found its bed piled up more and more wildly with masses of earth and stones, and saw new chasms opening across our path. . . . . On the 2d of December we managed to get down into the dry bed of the river — a laborious task, but effected without accident; and we then pursued our way along it for some distance further. All the way we went we saw in the side ravines, great heaps of petrifactions, gleaming with such splendid colours, that we could not resist the temptation to alight repeatedly and knock off a piece, now of crimson, now of golden yellow, and then another, glorious in many rainbow dyes."

Aztec ruins were found in the most out-of-the-way places, and traces more modern of the Mormon emigration. With the latter, for the sake of the sound, we may connect the Pah-Utahs; people distinguished but little from the lower animals in their character or mode of life. They are as wild and shy of man, as fierce after prey, as the beasts of the forest; and they hovered about continually, and committed many acts of petty mischief, escaping notice. A party of Mormons — four stout, energetic-looking fellows, driving a herd of laden mules to the great city on the Salt Lake — was fallen in with; from whom they learned that Captain Gunnison, who commanded the expedition to the north of their own, had been murdered, with several of his officers, by the Indians. When this melancholy occurrence became known to Governor Brigham Young, he sent off a division of his people to afford proper burial to the remains of the fallen. He also managed to obtain possession of Captain Gunnison's papers, which had been stolen by the Indians, and which contained the most important memoranda concerning his journey; so that Lieutenant Beckwith, who succeeded Captain Gunnison, was enabled to draw up a complete report concerning it. "Such was the account," says our author, "we obtained from the Mormon travellers, and on our arrival at Pueblo de los Angelos we found it to be correct in every particular." It is satisfactory to have thus one good thing to record of these misguided Mormons, of whom Mr. Möllhausen gives the most sensible account we have yet perused.

The highest praise that can be bestowed on this work, next to that of the Baron von Humboldt, is, that the expedition of which it is the record was perfectly satisfactory to the authorities of the United States, and that the author was immediately employed again in a similar task, in which it is probable he is now actively engaged.

BLAIR-ATHOL.

By J. W. M. TURNER, R.A.

Our engraving is taken from one of those famous etchings by Turner which, collectively, form the celebrated work known as the *Liber Studiorum* — a series of views reproduced from original studies made out of doors, and held by Ruskin and his followers to be the most perfect representations of nature that art has yet given to the world. All who have read that wonderful piece of art-criticism and noble enthusiasm, the *Modern Painters*, will recollect in what glowing terms the "Oxford Graduate" expatiates on these drawings; how they form the climax of many a sentence of splendid imagination and beautiful thought; and how, indeed, not infrequently the whole weight of a section of most eloquent English is pointed by reference to one or more of these world-famous works.



BLAIR-ATHOL. BY J. W. M. TURNER, R.A.

WHICH IS WHICH?

OR, MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V.—WHICH MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN PART OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Mr. Frank Cassidy, *alias* Gerald, was at that pitch of happiness which, according to the ancients, was the sure precursor of misfortune. The worldly-wise Egyptian, who cut the acquaintance of King Polycrates on finding that even the fish of the sea were in league with mortals to make that potentate successful in all his undertakings, would certainly have "fought shy" of Master Frank, as our young friend sat, that evening, gossiping by the comfortable fireside of Brayle Manor. He was getting on a great deal too smoothly for the state of things to last. His tongue rattled incessantly. He was astonished to find how much he knew; how fluently he could talk about it; and how highly his discourse was appreciated. He was delighted with every thing and every body, himself included. Next to the joy of being in the presence of his adored one, he was charmed with the idea of being received, and feeling at his ease, in "good society." Lady Harriett Brayle was the daughter of an Earl and the widow of a Baronet, and Frank appreciated the graces of her ladyship's agreeable manners and lively reminiscences none the less on that account, you may depend upon it. For he had been bred in an atmosphere where the advantages of rank and title are felt to be something more substantial than mere sounding vanities; and he was not one of those tremendous humanitarian philosophers to whom duke and dustman are alike—such as you and I, Tomkins, for instance, who are both notoriously of that way of thinking. *We* would n't cringe to a lord—would we? Or even dine with one, if he were to ask us? You may depend upon it they know we would n't, and that is the reason why they let us alone.

It may be thought Frank's happiness would have been marred by the reflection that he would so soon have to tear himself away from it, to return to the detested scene of his daily labour. But who spoils a Midsummer holiday by constantly thinking of Black Monday? There were twelve long miles and some long happy hours between Frank and the counting-house. That caused him no uneasiness as yet. Did not conscience trouble him on account of the deception he had practised with regard to his name and origin? I am sorry to say, conscience ceased to do anything of the kind the moment Frank discovered that he was able to sustain the deceit in question without embarrassment or suspicion. And I fear that, as a rule, the best of us are apt to mistake for the compunctions of conscience what is in reality nothing but the fear of being found out. Mr. Frank Cassidy's happiness, for a good half-hour at least, was unalloyed. Fortune had clearly a blow in store for him.

It soon fell; and it was a crusher when it came. The particular weapon selected by Fortune for its administration was a portrait—not the one over the mantelpiece, but another in the same apartment. It seemed a provision of Destiny that the portraits of Brayle Manor should be fraught with scrape and perplexity to poor Frank Cassidy.

Lady Harriett Brayle, amongst her numerous accomplishments, was a very fair connoisseur of painting; and the manor-house boasted, in addition to a respectable gallery of ancestral portraits, a very notable collection of Morlands, Gainsboroughs, and Wilsons, with a few cabinet specimens of the best Flemish and Italian masters. A selection of these were suspended round the walls of the wainscoted parlour where our little group was assembled. Lights being brought into the room, Lady Harriett—who was very proud of her pictures—directed her visitor's attention to them, inquiring if he were a judge of the art.

Frank Cassidy knew as much about painting as I do about Arabic. But he did not like to confess his ignorance—it is not a pleasant thing to do at any time—and affected to regard the works of art pointed out to him with interest. The Teniersses appeared to him very repulsive, the Rubenses very pink, and the Gainsboroughs very brown. He was dreadfully at a loss what to say, fearing to bestow praise or blame in the wrong place. At last he stopped before a picture, in favour of which he believed he could safely speak, without danger of committing himself.

It was not a happy selection. The work was by no means a masterpiece; but it had been recently painted, and the colours were fresh and vivid—qualities which gave it, at any rate, the merit, to Frank's unpractised eye, of being intelligible. It could not be pronounced original as to subject. It had been exhibited the year previously at Somerset House, when its title in the catalogue had been "Portrait of a Gentleman."

It represented a very fair young man of about Frank's age—a little older, perhaps—in an oratorical attitude, with a roll of paper in his hand; a bust of Pitt and an inkstand on a table behind him; the whole backed by a pillar, red curtain, and thunder-storm, after the custom of the period—not wholly extinct, by the way, in our own.

The words, "That is very fine!" were on Frank's lips, when they were intercepted by Lady Harriett remarking:

"You need n't look at that. It is a very poor affair, indeed,—the work of a mere novice. But we prize it on account of the likeness."

Frank was glad he had not spoken too precipitately. He faltered out, with some embarrassment:

"Precisely. I am really no judge of painting, but it struck me as being rather—in short—life-like."

"It has some trifling merit in that way. Perhaps you know the original?"

"I do not recollect for the moment ——"

"It is Bell's cousin, Mr. Charles Evershed; a very rising young man. I thought you might have met at College."

Frank trembled.

"You forget, grandmamma," Miss Bell interposed, "that my cousin Charles was educated at Cambridge."

("Thank Heaven!" mentally ejaculated our Oxonian.)

"To be sure; how stupid of me!" said the elder lady. "I'm as bad as the Irishwoman, who told the man she heard was going abroad, to be sure and give her love to her brother Tim, who was abroad too. Yes, that is Mr. Charles Evershed — my grandson, as I suppose I may soon call him."

"I beg your pardon ——?"

"Bell and he are engaged to be married. There, you need n't blush, Bell. An 'approaching marriage in high life,' that has found its way into the *Morning Post*, can be no great secret."

Crash! rumble-tumble! whirr! Down came Mr. Frank Cassidy's air-built castle, scattered into a blinding cloud of the earthiest dust.

There was a padlock on Frank's tongue and an immovable weight on his spirits during the remainder of his visit, which, to be sure, was not of much longer duration. At an early hour he expressed a desire to resume his own costume, and rose from his seat as a preliminary to his departure.

Lady Harriett would have pressed her hospitality on her guest for the night, but Frank pleaded his twelve-miles' ride, murmuring some inarticulate excuse about morning studies, reading for a Master's degree, or a scholarship — he scarcely knew what he said, he was so inexperienced a liar. However, it is very certain that he mentioned nothing about an estimate for a boot-maker's shop-front in Cornmarket Street, which he had promised his father to have prepared by ten o'clock on the following morning.

"Well," said Lady Harriett, shaking him kindly by the hand, "if you should again extend your rides in our direction, and if you can put up with the society of such humdrum people as we are, we shall be always glad to see you. I have been a great invalid, and Bell has been my nurse, so that we have seen no society since her papa's death. Though, to be sure, with the approaching change over Bell's fortunes," (here a sharp dagger appeared to insert itself somewhere between Frank Cassidy's third and fourth ribs), "we shall lead a very different kind of life; and if you will visit us in a few months, you will meet with people of your own station" (Frank hoped not); "very likely some members of your own college." (Heaven forbid! thought our carpenter of arts.) "In the meantime I shall be sincerely obliged to you if you will come and give Joseph a few useful lessons as to what driving really means. It would be useless talking to him to-night, for he has gone to bed raving, and I shall be compelled to take him up his posset with my own hands, or he will never swallow it. Good night, and a thousand, thousand thanks."

Frank's adieux were of the most incoherent description. He scarcely dared look at Miss Bell, much less attempt to take her hand. He bowed himself out of the parlour awkwardly, with a gruesome look at cousin Charles's portrait, which he despised himself for having been ass enough to admire.

A fearful ordeal awaited him in the hall. He had to run the gauntlet of a file of majestic livery-servants, drawn up to give him passage, and to stand the searching fire of their eyes. What if there should be an Oxonian amongst them, familiar with the history and representatives of the house of Cassidy? He need not have been alarmed. They were town gentlemen to a man, and had no suspicion. Frank compromised himself an instant in their estimation, it is true, by giving an unnecessarily large gratuity to be divided amongst them. This smacked somewhat of the plebeian or the parvenu, it must be admitted. But there was a look of "blood" about Frank Cassidy; his clothes were good — not too good — and fitted him faultlessly; his bay mare, or rather Mr. Spavin's, was a very near approach to perfection: these considerations, added to the fearless grace with which our cavalier vaulted into the saddle and galloped out into the darkness, satisfied the severe critics of the shoulder-knot that, after all, they had not to reproach themselves with having wasted their valuable attentions upon a guest not entitled to the honourable distinction of being "the real gentleman."

We will wish Frank Cassidy a pleasant ride home, with a comfortable night's rest after it, and rejoin the ladies in the wainscoted parlour.

"A very delightful young man that," said Lady Harriett Brayle: "a little bookish perhaps; but that is better than your cousin Charles's diplomacy. He is a worthy creature, but his skin always reminds me of parchment, and he never opens his mouth but hot sealing-wax seems to drop from it. There! don't be angry, Bell. I am privileged to make game of your swain, for you know I am really very fond of him."

"I know you are, grandmamma," said Bell, with a deep, long-drawn sigh.

"Mercy on us! What does that mean, child? It seems as much as to say, 'But I'm not, grandmamma.' Is that a correct translation?"

Bell was silent.

"What is the matter with the girl? Surely you are not in love with this Mr. Gerald?"

Lady Harriett Brayle, though a person of very irresolute character, was gifted with very keen perceptions; and in conversation was remarkable for an usually convenient, but sometimes rather awkward, habit of coming directly to the point.

Now between Miss Bell and her grandmamma the most perfect confidence existed. Neither lady had a single secret from the other. So that, instead of being disconcerted by a question, the nature and abruptness of which would have caused most young ladies under similar circumstances to blush and stammer, Miss Bell turned a perfectly serene pair of eyes upon her aged relative, and said, with charming ingenuousness:

"I do not know, grandmamma. But if it should turn out to be so?"

"In that case, I must have the door shut in his face the very next time he presents himself."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You know that, perfectly well."

"Of course I do. I couldn't do such a thing to save my life. Save my life, indeed! A man who fished me out of the river like a drowning rat! I foresee it all. He will be coming here constantly; and instead of treating him coldly, as I ought — well, as I ought not, unless I wish to prove myself an ungrateful old wretch — I shall give him a heartier welcome each time; and so will you. He is over head and ears in love already. I could see that by the way his countenance fell when I told him of your engagement. I alluded to it purposely, and was sorry I had done so directly, of course.

If you are not in love with him now, you soon will be. I should fall in love with him myself if I were a girl, for he is what I call a MAN. You'll begin to hate your future husband—for you must marry him, you know—and I shall either see you wedded to a life of misery, or else you will sicken and pine, and I shall lose you. A pretty kettle of fish! But I shall attribute it all to Joseph, though of course I shall never have the barbarity to tell him so."

The sincerity of the old lady's grim forebodings, contrasted with the quaint terms in which she expressed them, brought a smile into Bell's pensive face. She rose from her seat and twined her arms round her kinswoman's neck, kissing her affectionately on her wrinkled cheeks and clusters of silver hair, as she said cheerfully:

"You are a very gloomy prophetess, granny; but I don't think a true one. If you should be right in your first surmise, the result may be very different to what you anticipate."

"What, if you fall in love with Mr. Gerald and marry your cousin? Very pretty, indeed!"

"It is not yet settled that I am in love with Mr. Gerald."

"But I tell you you will be, you can't help it. He is the first real man of heart and intellect you have ever met with. Your cousin is a man of principle and duty; he is one of sentiment and courage. The first does right—or tries to do it—because he has read in books that he ought to; the other does it because he can't do otherwise. Look at his eye, his head, and his chin. I am a very good physiognomist. See him on horseback! I watched him ride past our poor, dear old carriage (which I feel for like a human being, and I hope and trust they haven't left it in that horrid cold water all night). It was only the day before yesterday. He seemed a part of the horse, like an Elgin marble. Now your poor dear cousin rides for all the world like a tailor. I have seen him actually hold on by the saddle, with his coat wrinkling up his back in a positively disgraceful manner. The other appeared quite graceful and at his ease in your poor dear grandfather's old-fashioned suit. He was a perfect picture of manly beauty at the river side when he was dripping wet. The mud positively became him. My gracious! What a lovely pair you would make!"

Bell laughed merrily.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, miss. It is a very serious matter."

"I was laughing to think, that if Mr. Frank Gerald could make love for himself half so well as you have been making it for him——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, that my cousin Charles might stand a very bad chance indeed."

"Of course—just like me! Old fool that I am! always anticipating your wildest wishes. I believe if you were to cry for the moon, I should send for the builder to see if he couldn't run up something on the lawn of a Tower-of-Babel description, in order to try and reach it for you."

There was so much truth couched in the old lady's fantastic hyperbole, that it brought tears of affection into Miss Bell's beautiful eyes. She pressed her grandmother to her bosom, murmuring:

"Dear, dear granny, I believe you would lay down your life to give me a moment's pleasure."

"Then you are very much mistaken, miss," said the elder, with humorous snappishness. "If I thought such a sacrifice would cause you a moment's pleasure, I should be very careful not to make it. But what are we to do about Mr. Frank Gerald?"

"Never mind him for the present. It is by no means certain that we shall ever see him again."

"He will as certainly come back again, and that soon, as that there will be daybreak in the morning," said the old lady, prophetically; "and the rest will follow."

"Not as you have predicted."

"How then?"

"Grandmamma," said Bell, earnestly, "I will tell you the candid truth. I will not say that I love this Mr. Gerald already. It may be merely gratitude for the service he rendered to us, and the novelty of conversing with a gentleman of such great attainments and pleasing manners. But it is impossible not to feel his immense superiority over my cousin in every respect——"

"Light to darkness!" put in Lady Harriett, sententiously.

"And I will own he has made me feel that I do *not* love my cousin Charles."

"Ah! I knew it."

"And that I can never be happy as his wife."

"Then we are dead women, both—or what is pretty much the same thing."

"No."

"But I say, yes."

"I say no, again. Do you suppose that my cousin Charles, if I were to assure him that my heart can never be his, would hold me to my childish engagement?"

"Most emphatically."

"I think better of him. And that is very inconsistent with the good opinion you have expressed of him."

"My love, I am like yourself. I thought your cousin Charles well enough, till accident threw in my way a young man of his own age, who is worth a thousand of him. Till to-day we had no standard to judge him by in our quiet circle. I am now convinced that he could find plenty of sage maxims and sufficient reasons to justify him in sticking to the bargain of a handsome wife and a snug estate, whether there were any hearts broken in the transaction or not."

"If he only wants my money, he is welcome to it."

"Heyday! and what would Mr. Frank Gerald say to that?"

Bell laughed again.

"You are determined to marry me to Mr. Frank Gerald, I see, whether I will or not. Pray, leave him out of the question. We know nothing of him. Very likely he has other engagements——"

"Fiddle!" ejaculated Lady Harriett, petulantly.

"I am only thinking of my engagement with Charles, and feel that, for the happiness of both, it must be broken off."

A sudden cloud came over Lady Harriett's kindly face as she said, in an altered and troubled voice:

"My darling, enough of this. I have let my foolish, romantic, old nature run away with me as usual. You forget your promise to your father on his death-bed, that you would marry your cousin."

Bell sank despondingly into a seat, resting her forehead on her hand.

"True," she said, dejectedly, "I *had* forgotten."

"And the importance he attached to its fulfilment?"

"Yes. That by doing so I should rescue his name from dishonour. What could he have meant?"

"That I am unable to tell you. Your father — though a good man originally, and a kind husband to my darling girl — was weak and extravagant. By some means — Heaven knows what! — he placed himself in the power of his detestable brother. It was, no doubt, to conciliate him he exacted the promise."

Bell's face suddenly brightened as with a hopeful inspiration.

"But that bad man," she said, "Charles's father — I will not call him uncle — you tell me has committed a dreadful crime, and dares not appear in England. What can we have to fear from him?"

"There is always much to fear from the vindictiveness of the wicked, my child. I wish your poor father had been more explicit as to the peril we had to meet. But death closed his lips too early."

"I have often asked Charles," the young girl said, musingly, "if he knew what hold his father had upon mine. He has always declared he was as much in the dark as I was, but that he knew his own father to be capable of any baseness. You know he offered to release me from my engagement when his father's disgrace was made public."

"A pity you did not accept the offer."

"I could not, at such a time and for such a reason. Besides, it seemed such a trait of nobleness in him that I felt as if I really loved him at the time. The tie was knit closer. He seemed to rejoice so — oh! he must love me — and I will marry him, grandmamma."

"My darling!"

"You can never be firm; I must be firm for both of us."

"What will you do?"

"We must forbid Mr. Gerald the house — as rudely and as ungraciously as possible. I must never see him again."

"You love him, then?"

Bell buried her face in her grandmother's bosom, and sobbed, "Did he not preserve your life to me?"

The two women hugged each other during a long silence, only broken by their mutual sobbings. At length the elder wiped her eyes, and said with an effort:

"Then I will be firm, too, Bell, for once. I will not be so unjust as to close my doors to the man whom you love till I find him unworthy to enter them."

"But my engagement ——?"

"It shall be broken off at all hazards."

"My father's honour ——?"

"He should have taken care of it in his lifetime. There! I'm exhausted, Bell, and all abroad. You must be the same. The best thing you can do is to get to bed, and say some very long prayers first. I'm not used to making efforts, and I've made a great one this evening. Kiss me, and good night."

Bell kissed her grandmother many times over, returning several times from the door to repeat the operation. At the last repetition the old lady placed her hands on her granddaughter's head, and looking upward said, in a solemn but not unhopeful voice:

"God preserve thee from wasting!—the one priceless pearl left on the poor old woman's broken string!"

Bell went to bed — to dream, possibly, of her cousin Charles, but more probably of Mr. Frank Gerald. The conduct of Lady Harriett Brayle, when left alone in the wainscoted parlour, was as follows:

First of all, she sat with her feet on the fender, with her brocade skirts tucked up in a very unbecoming manner, and occupied herself for some minutes in polishing her spectacles. Then she raked out the fire with great circumspection. This accomplished, she opened a sideboard drawer, from whence she brought out an old silk handkerchief, with which she proceeded to dust her favourite pictures, a duty her ladyship imposed upon herself twice a-day. Her first care was for the portrait of the Spanish-looking lady over the mantelpiece, which had excited such a sensation in the mind of Frank Cassidy, and which she could only reach by standing on a chair. Having wiped the canvas carefully and reverently, the old lady bent forward and kissed it, murmuring:

"My poor boy's good angel! who could not save him, but who died for him! Bless thee in thy place in heaven!"

After this achievement the gold-rimmed spectacles required a little more polishing. Her ladyship then descended from her elevated position, and proceeded to bestow her attention upon the Rubenses, Teniersses, Wilsons, and Gainsboroughs. The portrait of the Right Honourable Charles Evershed, Assistant-Under-Deputy-Secretary of State for the Something-or-Other Department, she left to the last. When she came to that *chef-d'œuvre* her ladyship hesitated. There was nobody looking; she could not resist the temptation of forgetting herself, to a certain extent, in her capacity of peer's daughter and baronet's widow, and remembering only that she was an exasperated old woman. So she shook her fist angrily at the portrait, and muttered between her teeth:

"You paper-faced nonentity! I wish to Heaven they would send you somewhere to do your diplomacy where there is a nice hot climate and plenty of cannibals with good appetites. God forgive me for a wicked old woman!"

Lady Harriett, alarmed at her own truculency, hurried out of the room to administer consolation to the prostrate Joseph in the form of posset.

I must hurry these retrospective chapters to a close, in order to resume the main thread of my narrative. It turned out much as the sharp-sighted old dowager had foretold. On the second day after his first visit Mr. Frank Gerald reappeared at the manor-house, handsomer, better dressed, more radiant, more engaging than at first. He repeated his visits frequently, at very short intervals. The colour forsook poor Bell's once ruddy cheeks, and her bright eyes grew dim. The periodical correspondence with her betrothed, once a pleasant duty to her, as her only means of communi-



LADY HARRIETT TELLS A PORTRAIT A BIT OF HER MIND.

cation with the busy world, became a hateful formality. She loved Frank Cassidy with all the passion of a generous impulsive nature, even as Frank loved her. Their interviews always took place in the presence of Lady Harriett, so that no expression of their mutual sentiments was interchanged between them. Each visit, Frank Cassidy vowed, should be his last; but it was the old story of the moth and the candle — he could not keep away. Each meeting between the three friends was sadder than the preceding, for no one suffered more from the existing state of things than poor Lady Harriett. Her keen perceptions told her the whole truth, and foreshadowed its inevitable consequences; but the irresolution of her nature forbade her striking out a determined line of action. Should she forbid Mr. Frank Gerald the house? She could not be guilty of such injustice and ingratitude. Should she expostulate with him, lay the whole case before him, and appeal to his good sense and feeling as to the course he ought to pursue? The result of such a proceeding she foresaw at once — it would be the last they would see of Mr. Frank Gerald. And the kind old lady clung fondly to the hopeful side of the romance. She still strove to believe in the interposition of some favourable circumstance, like the fairy in a pantomime, to bring the two lovers together; and she had not the courage to give Harlequin his *congé*. One important step she considered it her duty to take. That was to write to the lukewarm diplomatist, Mr. Charles Evershed, to inform him exactly how matters stood, and to urge the policy of his taking a little more pains for the securing of his prize, unless he wished to see it wrested from him. This letter was despatched to the neighbouring post-town, to the great satisfaction of Lady Harriett, who felt at least a portion of a weighty load transferred from her own shoulders to those of another. But it had scarcely travelled half-a-mile towards its destination when a large official-looking epistle, on blue-wove paper, stamped with the huge seal of the Whatever-it-was Office, made its formidable appearance in the manor-house, conveying to Miss Bell the thrilling intelligence that her betrothed had been visited with the singular good fortune — at which the young lady was evidently intended to rejoice immensely — of being appointed to some trumpery service in the Lombardo-Venetian States — connected with that diplomacy so heartily despised by Lady Harriett, which would necessitate the writer's immediate departure and absence from England for some months.

"Let him go, and a good riddance!" said Lady Harriett. "I only hope he'll tumble over the Bridge of Sighs into the Rialto, or whatever they call it. He's dreadfully near-sighted, and I'll stake my life he doesn't know how to swim. Or if he should escape drowning, I hope Providence will induce the Bravo of Venice, or the Council of Ten, or the Inquisition, or some of those people, to take him in hand — only I'm afraid he's too insignificant."

Poor Bell was too weak and languid to smile at her grandmother's absurdities. Besides, young ladies, it is not pleasant to feel one's self slighted, even by a lover we *don't* particularly care about — is it?

"It is a clear proof that he cares very little for me, at any rate," said Bell; "and it quite reconciles me to breaking off my engagement with him, if I thought I could do so consistently with my promise to my poor father."

"You needn't trouble yourself. I consider that Mr. Charles has taken the initiative. You have evidently a formidable rival in Madame Diplomacy. Much good may she do him! I am heartily glad he has gone. We will take advantage of his absence to bring back some of those roses to your cheeks. I shall make formal proposals to Frank to-morrow."

(Our young friend had got on, you see. He was already promoted to the familiar dignity of "Frank.")

"You may not have the opportunity," said Bell, shaking her head sadly. "He has not been near us for three days."

"Which clearly proves he cannot stay away from *us* a day longer. He will be here in the morning. He is as mopy as an owl himself, and not half the man he was a month ago. Good people are scarce, and I can't afford to lose either of you. I shall anticipate leap-year, and pop the question."

Bell could not help laughing at this pleasantry. It was a delighted but rather an hysterical laugh, and she continued it for some minutes, sobbing and burying her curls in her grandmother's bosom.

The roses began to bud on Miss Bell's cheeks that very evening. Only to be nipped by a sharp frost, though! No Mr. Gerald made his appearance on the following day. Nor on the next, or the next to that. On the fourth day Lady Harriett received a letter from Frank, stating that, after much indecision and mental agony, he had yielded to the dictates of duty, and decided on tearing himself from the fascinations of her granddaughter's society. The letter was very passionate, full of prayers for the happiness of both ladies, gratitude for their kindness to the writer, and protestations of undying love towards the younger. They were assured that they would never see Frank Gerald again, but possibly might hear of him. He had withdrawn his name from the books of his college, and proposed entering upon a remote and entirely new sphere of action, &c. &c. &c.

"There's a pretty kettle of fish!" said Lady Harriett, employing a favourite idiom. "Gone back to Ireland, no doubt, where his friends will marry him to a red-headed, fox-hunting woman, in a brogue and a riding-habit! Mercy on us!"

Bell smiled through her tears, and solaced the old lady with her usual remedies of embracing and kissing.

It was sad news for the moment, but cheering in perspective. Frank loved her — that was sufficient. Miss Bell's organ of self-esteem was pretty well developed, and she feared no rival, Irish or English. She also possessed the bump of Hope in great prominence; and the future seemed bright to her. So the roses began to bud again — slowly, but this time with more enduring prospects.

Frank had quarrelled with his father. Brayle Manor had proved a death-blow to the workshop. Frank neglected his duties, and it was a busy season. He had far too much to say to his tailor, hatter, and bootmaker. Mr. Spavin's spanking bay was brought round to the door too often, and at unseasonable hours. Frank was no longer master of his own head for those calculations and arrangements that had earned his father's tolerance. The crowning difficulty was the discovery that Miles Cassidy had proposed, as an agreeable surprise for his son, the removal of his business to A——. This our old friend had calculated would be exactly in accordance with Frank's wishes, and he counted on great exertions on the part of the latter, as a recompense for the sacrifices the removal had cost him. Nothing could have been more unfortunately conceived. There was some possibility of concealment in the comparatively populous Oxford. But in the little gossiping town of A——, four miles nearer to Brayle Manor, to which it was the most proximate post-town, the carpenter's son would be detected in a day. Frank could not bear to contemplate it. He quarrelled with his father for forcing him to plebeian occupations; he quarrelled with Ted for getting tipsy; with Biddy for smelling of paint, and inking her fingers; with Jimmy, for not having the wits, which he had never possessed, about him. Briefly, he ran away, to bury himself in London.

It was not quite so mad a course, as such a proceeding would be on the part of a young man similarly situated in the present day. Education was not so cheap then as it is now. Literary labour was better paid for; and Frank, in a quiet way, had already earned a few acceptable pounds, by contributing to the periodicals. He wrote well, and tersely. He had a few valuables in his possession, sufficient to enable him to live for some months, for he had scarcely an atom of sensuality in his composition, and he had been trained to a life of extreme frugality. By correcting Greek proofs for the printers alone (having been fortunate enough to secure good introductions in the right quarters), he was enabled to provide for the primary necessities of his existence — namely, the external appearance of a gentleman.

Of course, Frank magnanimously pretended to himself that he would never see Miss Evershed again. Also, as a matter of course, he secretly, and without confessing it to himself, entertained the project of marrying her some day. He was no great things of a politician; but he remembered that Miss Evershed (who, contrary to the practice observed by parents and guardians in those days, had been permitted by her indulgent grandmother to read the newspapers; and, indeed, whatever she liked) was a stanch partisan of Queen Caroline. So he wrote *Anne Boleyn*, believing that he did it in the interests of the Queen and of abstract justice. It was really because he hoped Miss Evershed would read and admire the poem. Miss Evershed did both.

Soon after the publication of that memorable but not particularly-well-remembered work, Miss Evershed attained her majority. Matters of business brought her with Lady Harriett to London. It was a very surprising matter, to be sure, that they should have met Mr. Frank Gerald riding in Hyde Park on a grey mare, nearly as faultless as Mr. Spavin's historic bay (for the use of which, by-the-bye, Mr. Frank had left a tolerably extensive bill owing).

The intimacy was renewed. Frank speedily became an *habitué* of the Charles-the-Second house in Kensington, already alluded to. Lady Harriett's health was failing. She had experienced a relapse of a chronic disease of the heart, which at her time of life was dangerous. She was anxious to see her darling well provided for. Money gave her no uneasiness, for Bell's fortune was ample. The old lady's good opinion of Frank had been enhanced: firstly, by his self-negation in tearing himself from Bell's society; secondly, by his increasing fame as a writer, which the Lady Harriett in her ardent nature hugely exaggerated. She fulfilled her threat one day (only that leap-year had already arrived), and actually offered her granddaughter's hand to Frank Cassidy.

Frank was overwhelmed. He said it was too great



SIR PAUL EVERSHED CAPTIVATES A FLUNKY.

honour and happiness for him to aspire to. Lady Harriett, in her idiomatic fashion, said "Fiddle!" respecting Frank all the more on account of his modesty. Frank protested that his family was obscure; that he had no means of livelihood, but what he derived from his pen. "Modesty again!" thought Lady Harriett. Her ladyship had never wanted for a thousand pounds in her life, and when she heard a man whom she knew to be a graduate of Oxford, and whom she saw always well dressed and riding upon good horses, talk about poverty, she thought, of course (if she thought at all on the subject), that he merely meant his private resources were confined to perhaps a few hundreds a-year.

Frank and Miss Evershed were engaged — Cousin Charles having officially renounced his claim. Frank would only accept his proffered happiness on the condition of three years elapsing; so that he might have time to make a name for himself worthy of bestowing on his betrothed. He also stipulated vigorously that the whole of Miss Evershed's property should be settled upon herself.

"What a sublime, magnanimous creature he is!" said both ladies.

Was that Mr. Frank Gerald's opinion of himself? I am afraid not, though he certainly tried to make it so. He found a great deal to say in his own favour. "I have told them," he argued, "that my family is an obscure one; that I am without private means; that I will not exact the fulfilment of her promise, if in three years she finds me unworthy of it. By that time, I hope I shall be a great man. They both declare their contempt for the empty claims of birth and title. I have employed no essential deception."

But had Mr. Frank Gerald informed Lady Harriett Brayle and Miss Isabel Evershed that his real name, as far as he knew, was Cassidy; and that his father was a hard-working carpenter, who had entered Oxford as an Irish tramp holding a little boy by each hand, and carrying a huge bundle slung on to a shillela over his shoulder? Well, no! Frank had not yet found an opportunity for making this important revelation. But he always intended to make it, next Monday — that day so propitious to good resolutions, on which I intend to leave off smoking, and to commence my great five-act tragedy — the day, in fact, which never comes!

Such was the *status quo ante bellum* in which Mr. Frank Cassidy got his head broken. With regard to that memorable encounter, one circumstance only requires explanation in this place; namely, the presence of Miles and Edward Cassidy on the field of battle. The father and son, as has been shown, had come up to London in search of the lost sheep. They had applied at once to the publisher of Frank's book, by whom they had been referred to a daily newspaper on which he had constant employment. Here they learnt Mr. Gerald was to be found at a certain house in Kensington, where he had ordered all letters and applications to be forwarded to him. Poor Frank! Either he was very unsophisticated, or he could not have owed much money! Literary men are more circumspect now-a-days, as the reader will probably find if he applies for an address at a newspaper office.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

About five minutes after Miles Cassidy had slammed the door of the ugly red-brick house in Kensington, angrily, behind him, a very elaborate flourishing knock at the same portal resounded through the establishment.

One of the stalwart footmen opened the door, and gave entrance to a very elegantly dressed gentleman in a horseman's cloak. He passed contemptuously, and without speaking, by the man-servant, who would have held the door open for a parley, into the entrance-hall; drew off his faultless gloves in a leisurely manner, and proceeded to remove his outer garment, which he threw

at the footman with a lordly nonchalance—overwhelming that official, morally as well as physically.

"Sir Paul Evershed," said the visitor, turning his back on the footman, and walking coolly into the parlour, just vacated by Miles and Edward Cassidy.

"My lady is confined to her bed, Sir Paul," said the footman, following him obsequiously into the room.

"Dear me! I am pained beyond measure. Not seriously indisposed, I trust?"

"A bad return of her old complaint, Sir Paul."

"Bless my soul! how very distressing, to be sure! Is Miss Evershed within?"

"She is, Sir Paul. But there's been a gentleman badly hurt, and she and Mrs. Barton are attending of him."

"A gentleman hurt! dear me! Can I be of any service?"

"Well, Sir Paul, I believe he's all right—comparative, and there's a doctor along with him."

"Then I might possibly be in the way. Besides, my time is precious. Send my son to me, I understand he is here."

"Mr. Charles, Sir Paul?"

"Mr. Charles, of course. I have no other son. Inform him I am here."

"Directly, Sir Paul. Would you like to step up to the drawing-room? There's company."

"No: obey my instructions, if you please."

"Yes, Sir Paul."

"Here, come back, my good fellow."

"Yes, Sir Paul."

"I will take lunch in this apartment."

"What would you like, Sir Paul?"

"Game and a salad, with some hock, iced."

"Directly, Sir Paul."

"Now, that's what I call the real gentleman," soliloquised the departing flunky with great admiration. He had never been so magnificently ordered about in his life.

Sir Paul Evershed left alone, proceeded to arrange his whiskers, which were of the *cotelette de mouton* pattern then in vogue, extending only from the ear to the cheek-bone, leaving the lower part of the face bare, at a mirror with an elegantly inlaid pocket-comb of choice tortoiseshell. This important operation accomplished, the baronet disposed of himself in a graceful attitude in the easiest chair in the room, and proceeded to pare and trim his nails with great assiduity and circumspection, using a penknife for the purpose that evidently belonged to the same costly toilette case as the comb.

While Sir Paul is thus profitably occupied, we may take the opportunity of studying his personal appearance.

At the first glance you would have taken him for a man of certainly not more than thirty. He had a smooth skin and a brilliant complexion; so much so, that you might have suspected its tints had been heightened by artificial means, which was not the case. He had a profusion of curling dark brown hair, in the arrangement of which art *had* been employed, and that with great elaboration. It was lightly sprinkled with powder, though the abominable fashion was already on the wane. This, to a reasoning observer, noticing that the general *tenue* of the wearer was in accordance with the latest mode, would have awakened the first suspicion that Sir Paul Evershed was an older man than he wished to appear. Sir Paul had, in fact, only recently adopted powder as a concealment of a few grey hairs that had impertinently shown themselves among the prevailing chestnut. A close inspection of the face, if you could only have got at it, for it was a shifting, scrutiny-avoiding face, would have shown you a few finely-traced crow's-feet about the eyes. But even if you could have seized Sir Paul Evershed by both ears, and dragged his head into the glare of the brightest sunlight, you would have seen no physical reason to believe he had attained to within ten years of his real age, which was forty-seven. His forehead was high, narrow, and as white and smooth as marble. His nose was thin and slightly hooked. His mouth, decorated by the then unusual and rather suspicious ornament of a moustache, was only a little too large for classic regularity, and his lips were loose and rounded. When they smiled they disclosed a set of large, regular teeth, of dazzling whiteness. And Sir Paul was perpetually smiling—perhaps in order to display his dental treasures. If so, it was a serious error of judgment on his part, for his smile was positively hideous. His eyes were tolerably large, and apparently of a light colour; but it was difficult to fix them long enough to pronounce judgment on their exact tint. The baronet possessed faultless white hands, which he admired, and tended as if they were choice works of art (as in one sense, perhaps, they were), and which he considered worthy the honour of being set in costly, but not too profuse jewellery.

The lunch made its appearance before Mr. Charles was forthcoming. The grounds at the back of the house were of considerable extent, and the diplomatist had flown to their remotest corner, in the hopes of concealment from a visitor who was not easily to be shunned.

"Mr. Charles gone for a walk in the grounds, Sir Paul: sent to fetch him: here directly, Sir Paul," said the footman, arranging the viands.

"Very good. You can leave the room."

Sir Paul proceeded to dispose of a cold grouse very deliberately, taking great pains with his mastication, and sunning himself agreeably in the daylight refracted through the amber wine, before every sip of his chosen beverage.

"Charley's a long time coming," said Sir Paul, smiling to himself for practice. "Want of filial tenderness, I am afraid. Ha! ha! Bless him! Health and prosperity to him, for I really can't spare the darling boy."

In a few seconds the diplomatist burst into the room, his usually pale face now livid with shame and anger.

"Ha, Charley, my dear boy; glad to see you," said the elder (who looked the junior), in easy light-comedy tones, extending his jewelled hand to his offspring, but looking at his wine-glass as he spoke. "Why, you don't shake hands! Not that I care much about that; yours, I remember, are apt to be dusty, and sometimes inky. Besides, there is a proverb about having too much of a good thing, and your extensive paw is a difficulty really beyond my grasp. Ha! ha!"

Sir Paul drew out his penknife and trimmed the nails of his own hand, which he regarded as with affectionate congratulation on its lucky escape from contamination.

"I will never touch the hand of a felon, were he ten times my father," said the diplomatist, with a scowling brow.

"Mock heroics, Charley," said his father, with a playful laugh. "Take my advice—don't. They don't become you. It 's a sort of thing that requires a sonorous voice, and a good flashing pair of eyes. Now, your organ—excuse me, my dear fellow—is an indifferent parody on a penny trumpet, while the pink eyelids and spectacles mar the intended effect deplorably! Give it up. Sit down and have some hock."

"How dare you show yourself in this house?" said the son, not noticing the invitation.

"Dare, my good fellow? Don't use that word to me. I dare a great many things beyond the conception of a man of your calibre."

"But you are liable to arrest and a felon's doom at a moment's notice."

Sir Paul Evershed raised his eyebrows in well-feigned astonishment. "I!" he exclaimed. "What strange hallucination is the boy labouring under? There is something in one of the old dramatists, to the effect that fools are not madmen. I begin to think the two characters are reconcilable."

"Are you not a self-confessed, if not a legally-convicted bigamist?"

Sir Paul laughed, with a very successful assumption of heartiness. "What!" he said. "Were you really ass enough to be taken in by that trumped-up story?"

"Trumped-up story, forsooth! The facts were glaring enough; especially one that I have good reason to remember in connection with it,—namely, that I nearly ruined myself in purse and credit to supply you with means to fly the country."

"That was one of my little devices of paternal discipline, my affectionate child. You had behaved towards me in a very unfilial manner. When I punish my inferiors and dependants, I make a point never to waste physical exertion, but always try to find out where the greatest amount of pain can be inflicted with the least trouble. You will remember that, perhaps, in my treatment of you as a child. Now, knowing your respectability was your sensitive point, and wishing to appeal to your tenderest feelings, I took advantage of the foolish and eminently untenable revengeful plot of a woman, to whom I will not deny I had done what is called an injury. But we have all been young. I beg your pardon; *you* never were."

"Do you mean to say that your second marriage was a false one?"

"Ha! ha! that raises my opinion of you. I see you have no objection to criminality in the abstract, so that it does not bring one within the pale of the law. My good fellow, the misguided creature who threatened me with prosecution is comfortably silenced. I have her written declaration of penitence and retraction, attested by credible witnesses, to the effect that I had never contracted a legal marriage with her."

"Why have you been keeping out of the way so long, then?"

"For my own pleasure, sir; the reason which has induced me to come back—*in* the way, as, I suppose, I may be considered. My baggage is at Long's Hotel. The address is no secret. I have left cards with the most influential of my acquaintance. I am open to any public investigation of my conduct, which I am anxious to court rather than avoid. And perhaps it would be as well, as a preliminary to your marriage with your cousin; which, by the way, it is high time was concluded. In fact, *pour faire part à vos noces, mon cher*, is my principal motive for coming to England."

"My engagement with my cousin is broken off," said Charles, gloomily.

All the "light comedy" disappeared from Sir Paul Evershed's face as by magic. He looked the very incarnation of terrified evil as he croaked in a husky voice: "What?"

"I have formally renounced all claim to my cousin's hand."

"And her fortune?"

"Everything."

"You cursed fool!—why?"

"Because she gave me to understand the marriage would be against her inclination."

Sir Paul ran his jewelled fingers through his powdered ringlets as he murmured, in desperate tones:

"Who could have believed it? Even a grain of romance to lurk under that parchment skin! No, it is impossible! You cannot have been such an idiot. If you have resigned your cousin's hand, it must be that you have cast your eyes elsewhere."

"I have. What then?"

"Who is it?"

"The youngest daughter of the head of my department."

"Rich?"

"Moderately;—and that only in prospective."

"Are you accepted?"

"No; but I am in love."

"You have been abroad, employed on secret service; have you made any money?"

"Not a penny."

"Saved anything?"

"I am in debt. My salary barely suffices to support me."

"Can you by any possibility raise twelve thousand pounds by the end of the year?"

"Not to save my soul."

"Then, by G—, I am a ruined man, and so are you."

"What have you done?"

"That is a business-like question. I will tell you. The story of the bigamy was true—arising from an error of calculation on my part. You know I calculate all my schemes with mathematical precision. But as in astronomy, if your instrument happens to be the sixteenth of an inch wrong, it may lead you billions of miles away from the truth in your result, so it was with my premises. I thought detection an impossibility. The woman, however, found me out, and pursued me. I set a handsome young Frenchman on to her, who won her affections; but I had to bribe him horribly. An attachment grew up between them. An opportunity for emigration to South America presented

itself, and she offered to give me the written confession of conspiracy I told you of, on payment of a certain sum to enable them to travel comfortably. It was their ultimatum. I agreed to their terms; but I had lost at play, though I am generally successful in my calculations of the chances, and I had to forge a bill of exchange to raise the money."

"Which felony you expect me to compound for?"

"Or see me hanged, whichever you like."

"It is not a matter of choice—the amount?"

"The original amount is a mere trifle—a thousand pounds. I had made my arrangements for meeting it, only that it happened to get into the hands of a vindictive scoundrel, who has a *vendetta* against me."

"Who is that?"

"A fellow who was my valet for years—a Sardinian rascal."

"What injury had you done him?"

"None really. The fellow was an ugly cripple, and took it into his head to marry a young and handsome wife. A man cannot help his personal attractions, and ——but these things must be Hebrew to a person of your lymphatic temperament. But the rascal imposed upon me so abominably. If he had come upon me with a stiletto it would have been *selon les règles*, and I might have been prepared for the worst. But he seemed resigned to his fate, blamed his wife only for her levity of conduct, sent her home to her friends, and made no offer to quit my service. The rascal had saved money, and only remained with me in order to get me in his power. He had profited too well by my lessons. He had learnt my art of hitting a man in his weakest place. He knew that money—money—money—was my weak point, as it has been ever since I was a penniless younger son in a public school. He found out about the forgery, got the bill into his possession, and has bled me recklessly ever since with it. Whenever things begin to go smoothly with me, that villain makes his appearance with a fresh claim. I had a forlorn hope of getting rid of him this morning, but it proved fallacious."

"How so?"

"As I was about to knock at this door I caught a glimpse of his evil countenance—in pursuit of me, no doubt—among the yelping crowd. A happy inspiration reminded me that Italians were unpopular with the mob. I whispered to a few ruffians that he was one of the witnesses against the Queen, emphasising the hint with a crown-piece here and there. It was a mere speculation. A stray brickbat might have disposed of him. I built no great hopes on it, and am not seriously disappointed."

"Would you have seen the man murdered?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"I will have nothing further to say to you. You shall take the consequences of your own villany."

"Which you will have the kindness to share with me, my son. To see me hanged would no doubt afford you the liveliest satisfaction, as a personal matter; but how would it affect your prospects in the Coal-Scuttle and Boot-Jack department, or whatever it may be, and as the *prétendu* of his lordship's youngest daughter?"

Charles bit his lip.

"What can be done?" he inquired.

"Why the fellow—who is as avaricious as he is vindictive—has at length proposed definite terms; only, I believe, because he thinks me incapable of fulfilling them. It appears he has a mother and sisters, to whom he professes to be attached. He also boasts of belonging to a princely family. Their ancestral estate near Genoa is for sale. He wants to buy it. The price is twelve thousand pounds."

"For this he will release you?"

"Give up the bill."

"If not?"

"Give up me."

"What can I do?"

"If you had not been ass enough to cancel your engagement with your cousin, you might have simply married her, and raised money on the estate, which would have been yours according to her father's wish—I took care of that."

"But the engagement *is* cancelled; and Bell is engaged to be married to another gentleman, who is now in this house."

"Who is he?"

"A Mr. Gerald—an author."

"Do you know anything of him?"

"Very little; it is a romantic attachment."

"Then we must either demolish Mr. Gerald and reinstate you in your former position, or else we must work upon the feelings of Miss Bell by disclosing to her a certain secret, in the preservation of which you have been my accomplice, with all your Roman virtues, Master Charles."

"You would gain little by that. If you were to apprise my cousin that——"

"That the comfortable estate she enjoys does not really belong to her?"

"She would resign it at once to the rightful owner. As I would long ago have compelled her to do, had I but known where that owner was to be found."

"Just so, my son. But fearing the ebullition of one of those lukewarm spurts of disinterestedness which you have just manifested, I have had the sagacity to keep that secret to myself. It has not been bad capital, all things considered; and there is meat on its bones yet. But come, as this appears a *jour de fête* here, and as my arrival has been already made public, we had better join the folks in the drawing-room. We can resume business in the morning. Take my arm. It will look better."

"You infernal villain, I will not touch you!" said the diplomatist, recoiling.

"As you please," said his father, looking, for once, fixedly at him, with an ugly frown on his brow, and an uglier smile on his lips.

"Charley, do you know you grow more like your poor mother every day? And you know how I loved *her*. Do you remember knocking me down one day for maltreating her, as you called it?"

"Would that all the acts of my life had been as righteous! I remember it well."

"So do I, my dear boy. Let us go to the drawing-room. Pray observe the *convenances*. Take my arm."

Charles Evershed took his father's arm, and accompanied him to the drawing-room.

THE MAIDEN COUNTRY.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh received his patent, empowering him to take possession, with almost regal privileges, of remote and barbarous lands not in the actual holding of any Christian prince; but it was not until twenty-three years after — namely, in 1607 — that the first permanent settlement was made in Virginia, or the Maiden Country, to which Elizabeth's patent had more immediately referred: *Meta Incognita*, as Martin Frobisher, and the rest of the navigators of the period, called all beyond their own claims. Virginia never prospered during Raleigh's time. There was no want of skill or daring in the men who headed and composed the several expeditions that went out: but, for some cause or other, everything failed, and the chronicle of the various attempts was one series of disasters. It was strange, and it reads to us sadly, that success should come only after the death of their brave, brilliant, and ill-starred projector; that he and his should never dwell under the shadow of that goodly building, the foundations of which had been laid with such infinite trouble, and cemented with such noble blood; that strangers to their toils should eat of the fruit which they had planted, and men who had not strewn with them should reap the harvest they had sown. History is full of such mysteries — no one giving the solution.

After Raleigh's iniquitous execution, charters for the formation of two companies were drawn up by James I., and expeditions fitted out, under the names of the Southern or London, and Northern or Plymouth Companies. The first was placed under the travelling or temporary command of Captain Newport, with sealed instructions concerning governor and council, not to be opened before arriving at the place of destination. But when the little colony had landed, Captain John Smith, already gloriously distinguished for certain deeds of his in Transylvania and Hungary, took the command by the simple influence of superior character. He had to work hard though for this recognition, for he was much opposed by all the rest who might have had pretensions to leadership; but in the end he gained the day, and the life of the colony (James Town) began. For two years Smith maintained discipline and order among his people, husbanded their resources, kept the Indians at bay, and, which was perhaps the most difficult thing of all, held his ground in spite of the intrigues against him. He went on adventurous voyages of discovery among the rivers that empty themselves into the Chesapeake, and once fell into the hands of the Indian chief Powhatan, who, now at open war with the whites, and now on terms of such friendship as snakes and birds, and cats and mice, might be supposed to have together, was the standing terror and grievance of the colony. Smith and his band were saved by the ready wit and devotion of Pocohontas, Powhatan's beautiful young daughter; but the English were frequently lost by trusting to the chief, or, specially and most frequently, by suffering the Indian women to lure them into their huts, where the "braves" put an end to the visit by their scalping knives and clubs. During Smith's absence Captain Sickelmore ventured into the Indian camp, for the purpose of trading with the chief. He had a band of thirty men with him, but they were all murdered, without defence or rescue being possible. It was under Smith's leadership that the storehouse at James Town was burnt, which entailed such severe distress on the community. But the administrative powers of the leader helped them to make the best even of bad things, and the misfortune was repaired sooner than it would have been under any rule less wise and capable. And then Capt. Newport returned from England with a reinforcement, seventy strong, which, though coming only to seek for gold, yet, full of home strength and unbroken by hardships, put heart into the little colony again.

In 1609 Lord Delawarr was appointed governor of Virginia; but, unable to leave England the year of his appointment, sent out ships and men, with nine superior officers as deputies, all armed with about equal powers. To prevent the possibility, therefore, of the one who might arrive first superseding the rest, they went together in the same ship, and got wrecked off the Bermudas: which wreck, learned commentators say, furnished the material for a certain immortal Tempest that once took place, in Prospero's time, off "the still vex'd Bermoothes." No great good was done to the colony by the new arrivals. They were "a set of unruly gallants, packed hither by their friends to escape ill destinies:" and, deprived of their own officers, at that moment wandering about the uninhabited shores of Somers' Island, would not obey Smith, who had only the letters patent of nature and ability to show as the credentials of his authority. And not only were they factious themselves, but they stirred up the sheep-like congregation to follow their ill-leading: whereby confusion and anarchy ensued, and loss fell upon all concerned. Smith, cruelly mutilated by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder, sailed for England, dispirited at his unending fight; and after his departure things fell rapidly from bad to worse. Captain Sickelmore, as we have seen, lost thirty men; and this success made the Indians yet more venturesome and dangerous. Not a straggler who dared to show himself outside the palisadings, but was shot down and scalped, and the little town was in a state of permanent siege. Supplies fell short, and the famine was so great that the time was chronicled on the records as "the starving time;" the four hundred and ninety men whom Smith had left behind him six months ago, were now reduced to sixty; sickness and war were about and among them; and there seemed no hope and no safety for the handful of starving men, hard-pressed by their enemies from without and weakened by dissensions within, when suddenly Lord Delawarr appeared in the bay with three ships, one hundred and fifty fresh emigrants, and with a full year's store of provision. This was in 1610, from which date the permanent establishment of the colony may be said to be effected. Smith never returned to James Town. He made fourteen voyages to the colony, but the community which he had held together and preserved by the force of his own strength only, and which had so shamefully repaid him, knew him no more. Smith and Raleigh were the two patriarchs of English colonisation, and they suffered the usual fate of leaders in an unknown cause. They were like pioneers, trampled on by the followers whom they have guided to the Pro-

mised Land—like husbandmen, whose footsteps are checked by the seed their own hands have sown through the wilds. They did well and bravely for the good of humanity and the advancement of their own times; but the one was rewarded with the doom of a traitor, and the other almost sunk under the petty persecutions he had to bear. Yet the justice denied them in their life-times, posterity and history have enriched with fame.

Lord Delawarr promised to be all that was needed in the governor of a young colony, composed as this of "unruly gallants" smitten with the gold fever, and only solicitous for gain and license, and of some of the noblest and choicest spirits of the time—men fashioned in the mould of Drake and Hawkins, of Raleigh and Frobisher, of John Davis, great as any, and of Sir "Humfrey" Gilbert, whose fatal fault was but the excess of virtue. But Lord Delawarr's influence was not destined to be lasting. He was soon obliged by sickness to return to England; and when he went back to Virginia, it was only to die at his post. He died in 1618, in the same year as his old enemy Powhatan.

Those early colonial histories read now like romances or heroic legends, though indeed no romance ever equalled the complex story of the crimes, the sufferings, and the wrongs of the various invaders among each other, and of all against the invaded. What novel-writer ever imagined such a *naïve* bit of revenge as Dominique de Gourgues of "Burdeux" perpetrated, when he "trussed up" Pedro Melendes and his band on the self-same trees whereon they had hung Landennier's corps some years ago, in Nova Francia? Pedro Melendes had put a mocking legend round his victims, bearing these words,—"I do not this as unto Frenchmen, but as unto Lutherans;" and Dominique de Gourgues, determined not to be outdone, when he "trussed up" Pedro and his crew put round them too the counter-announcement: "I do not this as unto Spaniards, but as unto tyrants and murderers." The courtesies of the time were not to be disregarded, even at an execution in the backwoods. Men were prepared for anything in those days. Life, nature, and society were all new, and all seemed more or less supernatural to the eyes of those who knew but one law. When the Spaniards landed in Mexico, and found the crosses, chapels, rites, and forms which they had left behind them in their oratories at Grenada, repeated in the wild places of the West, they cried out that the evil spirit had travestied their faith, and that the Indians were the servitors of the devil. And that feeling went through the whole of the colonial life. As superstitious themselves as the savages they sought to teach, they accepted all the pretensions of these to witchcraft and superhuman powers, and translated into the terrible charge of demoniacal possession the "medicine-man's" knowledge of simples, and his dextrous sleight of hand. Yet, what but demoniacal possession could be looked for from them, the unblessed children of "Cham" as they were? God had set His mark upon them, and the white man was appointed their lord. And so, with little variation, has run on the tale of violence and pride from the first landing of the Spaniards to the present moment, when the negro has been carried into the red man's place, and the easy-fitting theory has been riveted round his neck.

Among the human furniture of Lord Delawarr's expedition was a shrewd, learned, pedantic man, one William Strachey, gent., who drew up an account of what he saw and did in the Maiden Country, but chiefly of what he saw. For still the haunting thought was for gold, and men used their eyes more than their hands—indifferent to the riches to be ploughed out of the "black fatt mould," if they could but find the metal which all Europe had gone mad to seek. The first thing that struck even Strachey, who does not seem to have been one of the more adventurous and excitable sort, was the "blew metallyne coulour" of the rocks, and the glistening of the ground, which in some places was "splendent, and seemed gilded." The coal-beds were not yet laid bare; the silk grass and the cotton-plant were not cultivated; the soil certainly was notoriously fruitful, and gave crops in underlying succession, without need of rest or renovation: but these were secondary advantages to the mass of the early settlers, fired with the burning light that the Spaniards' tale of El Dorado had flashed through the world. Yet, if Virginia had had no other wealth but her gold mines, she would never have been one of the Stars, or the Stripes either, under the wings of the Eagle. What a marvel it is, that almost all the good which has come into this world has come indirectly, and that men seldom or never attain the thing they seek, but rather stumble by chance-paths on to ends of which they never dreamed!

Gold or no gold, it was impossible not to confess the marvellous fertility of the Maiden Country. English fruits and vegetables, which had been imported, grew to more than their natural size, and attained more than their natural flavour; orange-trees, which had been brought from the East Indies, planted, left, and neglected, yet grew and prospered, as did vine-seeds and tobacco—not of the original productions of Virginia. That West Indian delicacy the "pina," said to be so impatient of change as to refuse to grow anywhere but in its own native sands, throve in Virginia; maize, wheat, the cotton-plant, sugar-canes, the "maricock"—a kind of passion-flower, with a fruit like a pomegranate—and all living things whatsoever, took kindly root and holding, and became finer and more luxuriant than they had ever been at home. Animals, too, throve in the same way; and even women were said to share in the easy blessings of the land, by the number and facility of their "maternal trials." "The black fatt mould," and the warm, sunny skies of that Maiden Land, seemed to give all life a spur and impulse; and the wealth of "Ole Virginny" has not ceased yet in any of the directions in which it formerly so richly flowed.

But Powhatan—of what use all the green corn-fields and the golden fruits, if a painted savage might come down in the night and carry off or destroy the resources so carefully provided? Powhatan was the thorn in the side of the James Town world, and they had no pincers strong enough to extract him. He was a capable savage, "of a daring spirit, vigilant, ambitious, subtile to enlarge his dominions;" cruel, too, and utterly ruthless. We have seen how he tormented the poor beleaguered wretches of James Town; he cut off Sir Walter Raleigh's colony of Roanoke, and even his own neighbours and subjects, the "naturall inhabitants of

Payankatank," he destroyed to a man, getting them into his lodge under pretence of a hunting-party, when he scalped them without mercy, and so put an end to their impediments. Strachey does not say why he murdered them, and we do not believe they were of his own tribe; but the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's day could not comprehend an order of government that did not include subjects and royalties; and they portioned out the new-found lands into kingdoms and principalities, where we should now assign the boundaries of a tribe and the joint influence of chiefs or "braves." Powhatan sold a bit of land to Captain Francis West, who instantly built West's fort, and ensconced himself therein. That was another holding against the subtile chief: a rivet in the pincers that were to pull out him and his from the side of the white invader. When Powhatan died he was past eighty, but as upright and unbroken as he had ever been. He was a tall, clean-limbed man, of sad aspect, round and fat visaged, with a few thin grey hairs hanging down to his broad shoulders, and a very few still lingering on his chin and upper lip. He had been a remarkably strong, able, sinewy man, and many stories were told of his personal feats and Indian prowess. He did not fail to make good bargains for himself: such as when he sold Captain Argoll, as he was trading on the river Oeinho, four hundred bushels of wheat, peas, and beans, and many valuable furs, for the wonderful riches of nine pounds of copper, four bunches of beads, eight dozen hatchets, five dozen knives, four bunches of bells, and one dozen cigars—in all worth about forty shillings English. Ah! Powhatan was only a savage after all! He went about in a fair kind of royal state though, for a savage; had a body-guard of forty or fifty of the tallest men of his tribe, and was guarded at night by four sentinels, who must call and answer to each other every half hour, and the one who neglected to answer was taken by the officer of the watch and scourged cruelly. Powhatan was famous for his scourgings; and Strachey says he had himself seen the Indians beaten till they were one mass of gore, wounds, and bruises, yet without uttering a sound; and when it was all over, getting up and walking off as composedly as if nothing had happened. Powhatan had an infinite number of wives, of whom the twelve latest were generally his favourites. When he got tired of any of them he gave them away to his chief men, who received the gift with gratitude. At the time when Strachey wrote he had, living, twenty sons and ten daughters, but many more had died. Among his favourite daughters—indeed, the favourite and darling of all—was Pocohontas, then a young girl, but very beautiful and lively. She had grown quite familiar with the whites, says Strachey, and when a "wanton young lass" of eleven or twelve, was fond of coming into the fort and making the boys turn themselves into wheels, like our little "Gi' poor Jack a ha'penny," at the corner of the street there. The boys used to throw themselves on to their heads, with their heels up in the air, and so wheel round the fort, Pocohontas wheeling after them in all the freedom and undressed innocence of her time and age. For the Indian women did not clothe themselves at all before they were twelve or thirteen, and Pocohontas followed the custom of her country. But to return to Powhatan.

When he was at meals his wives respectfully waited on him, handing him this and that as he might demand; one, specially selected, bringing water both before and after his meat, wherewith to wash his hands, which then another dried with a bunch of feathers, by way of a towel. Afterwards the feathers themselves were carefully wiped and dried. Powhatan had a private treasure-house in a thicket not far off James Town. There he kept his skins, his copper, pearls, and beads, all his red war-paint, and his bows and arrows, &c. At the four corners of this treasury stood four carved images—the one a bear, the other a leopard, the third a dragon, and the fourth a giant-like man—"all made evill favoured enoughe, according to their best workmanship." It was a glad day for the English when the indomitable old chief died, and left the rule of his tribe to weaker hands.

One day Strachey went to see a kind of queen, named Oholase, who, forsooth, was too proud to walk, and must needs be carried by her attendants when she would take the air or a boat. But that does not sound very likely, if the "natural" Virginians of 1618 were at all like the Indians of 1858. Strachey says he paid her a visit, and found her lying out of doors under the shadow of a broad-leaved tree, stretched on an osier-mat covered with four or five fine grey skins. She herself was covered with white deer-skins. When she rose, her "mayde brought her a frontall of white currall," and pendants of large but imperfectly drilled and discoloured pearls, which she put in her ears; also a chain of copper, with large and heavy links, which went three or four times round her neck, and was "accompt a jolly ornament." She had flowers and feathers in her hair, and thus attired was "as debonnair, quaynt, and well pleased, as (I wis) a daughter of the house of Austria behune (decked) with all her jewells." Then the maid brought her a mantle or small side-cloak, called a puttawas, made of blue feathers, so thickly and closely stitched together that it seemed a deep purple satin; and then the queen washed her hands, and dried them on a bunch of fresh-plucked ash-leaves. We can see the picture as the pedantic old traveller gives it. The supple, tawny Indian woman, with her feathers and her beads, her shining black hair, her sparkling eyes—we can see her lying under the broad-leaved tree in the hot summer day, watching her strange visitor with those eager eyes of hers,—the soft, graceful motion of her limbs as she moves before him, stealthy and supple as the panther crouching in the forest behind them. Most of the women were handsome, thought Strachey. They were well shaped, with handsome limbs, slender arms, small and pretty hands, and with a pleasant "tange" in their voices when they sang. They dressed in skins embroidered with beads or small copper plates; but the poorer sort made themselves simple aprons of grass and leaves, sewn on to strips of leather. They, and the men too, were brown or tawny; a colour brought about, says he, by the use of a kind of arsenite stone like red orpiment, and the juice of certain scrused roots. They painted themselves as a defence against the gnats and flies, and he was the most gallant who was the most monstrous and ugly to behold. They were smooth-skinned, and had poor beards, but their hair was black, gross, long,

and thick: they wore it long and flowing on one side, and cropped close on the other, with a ridge like a cockscomb running up the middle of the head; they had flat noses, thick at the end, but tolerably well-shaped; full lips, and wide mouths, "but not so bad as the Moors;" and they were tall and straight, and of comely proportion. One tribe, the Sasquesahanongs, were very large men, with hollow voices, and legs measuring three-quarters of a yard round the thickest part. These wore skins thrown over them, something as the skin of the Numean Lion is thrown over Hercules, the paws fastening in front like ornamental clasps. Other tribes of which he speaks were smaller, and more like the North American savages whom Catlin has helped us to know; but in general Strachey's seem too much made up, too much like Othello played in a wig, or Julius Cæsar in a brocaded dressing-gown. They were made more like what it was thought they must be than what they were in reality; and in translating what they saw, those early biographers destroyed half the originality of the life they described.

Sometimes Strachey's savages painted their bodies black or yellow, oiling them well into the bargain, when they covered themselves with the soft down of various coloured birds — blue, white, carnation, and what not; disposing the down like so many "laces," crossing and recrossing their bodies. They also punctured and tattooed themselves, shaved with oyster or scallop shells, anointed their gross black hair with walnut oil till it shone like the raven's wing, and decked themselves out in beads and bits of finery — with ghastlier finery still, as is their custom still to do. For earrings they wore enormous masses of copper, or the claws of wild beasts, or the talons of fierce birds; and sometimes a green and yellow snake would be dragged through the hole, where it would twist and writhe itself contentedly, crawling round the dusky throat and kissing the Moorish lips with tamed fondness.

Singularly athletic were these Indians. One who had been retained as a hostage during the progress of some business, of which the savages had contributed their share only in promises, managed to escape in the night from the boat, heavily fettered, and in a close "sea gown," as he was. He was never seen again, and the English did not know whether he had sunk or reached the shore. The latter was the most probable, for the Indians would not complete their bargain, and whenever they met the whites would ask jeeringly, "where was their brave?" and then cry mockingly that he had returned home among them, and was safe.

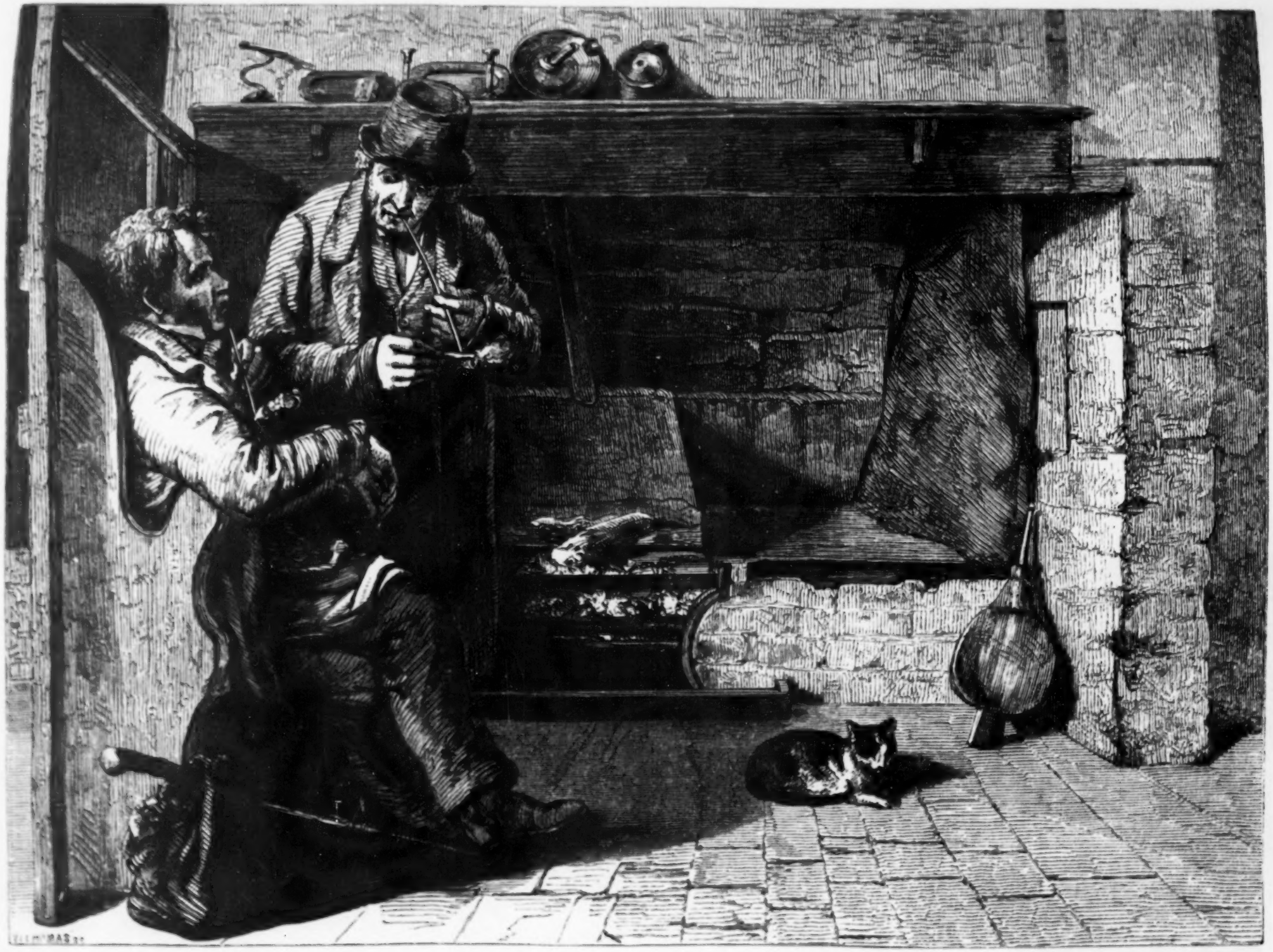
Their houses and domestic manner of life Strachey painted in tolerably true colours, with not too evident an attempt to make them fit in with Anglican ideas and habits. They lived in huts, thatched over with leaves; and sometimes mats were flung over these. When doing nothing in the way of hunting, fishing, or fighting, they were eating all day long — alternating between sleeping and eating, with an occasional smoke to while away the waking moments. They were thus fat and lean according to their pursuits; when actively engaged getting thin and spare, but plumping up to obesity when idle in their wigwams, and only intent on devouring the food their squaws were proud to prepare them. They had love-songs and war-songs, and a war-dance, as to-day; and a temple or burial-hut, where the ancestors lay all in a row, packed neatly away on a kind of table. Of religion they had much the same primitive ideas as Catlin tells us; believing in one greater spirit of all, who was in the form of a godlike hare, and into whose land they went when they died, for a certain term of hunting, eating, and drunken joy. Then they grew old, and came back to the earth again. When they died they said they ran up a high tree, whence they saw the hare-god's beautiful country; and then they ran and ran till they came to the house of a godlike woman, who took them in, fed them with delicious fruits, washed them and made them white as milk, and set them on their way to the hare-god's house again. They said the stars were their ancestors, careering blissfully drunk through the skies. They had an old prophecy among them — very old, no man telling when it first arose — that twice they should conquer the stranger that would come up out of the sea, and on the third time be conquered for ever by him. Poor, painted Indians! their prophecy has come true, for the stranger out of the sea has indeed conquered them definitively and for ever, and their tawny feet are passing from the earth before the white man's mighty step. E. L. L.

AN INTERIOR — VILLAGE GOSSIP.

By — KNIGHT.

FEW foot-travellers through the rural districts of England but must have seen scores of such interiors as this. There yawns the huge chimney, built in days of yore, when wood was almost the sole fuel of domestic use, at least in the southern counties; but now, from the higher cost of coal, the vast cavity partially filled up, and a comparatively modern grate introduced, with a seat at its side. This seat is the place of honour, usually reserved for some village dignitary; there, of an evening, he sits like a king on his throne, canopied over by the lost space of the chimney, with his feet upon the fender. Hardly royal, however, are those assemblages of the village notabilities, but rather resembling what Carlyle has called "Tobacco Parliaments," for each portion of the body politic will mostly find a representative there, and while perfect equality is the professed rule, it is practically tempered by a certain deference to the great man. The space near the fire in these rooms is mostly closed in with a backed seat on each side, shutting off a portion from the outer draft of air. In our engraving there is but one settle, upon which the man before us is seated; travelling handicraftsman he appears to be, if we may judge by the bundle and stick that lie at his feet. The bundle just deposited is not, however, the only burthen he has to get rid of; he has a budget of news — some account of a distant market, or murder in a neighbouring county — to relate to the host, who, pipe in hand, listens eagerly, knowing well that this talk will be of value to him in the evening when his regular customers assemble.

There is much character in Mr. Knight's little picture, which is scarcely larger than our engraving, and the careful finish of its execution deserves high praise. We must however regret that he should have paid so little attention to the composition, which, from its one-sidedness, is glaringly incomplete, whether we regard the conventional rules or not. We strongly suspect that another man was originally intended to be seated in the chimney-corner, and at any rate are sure that the introduction of one would be a great improvement. The picture is at present in Mr. Flatou's collection, Change Alley, Cornhill, to which, since our notice in Part 26, a number of interesting works have been added.



AN INTERIOR—VILLAGE GOSSIP. BY —— KNIGHT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

No. II.—THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

DURING my third year of service in the force I was a frequent visitor in the evenings at the Wrekin Tavern, an establishment well known to most Londoners. My especial business there was to be on the watch for a certain tradesman, whose predilection for convivial, and particularly theatrical society, had led him step by step to distaste for and neglect of his business, and finally to a ruin of a deeper dye than inability to meet pecuniary obligations commonly involves. I waited and watched in vain: Mr. Stephen H—— did not again show himself at his once favourite place of resort, and ultimately effected his escape to America, though the pursuit after him was very hot indeed. As far, therefore, as he was concerned my time was thrown away, and I should have escaped much disquietude had these visits to the Wrekin been wholly barren in professional experience.

It was not to be so: one of the *habitués* of the place was a young and quite unmistakeable Celt, though his name, which I need not write at length, was a common English one. His face was intellectual rather than handsome, but there was much spiritual beauty in his dark eyes and flashing smile. He had, I was told, taken a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, had written with success in the fugitive literature of that capital, and about four months previously to my night-acquaintance with him arrived in London with the manuscript of a five-act tragedy, acceptance of which by the management of one of the large theatres he was still awaiting with a nervous impatience, strongly dashed with misgiving, notwithstanding that all those amongst his tavern-associates to whom he had read the play were unanimously of opinion that it was a work of wondrous genius. C—— was a prime favourite with the frequenters of the Wrekin; quick in repartee, and an ever-flowing fount of genial, if not very exquisite humour: he sang well, too; and one particular song, said to be his own composition both in words and music, twice or thrice during the same evening. It did not much impress me with an idea of his skill as a writer of ballads, it being a mere echo of the sonorous sweetness of Moore's songs, and its main gist to persuade the fair one to whom it was addressed that true wisdom consisted in enjoying herself whilst she could, forasmuch that, though her lips were roses, her eyes stars, her breath the sighs of flowerets in heaven, she might die ere the morrow! Nothing very new or striking in that, it seemed to me. His dramatic genius might, however, be of a higher order than his song power, and if so, I sincerely hoped that its successful manifestation would not be long delayed; for, even to a stranger, it was a sad sight to see a man of evidently great promise so wasting, soiling his golden prime; brightening, night after night, the thick smoke of intoxication with flashes of a genius which, if possibly unequal to the creation of a great tragedy, was certainly of a diviner quality than is vouchsafed to the ordinary run of educated men. The Helicon, the draughts of which I had read inspired or stimulated the poetic soul, was not, I felt quite sure, brandy and water.

There were other circumstances which quickened the sort of languid interest which from the first I felt in the gifted young Irishman. He was himself well dressed, and appeared to be tolerably well supplied with money. His board, I suspected, cost very little; his drink expenses, including frequent treats to others, could not certainly exceed fifteen, or say twenty shillings, per diem—outgoings which a small legacy he had come into possession of just before he left Dublin sufficed as yet to meet. But there was an elderly, grey-haired man, almost constantly sitting by his side at the Wrekin, whose thread-bare habiliments and niggardly expenditure contrasted strangely with the fashionable apparel and lavish outlay of the young man, for whom he evidently felt the tenderest regard, the highest admiration. I noticed that Dobbs, as he was called—(he was, I heard, a now shelved actor, who had been the original Dobbs in some play or farce)—I noticed, I say, that Dobbs would sit for hours over one glass of ale or porter, almost constantly refused to be treated by the thoughtless author, and ever when the hour arrived—a sufficiently late one—for the departure of the general company, made use of every means of persuasion in his power,—tears in his fading eyes, the name of Aileen (which, imperfectly overhearing, I mistook for Ellen), trembling from his thin, shrivelled lips—to induce him to go home; rarely with success. I felt a great respect for the original Dobbs. He might be a bad actor, but he certainly was a true gentleman, spite of his seedy clothes, his utter poverty, and the contaminating associations with which that poverty had forced him into contact.

I wished, in a half-careless way, to know something more of him and his connection with C——, and with that view questioned one Roberts, a conspicuous frequenter of the Wrekin, and, I was informed, a provincial actor of unquestionable talent, against whom so unaccountable a prejudice prevailed amongst the metropolitan managers, that he had never been able to obtain a London engagement. Now, I had closely observed this Roberts, in consequence of a vague notion I entertained that I had somewhere seen him under discreditable circumstances—not, however, being able, after much trying, to remember when or where; and he evidently having no recollection of me, I concluded that a real or fancied resemblance to another person had misled me.

"Is Dobbs, as you call him, related to C——?" I asked, amidst the clink and clatter attending the replenishment of pipes, pots, and glasses, at the conclusion of an uproariously-applauded song.

"Not yet," replied Roberts, in a tone as guarded as my own. "Not yet; but if C——'s play be accepted and prove successful—and I hope my head will never ache till then—they will no doubt be father and son-in-law."

"Dobbs has a daughter, then, whom C—— is courting?"

"Yes; and a very nice girl indeed is Aileen M'Grath, but possessed of no more talent for the stage, which till C—— fell in her way she was intended for, than her stick of a father. As to the play itself, which is to make all their fortunes," continued Roberts, "it will never be accepted by any manager who has not lost his senses, and this the fellows here who praise it

to the skies, and who will drain the conceited Celt of his last shilling before they have done with him, know as well as I do; ay, and they will tell him so too, when that last shilling is spent: not, probably, till then. C—— is as devoid of true dramatic genius," added Roberts, touching the empty glass before him with the end of his pipe, "as this glass is of brandy and water."

I understood the hint quite well, but as I had paid for the last tumbler, I did not see the expediency of acting upon it. The disappointment was a transient one.

"Roberts," said C——, who had left the room for a few minutes, and was passing us on returning to his seat, "Roberts, you will take a glass,—two if you will,—with me this evening?"

"Thou ace of trumps, I will!" exclaimed Roberts, jumping up and grasping C——'s hand with a natural assumption of friendship and esteem decisive of his talent as an actor; "Thou ace of trumps, I will! Ace of hearts, as well as trumps, I should have said."

"Let me tell you," interrupted C——, "why I am in such capital spirits to-night. I met Harley this afternoon, and he assurred me that my play has been read in the green-room to the chiefs of the company by Charles Kemble, and that a most favourable opinion has been expressed; some even predicting that its success will equal that of Knowles's *Virginius*."

"Why, of course it will!" was Roberts's prompt rejoinder: "men are not stocks and stones; they have powers of appreciation; and knowing as we all do, that Knowles's play was made by Macready's acting—itself mere showy melodramatic strutting and spouting, by the way—the superior success of yours is not to be doubted. Waiter," added Mr. Roberts, as that functionary came up, and C—— passed to his place, "two hot brandies and water for me—Mr. C—— pays. Shillingsworths, mind."

The order given, Mr. Roberts relit his pipe, favoured me with an expressive wink, and resumed his former strain of scampish malignity, which I interrupted by a curt "Good night."

During the next two months I looked in at the Wrekin two or three times a week, if I happened to be passing near; almost invariably found C—— there, and knew without inquiring that the fate of his play was still undecided. His clothes were getting seedy, his watch and a diamond breast-pin had disappeared, and his bright young life seemed to be passing under the shadow of a great eclipse. The fire of his wit and humour flashed faintly, at intervals only, and it was painfully manifest that the mental and moral wreck of a fine mind could only be averted by the speedy realisation of the dream of success and fame by which he had been lured from the safe, beaten path of life. The original Dobbs, I observed, was still hopeful, or affected to be so; but his cheerful commonplaces fell upon ears deafer with each passing day to such windy consolation. Several times I was about to counsel the misguided young man to break away at all hazard from the thraldom of a dreaming idleness, and get to work of some sort—literary work, if none other were within his reach—but the half-formed words remained unspoken. What right had I to obtrude advice upon a person with whom I had never exchanged a word? It would have been sheer impertinence to do so.

It was in the stars, nevertheless, that C—— and I should be brought into close communication with each other. It came to pass thus wise.

The day when acceptance or rejection of the play by the Covent Garden management was to be definitively announced had arrived, and C—— awaited at the Wrekin with fierce restlessness the coming of the managerial missive which would decide his fate.

The afternoon had passed away, and evening was wearing late; still it came not, though Roberts, who had volunteered to go and question the stage-manager as to the reason of the delay, had been gone more than an hour. At last Dobbs, unable to bear the cruel suspense any longer, jumped up and left the room, declaring that he would see Mr. Charles Kemble himself, and be back in no time.

He had been gone about ten minutes only when Roberts bounced into the room. Instantly there was a dead silence; the smokers put down their pipes, and C——, trembling in every limb, staggered, as it were, to his feet, and with ashen lips quivered out, "Well?"

"It is *not* well, I am sorry to say," replied Roberts, with a miserable affectation of sympathy. "Mr. Harley is grieved to say that the play has been rejected, and adds, that the MS. will be returned this evening or early to-morrow."

Poor C—— fell down in his seat as if shot, looked round with a wild, ghastly stare, and burst into a fit of laughter! One of the company sitting near proffered him a full glass of hot spirits and water, which he emptied at a gulp. It appeared to still his agitation; and looking round, as if his purpose needed excuse, he muttered some half-incoherent words, to the effect "that after such news he must take a draught of fresh air to revive himself;" and as his fevered eyes met mine in passing me (he knew my vocation), he added, "that he should be back in five minutes, or less."

A vague apprehension of the purpose for which he was hurrying away crossed my mind, and after a lapse of two or three minutes I started up to go in quest of the unfortunate youth.

As I opened the door to go out, I was almost knocked off my legs by the sudden inrush of Dobbs in a state of tremendous excitement, and waving a paper triumphantly aloft.

"Hurra!" he screamed; "hurra! The play will be put in rehearsal immediately. Where's C——?"

Half-a-dozen voices replied that he would be back immediately; and it was then angrily demanded of Roberts why he had just before announced, upon the authority of Mr. Harley, that the play was rejected.

"I did not say of my own knowledge that Mr. Harley had so expressed himself," sullenly rejoined Roberts. "Franks was my informant. I spoke after him."

"Then Franks is a liar!" cried Dobbs. "Here is the genuine article in black and white!" again triumphantly waving aloft the paper in his hand. He next read it with asthmatic stops, adding, "Here it is in black and white, written by Mr. Charles Kemble himself, and given me unsealed, because there was no wax or wafer at hand:—

"'Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

"'Mr. Charles Kemble presents his compliments to Mr.

C——, and is happy to inform him that his admirable play has been definitively accepted by the management, and will be immediately put in rehearsal. If Mr. C—— can make it convenient to call to-morrow at the Theatre, between twelve and two, Mr. Charles Kemble will confer with him upon the business-arrangements consequent upon the acceptance of the play.'

"That 's conclusive, I rather think — a little about the edges!" continued Dobbs. "But why does not C—— return? Surely he cannot be gone home already!"

"No—no—no," was the chorus answer; and Dobbs went on to relate in detail his interview with the great Mr. Kemble. I stayed not to hear him. The apprehension which the peculiar expression of C——'s face as he passed out of the room had excited, coming back upon me, as minute after minute passed away, with augmented force.

I vainly sought for him about the purlieus of the tavern; and as I had made myself acquainted with the whereabouts of his domicile, I stepped briskly in that direction, my sharp walk presently accelerated to a run. Henrietta Street was no great distance, and I soon ascertained he had not been there since he left in the morning. I hurried back as swiftly to see if he had returned to the Wrekin. A few yards from the tavern I met a police-officer, and asked him if he had seen a tall young man, wearing a short cloak and a kind of military fur-cap. Yes, he had, about five minutes before, leaning against a lamp-post in Catherine Street. The officer thought he was tipsy, accosted him, and was rudely repulsed, and the man went on his way with a feeble, staggering pace, but not so much so as to justify police interference. "He was going towards the Strand," added the officer, calling after me. I had concluded so; the mode, in this instance, of accomplishing the mischief which is so swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men having instinctively, as it were, suggested itself to my mind.

The night was bleak and gusty; there were very few persons abroad; the clouded moon afforded barely sufficient light to dimly distinguish objects in the distance; and it was not till I had crossed the Strand at the end of Catherine Street, and proceeded some way along Waterloo Place, that I fancied—believed—I saw Mr. C——. A tall man was standing on the kerb, within a dozen paces of the end of the bridge. Presently a phaeton came rapidly through the gate, the brilliant lamps of which shone for a moment full upon the man's face, and I knew I was not mistaken. C—— was standing still; his suicidal intent, as I judged, checked by the tremendous "perhaps" which makes calamity of such long life. I feared to resolve that hesitation in a fatal sense by showing myself till I was within grappling distance. A false pride would, I dreaded, prompt him to consummate the dreadful purpose of which he would instantly be aware he was suspected.

I therefore crept cautiously along, keeping myself as much as possible in shadow, and had got within perhaps twenty paces of him when he suddenly started off at a run, and passed through the revolving bridge-wicket. I followed hard, but he heard not, or at least appeared not to hear my pursuing steps, and I soon neared him sufficiently to be able to frustrate the design of which I suspected him, should he attempt to put it in execution.

He did attempt to do so, near the middle of the bridge, and in another half minute would have been over the parapet, and whelmed in the deep waters of the river. I caught him first by the cloak, which came away in my hand. The pull, fortunately, checked his spring, and the next moment I seized him firmly round the body, and drew him by main force off the parapet on to the bridge.

"D——n! who are you? And how dare you interfere with me?" he exclaimed. "Loose your hold, or by the living God ——"

"Do not, Mr. C——, take the name of the living God in vain at such a moment. It is useless to struggle. If you persist in doing so I must summon assistance, though I wish to spare you the exposure which ——"

"Ha! I know you now!" he interrupted. "You are the police-fellow who has frequented the Wrekin for some months past. You are a devilish clever lynx-eyed chap, they say, and know, perhaps, as well as I do, that I am not only trodden down into the mire of poverty, but am trembling on the very verge of infamy."

"I know nothing—suspect nothing of the kind, Mr. C——. A young man, with good health and fine talents, is very silly, it seems to me, to attempt drowning himself for nothing of more moment than a passing literary disappointment! Besides," I added, "that fellow Roberts is one whose assertion I would not value at a button's worth. I do not believe he has seen Mr. Harley, or that your play has been rejected."

"What is that?" exclaimed C——, stopping short, and peering eagerly in my face. We were by then slowly returning towards Waterloo Place. "What is that?"

"Before I say another word, Mr. C——, you must give me your word, as a gentleman, that you will never again, under any circumstances, attempt suicide. If you refuse to do so, you will have to appear in the morning before a magistrate."

"Yes—yes. I promise, upon the word of a gentleman (with bitter emphasis upon 'gentleman'). And now, what meant you about Roberts? Your tone and look intimated more, much more than your words. Speak," he added, in a quick, trembling voice. "Do not keep me in suspense, nor mock me!"

I at once ran over what had occurred at the Wrekin after he left, and repeated pretty nearly the very words of Mr. Charles Kemble's note.

He listened with suspended breath; and when my voice ceased, and he felt that what I had said was the truth, his high-strung nerves gave way, and he leant for support upon the balustrade, sobbing like a child.

Now the circumstances did not, to my prosaic mind, warrant—explain, such extreme emotion; and the sentence, "Trembling on the very verge of infamy," which, when uttered by him, had jarred unpleasantly on my ear, recurred painfully. No doubt the young man was in debt; but even should his play prove unremunerative, which I knew enough of such matters to be aware was quite possible, unliquidated liabilities did not usually involve infamy.

C—— presently grew calmer, and we walked on.

I took the liberty of advising him not to return to the Wrekin that night. I would myself look in and bring out Dobbs. He took my counsel; and after I had given him my private address, he and the original Dobbs, now much mystified by my budding intimacy with his son-in-law elect, took their joyous way homeward.

Shortly afterwards the play was advertised in the newspapers and playhouse placards, and was, as well as I could judge, strongly cast.

A few days before the decisive night I received twelve free tickets for the theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. C——'s compliments. C—— had then married Aileen M'Grath, upon the strength of his yet problematical success as a playwright! A rash venture it seemed at the first blush; and yet, if the marriage rescued him from his Wrekin associates, it might turn out to be the most prudent step he could have taken.

As, if I myself should be able to witness the performance, three tickets were all we could make use of, I called at Henrietta Street to return the remainder, which might be more advantageously disposed of. I was then introduced to Mrs. C——, a most sprightly, amiable young woman, with about as loveable a face and figure as one could wish to meet with. Her eyes, I well remember, were of the grey-blue colour, peculiar, as far as my observation has gone, to Irishwomen; and her nose, slightly *retroussé*, added wonderfully to the arch expression of her bright face. No cunning, sinister event cast the faintest shadow upon her clear young brow, and I sincerely hoped, though with much misgiving, that the moral sunshine which illumined her new home would be perennial.

C——, who was going to the theatre, left with me. Once out of the sight and hearing of his wife, the buoyant gaiety he had assumed in her presence suddenly subsided into a stern, gloomy sadness. In reply to my look, questioning the reason of such a change, he muttered something about the precariousness of his position; adding, in a tone of petulant discontent:

"The truth is, Waters, I begin to think I have made a fool of myself, which, by-the-bye, I have a knack of doing, with respect to money arrangements. The Covent Garden management offered me two hundred pounds down for my play, or four hundred if it should run ten consecutive nights, and I—I accepted and signed the latter proposal."

"And rightly so, I should think."

"Well, yes, under ordinary circumstances; but the truth is, that I *must* have one hundred pounds within a fortnight of to-morrow. Should I fail in obtaining it, I shall curse you with my last breath for your interference on the bridge. You need not," he added, forcing a faint laugh, "you need not fix that 'detective' look so sternly upon my face. My position is exactly this: A fortnight ago I took up an acceptance for fifty pounds; an accommodation acceptance, which I had discounted with a City house trading largely with Dublin, by an acceptance by the same party for one hundred pounds at a month, receiving, of course, the difference, without which I could not have married Aileen. The discounters know the circumstances of the acceptor very well. You understand, therefore, that the bill must be paid at maturity."

"Must be paid by you at maturity; because otherwise your friend, the acceptor, might be sued. That is all you fear?"

"What the devil else do you suppose I fear?" he exclaimed, taking care, however, that I should not see his face. "That is fear enough, I think. It struck me," he added more quietly, "that you might know some party who would advance me, in case of necessity, the hundred pounds, upon my legal assignment of my, of course hypothetical, claim upon the Covent Garden management for four hundred pounds."

"I am not acquainted with any such party. The acceptor of the one hundred pound bill," I added, "would, of course, be glad to enter into the arrangement, the realisation of the said hypothetical claim being, you say, your only chance of relieving him of his actual responsibility."

"The old skinflint would not do it," burst out poor C——, with incautious vehemence, "to save his nephew from the gallows!"

"His nephew!"

"Ay; didn't I tell you an uncle was the acceptor? But here we are at the stage entrance to the theatre. Good morning."

I understood better now the purport of the phrase, "Trembling upon the very verge of infamy." Still it was but a suspicion after all from which I drew such frightful conclusions—a suspicion, moreover, which I had no inclination to test the soundness of.

Covent Garden Theatre was full, though not crowded, on the decisive night, and the play, which I thought manifested considerable poetic power, of a didactic kind, but of which the dramatic interest, such as it was, could neither have hurried the pulse nor suffused the eyes of the most susceptible of the auditors, was well enough received, and given out for repetition amidst general but languid applause. It was, I felt, a great pity that C—— had not taken the two hundred pounds. His play, I more than feared, would never run the ten consecutive nights.

It was withdrawn after a sixth representation; and about noon on the day I saw that announcement placarded I looked in at the Wrekin, with the anxious purpose of hearing tidings of the practically unsuccessful dramatic author. To my great surprise C—— was there, in the highest spirits. Leaving his chums, he beckoned me apart, and informed me that his play was temporarily withdrawn, to be shortened, by himself of course, and otherwise rendered more telling as an acting play. "And," added C——, "the management have this very morning paid me one hundred guineas down for the copyright."

"You have lost no time then, I suppose, in taking up your uncle's acceptance?"

"I have sought to do so," he replied, flushing scarlet; "but the City firm have paid it away. It will be due the day after to-morrow, and will, no doubt, turn up in due course. It is payable at my own place, and I shall therefore have no trouble about it. Will you," he added, "stay and take a glass or two of wine with a few friends I expect here presently?"

I abruptly declined the invitation, and left the house. The rest of the day was spent in the performance of duties which kept me in the immediate neigh-

bourhood, and my way home lying past the Wrekin, I dropped in to speak and reason with C——, who, I remembered, with much uneasiness, if but for his young wife's sake, had probably the hundred guineas in his pocket.

There was not one person in the general room, and ordering a glass of ale, I took occasion to ask the waiter what had become of the usual company, and especially of Mr. C——.

"He went away two or three hours ago with a whole lot of them," was the reply. "They are gone to a billiard-room hereabouts, where Mr. C—— and Roberts are to play a dozen games of sixty up for five pounds a game."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, greatly startled. "Why, C—— must be downright mad!"

"That's about it," replied the man; "though it ain't, for me, of course, to holler about what gents do with their money. Roberts," he added, confidentially, "though he swore he knew nothing scarcely about the game—hadn't played it, in fact, for ever so many years—will polish Mr. C—— off in style, depend upon it—though Mr. C—— is, I hear, a fine player. Between ourselves," continued the waiter, with deepening confidence, "Mr. Roberts is a gent that don't mind acting as a billiard-marker at a slap-up West-end establishment, when he's out of luck and an engagement; and that, I've a notion, is one reason why the respectable theatrical gents fight shy of him. He has got, however," added the loquacious servitor, "a prime engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool: eight guineas a-week, I'm told—no less; and starts to-morrow or next day. It's a pity, for poor C——'s sake—who is a real gentleman, and no mistake—that he didn't start yesterday."

"Had C——, who you say is a fine player, taken much wine when he left to play the match with Roberts?"

"He had, sir."

"Do you know where the slap-up West-end billiard establishment, at which Mr. Roberts has sometimes assisted as marker, is situated?"

"I do not. It's pretty much hearsay I've been a letting on, you must understand; and in course," the man added, with his finger on his lip, "mum's the word between us two, whether it's all gospel or not."

I nodded assent, and exit waiter.

I was cudgelling my brains once more as to where I had seen Roberts, the waiter's hint as to his occasional vocation as billiard-marker having narrowed the range of police-vision over which my memory glanced, and the man's face was dimly surging into recollection, when a tumult of voices were heard from without, quickly succeeded by the inrush of seven or eight men all speaking together; the loudest and fiercest being C——, whom the others were striving to soothe into resigned acquiescence in the loss of fifty pounds, which Roberts had got from him by billiard-sharping. C—— was mad with rage—drunk with wine and passion;—rage against himself, not against the winner of his money, he evidently having no suspicion that he had been the victim of unfair play—unfair in this particular, that your opponent, knowing himself to be a superior player, against whom you positively have not the ghost of a chance, pretends that he knows little or nothing about the game. The only word-sedative to which C—— was not wholly insensible was a promise, many times iterated, that Roberts would give him his "revenge" the next day!

I listened in sad silence, knowing as I did that I was witnessing a fearful tragedy, upon the last act of which the curtain was about to rise. C—— drank furiously,—tossed brandy down his throat as if he therewith hoped to quench the fiery arrows of remorse—to sweep from his burning brain the images of ruin, shame, despair, which I could not doubt were trooping through it with ceaseless continuity.

At last I interposed. Rising abruptly, I approached C——, touched him on the arm, and said I wished to—nay, that I *would* see him home at once. He had not observed me before, and my sudden appearance greatly startled him. I comprehended the mortal fear which, in his half-frenzied state, whitened his flushed face and shook his frame, and I hastened to say, "It's getting late, Mr. C——; you are not yourself, and I will see you home."

He complied with the helpless submissiveness of a child, and taking his arm within mine to steady him, we left the place. Neither of us, I think, spoke till we were at the door of No. 2 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

"You will say nothing to my wife?" he whispered.

"Nothing that is not absolutely necessary to be said: I shall tell her that you have fifty pounds about you, which she must take possession of; and that I shall be here early to-morrow."

The door opened before C—— could make any reply: he was got to bed, and I had a conference with Mrs. C—— and her father. A very painful one. I did not want to talk about the one hundred pounds acceptance—to know anything concerning it, except as to the means of meeting it on the next day but one. "There are no means," sobbed the pale, nervous wife; "none—no resource—no hope! O my husband!" saying which, she swooned in her father's arms; and he, too, was crying like a child.

The next morning I was told that C—— was delirious, and that a serious attack of brain-fever was apprehended. I learned, also, that had he avoided the snare set for him by Roberts, prosperous and happy days were, in all likelihood, in store for him and his; a note having been received from the manager of a great morning paper, offering C—— a reportership in the "Gallery,"—as reporting the speeches of noble lords and honourable members is, I believe, technically termed,—at a weekly salary of five guineas, C——'s stenographic skill being, I had before heard, remarkable.

What was to be done? What could I do to compel that rascal Roberts to refund the fifty pounds, of which he had swindled C——? Ay, and to refund the fifty pounds before twenty-four hours had passed away! That was the question of questions!

The ransack of my memory anent Roberts had at last suggested that I had seen him at the Marlborough Street Police Office, as a prisoner in a gambling case, of which Kearns, a very active officer, had the management. I could remember nothing of the result of the

investigation, but there could certainly be no harm, and might be much good, in advising with Kearns as to the present very pressing matter.

I did so; and at about half-past eleven in the forenoon Kearns and I—having previously matured our plan of action—entered the public-room of the Wrekin, where we found Mr. Roberts. He was in splendid feather. The successful swindle of the previous day, and his engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, had puffed him up amazingly; and he was unusually mouthy, boastful, and ostentatiously generous. He was gracious enough to present me with a glass of wine. I declined the favour, and he then offered it to my companion. Clever actor as he might be, he never made a more natural start of surprise and consternation than when he recognised Kearns.

"Mr. Calvert, I believe," said Kearns, not too loud—"a gentleman whom I once had the honour to——".

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Roberts. "Step this way," he added, after a flurried glance at the company. "I have a word to say to you in private."

He led the way to an adjoining room, whither, after conferring together, we followed.

Roberts had already ordered in wine, which he pressed us to partake of.

"I shall take nothing at your expense, nor with you," said Kearns: "you have been at your old swindling tricks again, I hear."

"What right have you to address me in that style?" retorted Roberts, endeavouring to put on a frontlet of defiance.

"*Your* style won't do for me, my fine fellow," rejoined Kearns: "so you had better not try it on. The state of the case is this," continued Kearns, "and no two ways about it. A certain person, Calvert *alias* Roberts by name, was detected in swindling a rich young greenhorn by billiard-sharping; also of having palmed off upon a drunken country yokel a note of the Bank of Elegance for a genuine twenty-pound note. Well, neither of the two cheated gents would appear against Calvert *alias* Roberts; that respectable individual having, with as many oaths as would fill a bushel basket, swore to leave off his swindling ways and live honestly for the future. Well now, here it is; I know where to drop upon one of them bamboozled gents in less than half-an-hour—my friend Waters keeping you company the while; and when I inform said bamboozled gent that you have been and robbed a poor fellow of fifty pounds by the old dodge, it strikes me you 'll be likely to make your appearance in Marlborough Street, instead of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool."

This bounce on the part of my friend Kearns was very well done; but judging from the dogged expression which, as he was speaking, overgrew Roberts's face, I, more than doubting its success, struck in before he could reply:

"One effect of which appearance at Marlborough Street, in your real name of Roberts, would be to certainly put an end to your Liverpool engagement; even supposing that the evidence should in a legal sense break down; which could, however, hardly be, fortified as it would be by yesterday's billiard-sharping."

This was too plain to be disputed, and Roberts's countenance fell wofully.

"In neither of the cases mentioned," he presently said, "did I commit any fraud; and I cannot believe that in this country the criminal law can be put in motion to force a man—for I see your object—to refund his fair winnings."

"We have nothing to do, Mr. Roberts, with your refunding of fair or unfair winnings. You will act in that respect as you think fit. Meanwhile, my friend Kearns will go and seek out the party who declined to prosecute on a former occasion, and whilst he is gone, though I may not take Calvert *alias* Roberts into custody, I shall certainly not lose sight of him. Be quick as you can, Kearns," I added. The officer said he should be back in no time, and hurried off.

"This insolent humbug does not impose upon me," said Roberts: "not a bit of it; and were it not for the public scandal, and the probable loss in consequence of the Liverpool engagement, I would see you both in flames before I would part with a penny of my lawful winnings."

"I have nothing, I again say, to do with your lawful or unlawful winnings; but as certainly as that you are a practised blackleg, I shall immediately advise Mr. C—— to apply for a summons against you: and I have no doubt that he will forthwith act upon that advice."

"D—n you and your advice!" exclaimed Roberts, with choking rage: "I am in a cursed fix, and yet——"

"I shall go and speak to Mr. C—— at once," said I, rising to go. "Prompt action in all such cases is advisable, and we shall always be able to find Mr. Roberts, otherwise Calvert, in Liverpool or elsewhere."

I then left, and walked towards Henrietta Street, still very dubious as to the result. Mr. C——, his wife told me, was much calmer, and I had barely time to caution her not to speak of his illness, or to accept of less than the fifty pounds, when there was a violent ring at the first-floor bell, and peeping through the blind, the original Dobbs announced that Roberts was at the door.

"Mrs. C——," said that worthy, still in a flaming rage, "that insolent puppy of a Peeler, Waters, is, I know, now with your husband, trying to persuade him to trump up a charge of cheating against me, knowing well, as he does, that such a charge—false, absurd as it is—would just now utterly blast my prospects. I therefore return the fifty pounds which I fairly won of your husband; under solemn protest, mind you. Here are the identical notes, and the devil give you joy of them!"

Victory! Hurra!

The terrible bill was duly paid upon presentation next day. At least, I judged so from the renewed brightness of Mrs. C——'s countenance when I called in the evening. An hour or thereabouts previously I had the honour of touching my hat to Mr. Roberts, in response to that gentleman's clenched fist shaken savagely at me from the box-seat of the Liverpool night-coach.

Mr. and Mrs. C—— emigrated with their young family, some six or seven years after the occurrences I have roughly penned; with much advantage, I have reason to believe, to their fortunes. The original Dobbs went with them.



COTTAGE INDUSTRY. BY J. HENZELL.

This is what may be styled an example of a quietest order of subject: a theme which, possessing little interest in itself, yet becomes agreeable to us from association of ideas; a sort of refraction, so to speak, of an imaginary golden age, such as every one of us has in his fancy; an idiosyncratic Arcadia, in which we wrap ourselves at will, like the Homeric gods in their odorous and refulgent clouds. Many a pretty little idyl has been written on a weaker theme than that chosen by Mr. Henzell, albeit mending of hose be the occupation of his subject. What a long line of poets have refreshed the ages with pretty conventionalities respecting this same incident—not the mending of hose, but the loitering at cottage-doors. Into what ecstasies have they gone about cottages near to woods, "purling streams," "sunset rays," "verdant meads," "golden clouds," "happiness," "bliss," &c. &c. Mr. Henzell's little work exhibits a girl in a pose of some simplicity of design, easily composed, and not ungracefully leaning herself against the jamb of the house. The position of the shadows tells us that the sun is going down; and perhaps this may account for the damsel coming outside to finish her task with the benefit of his last beams. Maybe there is another cause; an approaching footstep evidently reaches the dog's ears, for he looks lively and aroused. "The Appointed Hour" might have done almost as well for a title as "Cottage Industry," which surely must be a sort of sarcasm on the part of Mr. Henzell, for the industry that could so fiercely display itself might have found an imitator in some other of the family inhabiting the cottage, who could have mended the door-step, and pulled up the weeds that grow between the chinks of the stones. It seems probable that this sort of labour will be accomplished by the "industry" of the "coming man;" for surely a man is coming, as the whole pretension of the picture is to that suggestion. The damsel is to be found outside the door by the merest accident, and when the right man comes it is, "Dear me! how strange! Who 'd have thought to see you to-night? A beautiful evening. Won't you come in?"—all said in the most natural manner in the world, as if our "industrious" cottager had not been listening with beating heart for the sound of the footsteps up the road during the last half hour, and wishing that she were gifted with a sense of hearing as acute as the dog's, so that she might catch them sooner than it is the lot of humanity to do.

Mr. Henzell's picture is in Mr. Flatou's gallery, Change Alley, Cornhill.

SIR WILLIAM PEEL.*

YEARS, long years, are past and gone
Since on life's threshold we two met;
But Memory still lives on, lives on,
And claims, with ruthless hand, her debt.
The pleasant fancies which she brought
To brighten what was bright before,
Now, turned to ashes in the thought,
Must still be paid for o'er and o'er.

Yes, years, long years, are past and gone,
But there are souls so truly great
They cannot wholly be withdrawn—
We meet them as we meet our fate.
Friendship or love,—it matters not
What we have felt; for good or ill,
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot,
Their widening sphere must reach us still.

So with the gallant WILLIAM PEEL,—
The years are nought since in the flesh
We parted. What I felt I feel;—
Thy words, thy looks, stand out more fresh
Than flowers in rain: such storm of tears
As I have shed for thee had swept
The dust of many more long years
From pictures far less fondly kept.

A chalice, sparkling to the brim,
With humour and with feeling glowing,
But never in the wildest whim
Incontinently overflowing:
Such was thy cordial soul; and still,
As I behold thee young and wise,
I see the rebel thoughts thy will
Sent up to perish in thine eyes.

Thine was a hand which knew no stain;
Whereon the sacrificial blood
Of foemen, for thy country slain,
Had nought to cover or make good:
A hand which never yet had seal'd
The pledge of falsehood; no, not even
With woman, where the truest yield
Their faith, and lightly are forgiven.

And so, lost friend, I look with pride
Back to the time when we two made
Those steps on life's way side by side:
Now through the dim and vaulted shade
Of college cloisters,—everywhere
Music of voices, young and sweet,
Quick'ning the pulses of the air
With such vibration as was meet;

Now from the round dome looking out
Upon the old historic places,
And holding high discourse about
The dead who left undying traces
Upon their country and their age;—
And even then I surely feel,
That on some yet unwritten page
Will live the name of WILLIAM PEEL.

The thoughts of all those mighty dead,
And of their deeds, so sharply rang
Within thee, making as they sped
Upon the living chords a clang
So true—I could not doubt thy soul
Kept unison of time and tune
With such, but dream'd not that thy goal
Of earthly fame had come so soon.

The pictures of the Past sweep on,
Like fragments of some mighty wreck;
I gaze upon them one by one,
And let them go; I dare not seek,
In such a world of death and change,
E'en in a mould of words to cast
The scatter'd spoils, or re-arrange
The dust from which the life has past.

There came a day when Destiny—
His destiny, which was so high—
Darken'd the space 'twixt him and me,
As mountains veil the morning sky;
And all my being through and through
Confess'd the power of the spell:
I thought, "He has his work to do;"
I said, "God speed you, and—farewell!"

And since that day he has but been
A moving shadow in my dreams,
Which I have often track'd unseen
While watching in its flickering gleams
The household fire; deep in that shade,
So safe and sweet which I have found,
I've mark'd each climbing step he made,
As from a covert vantage-ground.

I watch him when the Desert stars
Light up his wanderings in the Past;
Oh, steadfast heart, with all its scars,
To hold so high a purpose fast!
His stanch blue-jackets in his rear,
I see him leap upon the shore
At grim Sebastopol, and hear
His cheering shout above the roar.

He lends a skilful hand, and free,
Wherever there is work to do;
The best beloved of captains he,—
The ablest seaman of his crew.
He helps his cannons up the steep,
He plants the Union Jack above,
And while the rockets whirl and sweep,
He tends it with a desperate love.

No hand less worthy than his own
Must keep the emblem up on high;
The flag stands like a king, alone,—
And, like a king, must never die!
At Inkermann I see him then,
Stern, dauntless, helpful, and I wist
Not if he grows beneath my ken,
Or seems to grow but in the mist!

I see him heave the smouldering shell,
And risk his own for humbler lives;
For though he stands alone, he still
Can think of weans and feel for wives.

* "That young and noble son of the great Sir Robert, equally valiant on land as on sea, whose premature loss has been a sort of national calamity."—MONTALEMBERT, *Un Débat sur l'Inde*.

He leads the storming party on,
  He burns to enter at the breach,
As if he through that porch alone
  The lady of his thoughts could reach.

Now wounded, faint, he falls—no more,—
  The tide leaps over him—he can
No longer tempt that bristling door,
  Or press towards the arm'd Redan.
For God and for his country's right
  Striving, he ever seem'd to me
The model of a Christian knight,—
  A true young Bayard of the sea.

Years, years—more years! the scene of war
  Is changed; our England holds her own,
With struggles fiercer, deadlier far,
  And stands in all the world alone.
Dark faces, darker yet with hate,
  Wild, glitt'ring eyes, bent brows beneath,
Swarm in the land of palm and date,
  The spawn of some fell dragon's teeth.

They hurtle round each scatter'd band,
  They —— no, be never told again
Their deeds of hell! If every sand
  Were bolted through the Indian main,
The ruby stain of babies' blood,
  The tears of woman's shame, man's groans,
Would still defy the cleansing flood,
  And cry from out the wave-wash'd stones!

The tale of blood I dared not brave,
  But knew it still—the very air
The damning tidings wave on wave
  In dull vibrations seem'd to bear.
Revolted, sick, I turn'd aside
  Mine eyes, and sought that other sea,—
"Champion, Avenger, come!" I cried,
  "This cause is worthy e'en of thee!"

He answer'd to my inward call;
  The "Shannon" shook down every reef,
She bore upon the scene with all
  Her eager hands; her fiery chief
Had found at last the work, the word,
  Which solv'd the problem of his life,—
The restless love which in him stirr'd
  Had nobler ends than child or wife.

Our God had chosen him to bear,
  In consort with his gallant brothers,
Succour to high hearts in despair,
  And curse of wrathful death to others.
Each shot, which booming leaves the gun,
  Is as a fiery letter of
That double message sent by One,
  The God of Battles and of Love.

Let others set down, line by line,
  The deathless deeds which dazzled eyes
More calm and cold than these of mine,
  Without the tears that in them rise:
The shadow I have watch'd so long
  Has grown, has grown, and looms so grand,
It darkens all my page—my song
  Is hush'd—the pen falls from my hand.

That deepening shade portends the whole,—
  Thy sun is set, brave WILLIAM PEEL!
Oh, never to Death's muster-roll
  Has answer'd tongue more frank and leal!
Thy labour in the vineyard here,
  So prompt, so eager, is complete;
Begun ere yet the day was near,
  And finish'd in the noontide heat.

True minister, bright sword of God,
  Most finely temper'd to His hand!
Thou blossomest like Aaron's rod,
  Thy shadow spreads o'er all the land.
Thy name so high, thy deeds so brave,
  Will fructify through untold years,
Deep-rooted in an early grave,
  And water'd by a nation's tears.

The youth who in the future must
  Uphold our name by land and sea,
Will tenfold venerate a trust
  Bequeath'd to them by such as thee:
The weapons which could only fall
  To other hands when thine was cold,
Will be the pride and boast of all,
  And only with dear life be sold.

There, resting in thine Indian grave,
  Thy royal crown of fadeless youth
Will draw for ever o'er the wave
  The homage and the tender ruth
Of maidens yet unborn, who still
  At such a hero-shrine will prove,
That souls with purer light can fill
  Than ever came of mortal love.

And if again that tainted land
  Can ever be a home for aught
Of English birth,—if that pale band
  Of victims sacrificed to naught,
Can ever from our mem'ry fade,
  It will be when we think of one
Who, self-devoted, calmly paid
  With life what he had bravely done.

So will the martyr's end be brought
  To stand those ghastly wrongs before,
And sweeten with a noble thought
  The records e'en of black Cawnpore;
So wilt thou, WILLIAM PEEL, in death,
  As life, do service for the boon
Owed to thy country in the breath
  Paid back to her, alas! too soon.

I see thee still, but thou art far
  Away—hast dropp'd with earthly needs
All earthly aims, and like a star
  Shin'st forth in vesture of bright deeds.
I see not yet as I shall see;
  But while all else is left below,
Upon thy breast there seems to be
  A symbol which I surely know.

If Valour be with Virtue one,
  As wisest men of old profess'd,
The glorious deeds which thou hast done
  Must still shine brightly on thy breast:

Through mortal blindness I can *feel*
The *thing*, but only *see* the *sign*;
So in my dreams, brave WILLIAM PEEL,
The Cross of Valour still is thine!

Farewell, farewell! I cannot wed
Thy living name to living song,
But drop a flower, whose leaves are shed
And borne on stormy sighs along,
Upon thy grave;—I promis'd thee
In byegone days it should be so.
Now all is done 'twixt thee and me,
And ended for this world below.

OUR FOREIGN TEACHERS.

In the vision which the Prophet saw, as he stood by the bank of the Eastern river, increase of locomotion was attended by advance of knowledge. The first condition of this happy combination has certainly been fulfilled in the nineteenth century, for never was there a time in which men so "ran to and fro;" and may we not, without vanity, add, that knowledge has progressed since the year when Darius, king of the Medes and Persians, lorded it over the captive Jews? To say that there is a close relationship of cause and effect between journeying much and knowing much, is only to repeat Bacon's often quoted aphorism, that "Travel is a part of education;" to reiterate the well-worn platitudes of the schoolboy's theme, and to summon from his grave Ulysses, the once living witness to our assertion.

Nor do we only obtain fresh stores of knowledge by our intercourse with other nations. We at the same time enlarge our powers of receiving and retaining knowledge. Respect for the teacher is more than half the lesson; we become apt scholars only when we believe that our instructors have really something to impart to us. It is but a few years since we first began to surmise that wisdom was not the peculiar heritage of Englishmen. The true-born Briton of the days when the little Corsican soldier was a babe in arms, considered himself unworthy of his race and name if he did not look down with supreme contempt upon all foreigners, or Frenchmen—for the terms were synonymous. Now it is considered a mark of low breeding to disparage other people in order to glorify ourselves.

The Latin saying, that the unknown is always considered wonderful, was never true in England. Long before we cared to make acquaintance with foreign institutions we despised them. Further intimacy with them has scarcely increased our respect for them. Cosmopolitans we may deem ourselves when we discuss the literature of other countries, but not when we converse on foreign politics. Spite of Mr. Carlyle's teaching, we never shall learn to exalt the man of iron will and stern resolution; our hearts go with men of quite another class, with writers who know what true freedom is: to them we offer the open hand, especially if they should come endowed with the wonderful eloquence, with the fire and fervour of a Montalembert. Dear old Royalist Herrick thought that a king who was bound by rules of right was no king.

"That prince who may do nothing but what is just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust,"

instead of from Heaven direct, as those who wept for martyred Charles supposed. This doctrine appears to have revived the other side of La Manche. Laws, it is asserted, were made for the people, not for the ruler.

"The gods to kings the judgment give to sway,
The subjects only glory to obey."

If this be true, there is nothing to excite our wonder or our indignation in a certain memorable trial lately holden. A brilliant author may have broken no law by writing in terms of affectionate admiration of English institutions, and, by inference, condemning certain other institutions not similar to the English; nevertheless, it is the will of an emperor, elected by the free choice of eight millions of his subjects, that they who once had liberty to choose shall not have liberty to repent their choice, or, at any rate, to express their sorrow in words.

Making all allowances for gratified national vanity, we shall not exaggerate when we give to Count Montalembert the palm of the most brilliant amongst a nation of brilliant writers. His work of some three years ago, wherein he strove to forecast the "Political Future of England," his last celebrated pamphlet,* wherein he warns the men whom he loves so well, of the dangers that await them, are examples of luminous logic and most eloquent rhetoric, such as the *Institut* itself would find it hard to parallel. How proud would Cicero have been of such a client as he who lately pleaded in a common police-court of Paris! How vehemently Demosthenes would have hurled forth defiance against an enemy of liberty more crafty than Philip of Macedon! The prototype of our modern despot would have found reason to repent that he ever was guilty of so insane an act as to punish a man for speaking a notorious truth. He would have mourned all his life long that he even rendered himself so shameful in the eyes of the world. But Louis Napoleon is not so tender-conscienced.

The spiritual courtiers that throng the Imperial antechamber, the consecrated perverters of facts to their own bad uses, have not yet succeeded in suppressing all literature which is not written after the fashion of the *Univers*, otherwise we should have been deprived of the great pleasure that we have received from M. Ernest Renan's *Studies on Religious History*.† This intensely interesting volume, which comprises essays on "the History of the People of Israel," on "the Religions of Antiquity," "the Historic Critics of Christ," on Mahomet, Calvin, Channing, Feuerbach and the new school of Hegel, on the Life of the Saints, the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, who is asserted to be a very different person to Thomas à Kempis, and on Ary Scheffer's picture of the "Temptation," is a revised collection of articles that have been previously published disconnectedly. These papers are for the most part of a too purely theological character for us to review at any length. We mention the volume here, as it is one of the most brilliant and most noted works

* *Un Debat sur l'Inde au Parlement anglais.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *Etudes d'Histoire religieuse.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut, &c. 3me édition, revue et corrigée. Paris: Michel Levy, frères. 1858.

that have appeared in Paris during the past year. Two extracts must suffice as a specimen of M. Renan's style, the first displaying the philosopher, the second the artist.

"The Religion of Antiquity was, like ancient society, founded on exclusion; it was a liberal and national religion, it was made neither for the slave nor the stranger. The first condition requisite to obtain admission to the mysteries was the declaration that the applicant was not a barbarian. Ancient Greece showed herself even more exclusive. There, each promontory, each stream, each mountain, each village, had its legend. The worship of the woman was not the same as that of the man; the worship of the sailor was not that of the agriculturist, nor was the agriculturist's that of the soldier. Hercules and the Dioscuri, in order to take part in the Eleusinia, were compelled to get themselves adopted by the Athenians. Rome prepared the great idea of Catholicity; all the gods were common to all civilised people; but the barbarian and the slave were still subject to a religious incapacity, and it was a strange novelty when St. Paul dared to say, there is no longer Jew nor Greek, there is no more slave nor master, there is no more male nor female, for you are all one in Jesus Christ."

M. Ary Scheffer, whose loss all true lovers of art in its highest form have so lately mourned, needs no introduction. The painter of the Marguerite of *Faust*, and the Francesca di Rimini of the *Inferno*, requires no elaborate praise. M. Renan's remarks on the *tentation* are interesting, therefore, not as an eulogy, but for the discriminating power which they manifest in the writer. Irresistibly as we read his words are we reminded of another and very different picture, the most intensely devotional work in all modern, and we had almost said mediæval, art. Who that listens to the following criticism will not recall that form of royal majesty, that face wherein kingly dignity and manly suffering are so wonderfully mingled, which we have learnt to associate with the "Light of the World?"

"Nothing can equal the calmness, the grandeur, the lofty serenity of the 'Christ' of M. Scheffer. His celestial origin shines out far more in the majesty of his port, in his lofty shape, in his proud and lofty bearing, than in the circle of saintly glory which surrounds his head. These are all the essential characteristics of true beauty, not as ancient art understood them in their material, and always somewhat brutal crudeness; but tempered, mortified, refined by a fast of forty days, by the mountain cold and solitude. Nevertheless we would say, that the 'Satan' of M. Scheffer, appears to us superior to his 'Christ.' Evil is more easy to express than good, hell than heaven. Good is uniform, and might almost be termed monotonous; good is even, by its nature, beyond all representation; and it is in some degree to lower it when we attempt to render it by material aids. The figure of 'Christ,' had it been drawn by the pencil of angels, like the Madonnas of Angelico, would still ever have been inferior to our ideal. Evil, on the contrary, offers variety and shades without number. Evil would be banished from this world, were the artist forbidden to preserve it as a mythological personage and an excellent fiction."

From M. Renan to an author whom he admires so much as M. Jules Bonnet, is a natural transition. *The Life of Olympia Morata*,* on which the little German sketch of *Ottilie Wildermuth*† is based, is a most interesting contribution to Mediæval Biography.

* *Vie d'Olympia Morata. Episode de la Renaissance et de la Réforme en Italie.* Par Jules Bonnet. 3me édition. Revue et augmentée. Paris: Charles Meyrueis.

† *Olympia Morata ein Christliches Lebensbild, bearbeitet.* Von Ottilie Wildermuth. Stuttgart: Scheitlin.

Olympia Morata was one of the Ladies of the Reformation in Italy who, like Renée, duchess of Ferrara, and Vittoria Colonna, marchioness of Pesecara, have left a reputation for great learning, beauty, and sincerity of religious devotion. Highly educated as women are in these days, it would be difficult to find one so thoroughly versed in the ancient languages, at least, as was Olympia. It should be remembered that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that which we now call "Bluestockingism" was not looked upon with the disfavour that it excites amongst ourselves. To have read Plato in his own glorious language was no mark of an unfeminine mind, nor would it have been thought pedantry for a lady to correspond with her chosen friend in choicest Greek. The professional chairs at the Italian Universities were several times filled by fair and gentle doctors, who discoursed eloquently or profoundly on jurisprudence, mathematics, and philosophy. Queens and highborn dames kept open house for men of note in the republic of letters, and in the age of the Medici the scholar was received with all the honours once paid to Frauenlob, prince of minstrels. An old French author has spoken discreetly and well on the much-vexed question of female education. Let those, he says, whose station in life renders it necessary that they should give up all their time to the details of household economy, fulfil the duty that is clearly set before them; but for those who can command the services of others, it is lawful and right that they should devote themselves to liberal studies, that so the children brought up by such mothers may of their own free-will be wise, and eloquent, and skilled in the arts and sciences.

But what shall we say then for Olympia, who, born in poverty and obscurity, gave herself up from earliest childhood to the study of the "Grand Old Masters?" Hers was a clear case of the uselessness of forcing the natural bent and disposition of the mind. Most dreary and tiresome to her was all the drudgery of household cares. In after years, when she was happily freed from it, and at liberty to devote herself entirely to the companionship of the Greek and Roman sages, she narrates in Greek verses her joy at having escaped the bondage to which her sex is commonly subject.

Through the kindness of Renée, duchess of Ferrara —"the Good Duchess," as she was always styled— Olympia was called upon to reside at the ducal palace, in order that she might superintend the studies of Anne d'Este, daughter of Renée. Here she spent a few happy years, blest in the companionship of scholars who crowded from all parts of Europe, and especially from England, to the then celebrated University of Ferrara.

But clouds soon darkened round her fair horizon. Olympia was reserved for a higher purpose than the study of heathen philosophy. The bright light that shone over Europe during the earlier half of the sixteenth century was to beam upon her as well; and, though its rays were at first shrouded in mists of sore trouble, she soon felt the illuminating and cheering influence. Olympia was compelled to leave the court, and, cast off by those in power, she was speedily forsaken by all the heartless crowd that fluttered round her, when she was yet the admired of all admirers. In her distress and loneliness, a young German physician, Andreas Grunthler by name, who had long loved her,

but who, "when he saw her only at rare intervals, surrounded by the glory of her wide-spread fame of fortune and court-favour, had not ventured to offer his obscure name, his far-off home, in exchange for her bright and glowing fatherland," now that she was abandoned by the whole world bravely told his love, and was rewarded for his chivalrous faithfulness. The lovers were married in 1550, and soon after turning their backs upon the plains of Italy, set out for the cold, and to Olympia, forbidding North. After a time they settled down at Schweinfurt. Most unhappily as it proved. The lawless bands which, pretending to bear the sword in behalf of civil and religious freedom, had spoiled cities and devastated whole tracts of country, at length took shelter from the common indignation in this same town. Thither the armies of the princes who had been outraged advanced in most formidable numbers. For fourteen months the doomed town was strictly surrounded, and incessantly attacked with artillery. The Markgraf Albrecht, the guilty cause of all this ruin, finding his resources exhausted, abandoned the place, and left the luckless inhabitants to their fate. They received no mercy. Young and old were murdered in one indiscriminate slaughter. Schweinfurt was set on fire, and those who had not fallen by the sword suffered a more cruel death. Olympia Grunthler escaped almost by a miracle. But though safe from these dangers, they were overwhelmed by countless others. Plundered, imprisoned, in hourly fear of death, and, what was worst of all, separated from each other, the husband and wife, together with Olympia's little brother, Emilio, who had accompanied them from Italy, well-nigh gave themselves up to despair. Finding refuge at last with generous and noble friends, it was only for a short time that they were permitted to enjoy the blessings of rest and security. Olympia never recovered from the effects of that terrible flight from Schweinfurt. Gradually she faded away, and at the early age of twenty-nine, after only five years of wedded life, she sank gently to rest in the arms of her sorrowing husband. He did not long survive her. Within two months he once more joined her whom he had loved so truly. The boy, Emilio, was not left a stranger in a foreign land; death mercifully took him home. The three were buried in one grave, in the church of St. Peter at Heidelberg, where the triple epitaph is still to be seen.

This sad history is touchingly and eloquently told by M. Bonnet, in a book which, presented to the *Faculté des Lettres* at Paris, obtained for him his doctor's degree. We look forward with much pleasure to his promised biography of Renée, "the Good Duchess."

To pass from the *Olympia Morata* of M. Bonnet to the *Ulrich von Hutten** of Dr. Strauss, is like a sudden turning of the eyes from the brilliant colouring of an Italian painting to the sombre dulness of a photograph. The difference in style between the literature of France and Germany is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of these two books. In the one case we have the leading events of the narrative told in a few vivid chapters, and all the accessory incidents grouped round so as to form an artistically historic background. In the other case we have two elaborate volumes, of some seven hundred and fifty pages, in which any circumstances that at all concern the hero are detailed with wearisome minuteness and most cumbersome conscientiousness. No regard is had to historic proportion, and the biography is nothing better than a chronological catalogue of most stirring events, written in the driest and most prosaic style. No one will question the claim of German writers to industry; but surely diligence is not necessarily allied with dulness. The contrary, in fact, is proved by two eminent writers in our own country, who certainly cannot be reproached for want of research, and yet, in the histories of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Froude,

"Gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall comes sweeping by;"

and we find ourselves face to face with living men and women, instead of being put off with a bundle of actions tied together, and labelled with the names of those who were once full of fierce life and energy.

Most fiercely energetic was Ulrich von Hutten, one of the notabilities of the German Reformation. Born in 1488, five years after Luther, he threw himself with heart and soul, but with more valour than discretion, into the cause of the Monk of Wittenberg. Being weak and sickly in body, he, too, was intended by his father for a recluse, and was sent to the monastery of Fulda, with the hope that one day he might rise to the dignity of abbot. But the living death of the cloister was intolerable to the fiery-spirited neophyte. Having in vain besought his father to free him from the irksome restraint for which he was so unfitted, he took his fate into his own hands, and broke his own bonds asunder. Dire was the paternal wrath at this act of rebellion; utterly immovable the resolve that no help should be given to the offender until he had manifested his repentance by returning to Fulda. This was quite out of the question. Our hero might starve, but he would not surrender. He went to the University at Erfurt, and there gave himself up to study, being supported by the liberality of friends. From Erfurt he went to Cologne and to Frankfort-on-Oder. Here he was attacked by the plague, which then ravaged Europe. He escaped with life, but with a shattered constitution. Afterwards sailing over the Baltic, he suffered shipwreck and loss of everything. Delivered from this peril, he had to beg his way from village to village, knocking at the door of the humblest cottage and entreating for a crust of bread. At length he arrived at Griefswald, where, meeting with friends, he was enrolled among the students of the university. Soon after, having the ill fortune to displease those who had assisted him, he had to leave Griefswald, and to travel on foot, through all the inclemency of a northern winter, to Rostock. On his way thither he was attacked by thieves, and robbed even of the clothes that he wore. At Rostock, Ulrich came to terms with his father, and agreed to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence at one of the Italian seats of learning so celebrated at that time. Arrived at Pavia, he found himself soon involved in new misfortunes, arising out of the wars that then devastated the peninsula. He was taken prisoner, plundered, but afterwards being set at liberty again, he joined the German army, and was present at the siege of Padua.

* *Ulrich von Hutten*, Von David Friedrich Strauss. Zwei Theile. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

At this time a most tragic event occurred in the Hutten family, which called forth the powers of Ulrich as accuser and satirist in the highest degree. Hans, the cousin of our hero, had for some time holden a post of honour and dignity at the court of the Duke of Wurtemburg. Prince and courtier were on terms of closest friendship, for the latter was brave and handsome, an adept at all manly sports, of a noble disposition, and warm affections. It was not wonderful that so perfect a chevalier should win the love of the most beautiful lady at the court, and a happy marriage was celebrated between the valiant Hans and the lovely Ursula. But trouble was in store for the newly-wedded pair. The Duke had long felt a lively passion for the maiden, and did not strive to repress it now that there was the double obstacle of her marriage and his own to another lady. High words passed between the young husband and his treacherous friend and master. The Duke humbled himself before his servant, but thenceforth became his secret enemy. The end was not far off. One day, the Duke being fully armed, took occasion, as he was out riding, to draw aside Hans, who was without weapons; most treacherously he attacked him, stabbed him in seven places, and then hung up his body ignominiously from the branch of a tree. The sorrow of the Hutten family was loud and deep. They soon found a spokesman for their indignation in Ulrich, who in burning words called upon all Christendom to revenge the foul wrong done, not only to one family, but to the whole order of knighthood. Letter after letter, if anything so passionate can be called by so mild a word, he sent forth, each more tremendous than the last; so that by common consent he was proclaimed the Cicero, the Demosthenes, of Germany.

A less tragic, but far more important contest, in which Hutten eagerly engaged, was that between Reuchlin and Pfefferkorn; in other words, between learning and enlightenment on the one side, and ignorance and bigotry on the other. In the year 1509, one Pfefferkorn, a miserable converted Jew, wishing to curry favour with his new fellow-religionists, induced the Inquisition of Cologne to obtain an order for the destruction of all Hebrew books except the Bible, asserting that they contained many blasphemies against the Christian religion. Reuchlin, called also by the Greek synonym of Capnion, a learned monk, and especially versed in Jewish literature, remonstrated with the Emperor against so barbarous an edict. The command was recalled, to the great indignation of the inquisitors and of all that party throughout Germany which resisted the intellectual and religious progress of mankind. The dispute soon became of general interest, and in the course of a few years developed into a remorseless and unsparing warfare between all the learned men of Europe and all the dunces. The press was set to work, and numberless books and pamphlets were sent forth — a mode of attack in which it is easy to guess which side would prove more expert. Of all these writings, none obtained so great a celebrity, nor so lasting a reputation, as the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* — the *Letters of Obscure Men*. Of these, Ulrich von Hutten was the chief author. The excitement which they produced throughout Europe was immense. The enemies of Reuchlin were made to represent themselves, and the representation, though most laughable and absurd, was so well-contrived, that the crassest and most dull-headed of the persons satirised actually read the "Epistles" in good part, and without any idea of the meaning which, hidden to them, was patent to all the world besides. "Never," says Sir William Hamilton, in the *Edinburgh Review* for March, 1831, "were unconscious barbarism, self-glorious ignorance, intolerant stupidity, and sanctimonious immorality, so ludicrously delineated; never did delineation less betray the artifice of ridicule. The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* are at once the most cruel and the most natural of satires, and as such they were the most effective." Hutten was now a marked man; indeed, one so hot-headed and turbulent, yet so brave and intellectual, could not fail to be widely known and often spoken of. His life was a series of combats with foes whom, whether they were men of the sword or of the pen, he was equally ready to meet.

His piercing wit made for him many enemies, and among these Pope Leo X. himself, who demanded that Hutten should be delivered up to him; and on the non-compliance with this request sent assassins to take away his life. From this danger Hutten escaped, and took refuge with his friend the brave Franz von Sickingen. At this time (1520) he first made acquaintance with Luther; soon afterwards he joined the Imperial army. Somewhat later he paid a visit to Erasmus, in Switzerland. The crafty, prudent man of letters, received the eager young soldier with great coldness, and converted a warm admirer into a bitter opponent. The truth must be told, Hutten was not a favourite with the Reformers. He was too rash and indiscreet, too fond of substituting carnal weapons for "the sword of the Spirit," to please such men as Melancthon and the great Doctor of Rotterdam. So, when tidings came that the brave and restless knight, taking refuge in the little island of Ufenau, in the midst of "Zurich's fair waters," had there breathed forth his restless spirit, and that death had stilled the fiercely-beating heart, there were not many tears shed; but thanks, rather, were offered up to Him who had taken to himself that

> "Fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

M. Reybaud, in his two volumes of *Etudes*,* which have already reached a sixth edition, introduces us to Reformers of a very different class to that of the war-like theologian whose history we have just sketched. Saint Simon, Charles Fourier, and Robert Owen, were much better versed in "Social Science" than in the disputes of rival divines. These three men had one common end in view. For it they endured almost superhuman toil; to it they devoted the whole of their lives, with an earnestness and singleness of purpose quite amazing. The amelioration of the condition of mankind was the object for which they strove. Each worked in his own way, and on principles which each discovered for himself. Each, after labouring for a time in comparative obscurity, drew around him a small band of disciples, who continue to promulgate the doctrines of their master. But the parallel ceases

* *Etudes sur les Reformateurs; ou, Socialistes modernes.* Par M. Louis Reybaud, Membre de l'Institut. 6me edition. Paris: Guillaumin.

directly we pass from the consideration of the tenets to the practical development of them. The Frenchmen, not content with mere improvement, would reconstruct society. Hence it became necessary that they should propound new systems of ethics, new codes of morals, new religions. The printer is set to work, and forth come elaborate treatises for the educated, broadsides and newspapers for the less learned, pamphlet upon pamphlet, *brochures* innumerable—letter-press enough to stock a library. But all in vain. Fourier becomes an object of laughter, "and laughter in France is fatal." Saint Simon, the heir of an old historic name, dies, worn out by want and disease, on the eve of the perfection of his system, as he fondly deems. The century was already far advanced when these busy brains sank to rest; and now, after thirty years, though still remembered, their names might, for all practical good with which they are associated, have been "written on water."

The English Reformer had his schemes of society likewise. He, too, was not unknown to printers' devils. But the strong natural common sense, which is the heritage of Britons, suffered him not to lose himself in the trackless mazes of a visionary and impracticable philosophy. Robert Owen's first essay was a practical one. And truly his little colony at New Lanark is worth infinitely more than all the *Systèmes*, *Catéchismes*, *Opinions*, *Traités*, or *Théories* of Saint Simon and Fourier. The one man was born a legislator, the others were mere speculative theorisers. The one was modest and humble, and, as became the fellow-countryman of the great Inductive Philosopher, published results obtained from careful experiments. The others, not overburdened with diffidence, believed that they could regenerate the whole world by means of a few books. The Englishman was content to labour in a village; the Frenchmen would be satisfied only with a field as wide as the universe. All three were firm believers in their own doctrines; but Owen did not, like Fourier, rank himself with Newton, nor, like Saint Simon, place himself above Moses and Christ.

Let the world have credit, after all, for knowing its true teachers. The Frenchmen found that it would not listen to them: it was too wise to do that. But when it sees a great practical good achieved it gladly accepts that, and is not slow to admire where admiration is due; and that, too, in the way which Rochefoucauld has declared to be the truest mark of it—by imitation. It must have cheered the heart of him who has lately gone down to the grave full of years and honours, to know that there is not a parish throughout his native country which has not benefited by his scheme of education of the young. Whether New Lanarks are to become common in this pre-millennial stage of the world's history is at least doubtful; yet we need never despair of our rural or our manufacturing classes when we call to mind what was once accomplished by the loving wisdom of Robert Owen.

To dwell at any length on a work that has reached its sixth edition would be superfluous. Let it suffice to say that the second volume of the *Etudes*, which treats of Socialism, Communism, Chartism, Jeremy Bentham, Hobbes, and Harrington, is scarcely less interesting than the first. EDWARD SPENDER.

THE FAVOURITE FALCON.

By FREDERICK TAYLER.

IT is needless for us to dilate upon the enthusiasm with which falcons and falconry were regarded by our ancestors; every one knows that none but nobles were allowed to keep them, that in ancient pictures and illustrations the bearing of a hawk is the sign of a nobleman, that the stealing of a hawk was felony and punishable with death. The Bishop of Ely, temp. Edw. III., excommunicated a man for stealing a falcon from her perch in the cloisters of the abbey at Bermondsey, the bird being the bishop's own. The following story, which is not generally known, may serve to illustrate the value set upon a hawk in very early times, and so illustrate the subject of our engraving.

Lydgate, in his Life of St. Edmund (see Harleian MSS. 2278, Brit. Mus.), relates that Lodbroc, a Danish chieftain, was once hawking near the sea, in Denmark, when his hawk, pursuing the prey too eagerly, fell into the water, and was in danger of drowning. Lodbroc, willing to risk his own life rather than lose his bird, obtained a boat and rowed off to its assistance, rescued it, and set forth to return; but the wind which had favoured his departure prevented this, and blew him out to sea. For many days and nights the noble, without food or water, struggled with the sea; and after the greatest suffering reached the coast of Norfolk, and landed at a place named Rodham. Captured by the natives, he was taken before Edmund, king of the East Angles, afterwards styled the "Saint," and patron of St. Edmund's Bury, the place of his interment. King Edmund, who, despite his piety, was a fell huntsman, became highly attached to the waif the sea had sent him, principally on account of his skill in training falcons—a practice, says the legend, little known in England at the period. This preference so irritated Beorick, the king's huntsman, that he murdered Lodbroc while amusing himself with his birds in a wood, and in order to conceal his guilt, hid the body of the Dane among the dead leaves and underwood. For some time the crime was undiscovered, but some spaniels whom Lodbroc had trained to assist him in rousing or "putting up" the game discovered the body of their master. On sight of this, Beoric confessed his guilt. The indignant king condemned the huntsman to be placed in a boat—the tale says, that which bore Lodbroc to England—without sails, oars, or food. Providence, which in these old legends is frequently represented repeating the incidents which led to a crime, conducted him by a contrary wind to the very place whence Lodbroc had come. He, in his turn, was seized by the Danes, and taken before the lords of the country; who, singularly enough, happened to be the sons, Hinguar and Hubba, of the deceased Lodbroc himself. The huntsman, who seems to have been a thorough rascal, took the cue for revenge from this, and relating the appearance of Lodbroc in Norfolk, stated that he had been murdered by order of the King Edmund, and that he himself, having endeavoured to save him—having been his only friend, indeed—was, for offering advice contrary to that which suited the king's will in the matter, put into the boat which wafted him to their own shores. Burning for revenge, the sons gathered their forces, and embarking in the "black ships," made a descent upon East Anglia, ravaged the country with the utmost cruelty, captured the King Edmund, and, regardless of his reputation for sanctity, fastened him naked to a stake, and put him to a horrid death, by shooting their arrows into his defenceless body, but in such a manner that life remained long unquenched, and the miserable monarch saw death come to him, step by step as it were, with each new wound.

Lydgate says that this was the cause of the Danes' first appearance in England; but this is a mistake, for the Danes were in England long before 870, the year of the martyrdom of St. Edmund.



THE FAVOURITE FALCON. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. VIII. Eating and Drinking.

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," says the facetious author of the *Physiologie du Goût*. We will tell our readers what the Russians eat, and if among them there should happen to be some Brillat Savarin—why, perhaps he will be able to tell us what they are.

In the old times the Russians lived with great simplicity, and the luxurious existence for which the Russian nobles were celebrated in the eighteenth century does not appear to have been known until after the changes introduced by Peter the Great. Prince Shcherbatoff, a strange specimen of a Russian Conservative, who looks upon all the reforms of Peter as unmitigated evils, devotes several pages, in a book published during Catherine's reign, to an account of the daily life of the old Tsars. It appears to us that those sovereigns lived as luxuriously as the state of the culinary art would permit; but the Prince tells us that their table, though supplied with patriarchal abundance, was at the same time distinguished by patriarchal simplicity. He is not quite sure, he tells us, that the old Tsars did not eat off silver sometimes; but he is quite certain that in all the Moscow Treasury (in the Kremlin) there is not one respectable silver dinner-service. He might have added, however, that the Moscow Treasury contains an abundance of plates, dishes, and spoons of gold. They are rudely-fashioned, it is true, and, in fact, are made after the model of the wooden platters and spoons of the peasantry, of which the form has not varied for centuries; but they are not the less costly for that. The Prince also praises the simplicity of the Tsarish table. He admits that the Court ate beef, mutton, pork, turkeys, ducks, Russian fowls, game, and pigs, with the addition of a quantity of pastry; but adds, that the latter was not always made of the best flour. Capons and milk-fed calves had never been heard of; and the greatest culinary luxury of the period was a piece of roast meat or ham, garnished with gold paper. Neither capers, nor olives, nor any of the other incentives to eating, were known; but the Russians *did* know and partake of salted cucumbers, salted plums, and, on great occasions, the jelly of meat, accompanied by salted lemons. As for fish, they scarcely ever tasted it. The merchants had very few "preserve-ponds," and the art of bringing fish alive from distant parts was not yet known. When the Emperor went to Moscow, he usually contented himself with such fish as could be caught in the Moscow river; but there were also artificial ponds in the neighbourhood of the holy city, which were laid under contribution in times of scarcity; and in winter salted and frozen fish were sent to the Tsar from all parts. The dessert was also of the most simple character. It consisted of raisins, currants, figs, prunes, and *pastilla*;* or, in the summer, of apples, pears, *peas, beans, and cucumbers*. The Prince is of opinion that melons and water-melons were seldom heard of, except those (the finest of all, by the way) that were sent to Moscow from Astrakhan. In the matter of drink the Russian Tsars were not at all particular. In addition to *kouss kisla shchee*, beer, *votka*, and different kinds of mead, they took nothing except the ordinary red wine and "Rhine wine"—a generic term, in which were included not only the wines of Germany, but also those of France, Portugal, and the Mediterranean. Nevertheless Prince Shcherbatoff admits that, on grand occasions, the Russian Emperor made as much display as possible; and Gerebtzoff, the author of a recently published work on *Civilisation in Russia*, tells us that the ordinary dinner of the ancient Tsars consisted of sixty or seventy different dishes, which they contented themselves with tasting, but which etiquette required them to have on the table. When the Earl of Carlisle dined with the Tsar five hundred dishes were served. At that period the Russian cooks (according to Gerebtzoff) distinguished themselves by their ingenuity in giving everything they prepared the form of something else. Thus fish were served up in the shape of lions or peacocks, or of hens and chickens; and the only kind that were allowed to appear as nature had made them were those of enormous size. Tanner, in his *Travels in Russia*, written in the sixteenth century, says that he was present at a dinner where half a fish was brought in, which it was as much as three men could do to carry. But it was especially in the preparation of the dessert that the Russian cooks exhibited their sculptural talents. Thus they made colossal figures of animals and models of towns in sugar; and we read that on the occasion of Peter the Great's birth the Tsar Alexis gave a dinner, of which the dessert included the following pieces of confectionery:—1. A salver in sugar, with the arms of Moscow; 2. A salver in cinnamon sugar; 3. An enormous head in sugar, weighing a hundred pounds; 4. A large eagle moulded in white sugar, with the Imperial arms, weighing sixty pounds; 5. Another eagle, similar in form, but made of red sugar; 6. A swan in white sugar, weighing eighty pounds; 7. A duck in white sugar, weighing twenty pounds; 8. A parrot in sugar, weighing twenty pounds; 9. A dove in sugar, weighing eight pounds; 10. The Kremlin in sugar, with men on horseback and pedestrians; 11. A large tower with an eagle, and another like it, but not so large; 12. A fortified town with cannons; 13. Two trumpets in cinnamon sugar, one white and the other red. There were also pyramids of cakes, belfries of sugar-candy, forty dishes of human faces in sugar, thirty dishes of sugar-candy representing various vegetables, ten dishes of spiced sugar, a hundred and fifty dishes of dried and preserved fruit, melons, water-melons, &c. Gingerbread, which at present enjoys no better reputation in Russia than in England, was at that time in great favour. It is probably the most ancient species of confectionery known in the country. The Russians, before their conversion to Christianity, used to make offerings of gingerbread to their Pagan deities; and at all times they seem to have been in the habit of moulding it into the forms of animals and edifices. There can be no doubt as to the truth of Prince Shcherbatoff's assertion, that before the time of Peter luxury was comparatively unknown in Russia; for it must be remembered that we have hitherto been speaking of the Tsar's table alone. The boyards are said to have lived with

* A composition of fruit and honey, corresponding (according to Dr. Guthrie) to the *pastillum* of the Romans.

extreme simplicity; and it was not until Peter the Great introduced Western manners, and enforced the presence of his nobles at the Court, that they acquired those disastrous habits of expenditure for which they were so long notorious, and which seem to have led to that great misery of serfdom—the grinding down of serfs through stewards, by absentee proprietors. In Catherine's reign Archdeacon Coxe, the Duke of Marlborough's chaplain (and afterwards his biographer) visited Russia, and was surprised at the magnificence with which the nobles lived. In spite of all the changes that have taken place since that time, the best account we have ever read of a Russian dinner, such as we remember it only the other day, is the one given by the Archdeacon in his still valuable volumes. In the first place, we are told that "the tables were served with great profusion and taste," and the English traveller found, that though the Russians had adopted the delicacies of French cookery, they "neither affected to despise their native dishes nor squeamishly rejected the solid joints which characterised our repasts." The plainest as well as the choicest viands had been collected from the most distant quarters, and at the same time were to be seen sterlet from the Volga, veal from Archangel, mutton from Astrakhan, beef from the Ukraine, and pheasants from Hungary and Bohemia. The common wines were claret, Burgundy, and champagne; "and," says Archdeacon Coxe, "I never tasted English beer and porter in greater perfection and abundance." Before dinner—as in the present day—a small table was spread in a corner of the room, covered with plates of caviare, dried and pickled herrings, smoked ham and tongue, bread, butter, and cheese, together with bottles of different *liqueurs;* and few of the company of either sex omitted the prelude to the main entertainment. "This practice," says the observant and facetious traveller, "has induced many travellers to relate that the Russians swallow bowls of brandy before dinner;" an absurdity which subsequent travellers have repeated, and which had great success with "the general reader" during the war. The Marquis de Custine, who seems to have aimed at originality in his errors, says, in his very voluminous and untruthful account of his celebrated six-weeks' tour, that many persons dine at the side-table before the real dinner commences. The fact however is, that the pieces of caviare, salted fish, cheese, &c., are about half the size of a die, and nobody takes more than one; indeed, in the present day, ladies take none at all: nor is the *zakouska* (as the preliminary entertainment is called) usually served at small family dinners. "What are the usages of the vulgar," continues Archdeacon Coxe, "in this particular (that of drinking before dinner), I cannot determine; but among the nobility I never observed the least violation of the most extreme sobriety; and this custom of taking *liqueur* before dinner, considering the extreme smallness of the glasses used on the occasion, is a very innocent refreshment, and will not convey the faintest idea of excess. Indeed, the Russians in no otherwise differ from the French in this instance, than that they taste a glass of *liqueur* before their repast, while the latter defer it till after dinner."

Dr. Matthew Guthrie, physician to the Empress Catherine, in his interesting and learned dissertation on Russian antiquities, aims at showing that the Russians are not descended from the Greeks, but of the same origin with that nation; and this he attempts to prove by establishing the identity of certain Russian customs with those of the ancient Hellenes, or of the Romans, as borrowed from them. He shows that the musical instruments are the same; that there is a wonderful similarity as to construction between the two languages; that many remarkable superstitions and semi-religious practices (as, for instance, at marriage festivals), which belong to Russia, belonged also to Greece; that the candles or torches of pine-wood found in the peasants' huts were used by the Greeks, and also the Russian stove, or *peitchka* (λαμπτις). The knout corresponds with the *tumpanismos* and *taurea* of the ancients; the *shchott*, or calculating machine, still used by all the Russian merchants and peasants, is the Latin *abacus;* the *croupa*, or meal given to the Russian soldiers when they are on a campaign, and which they make into cakes and into soup, is the Greek ἀλφιτον; the peculiar Russian soup called *batvinia* is the μιττωτον, or black broth of the Spartans; *kvass*, the national drink, is the *posca* or *sera* of the Romans; the Russian sweetmeat *pastilla* is the Latin *pastillum;* the *bokall*, or *koub* (corresponding to our "loving cup"), is the ancient *amystis;* and the custom of sending it round the table is the classical *propinatio;* lastly, to end where we perhaps should have begun, the *zakouska* is the προδειπνον of the Greeks, and the *antecœnium* or *gustatio* of the Romans. "In that of the ancients," says Guthrie, "beetroot, cheese, and oysters were served; in the Russian *gustatio* the same things are served with the exception of the oysters, which are replaced by salt fish and a glass of liqueur, which the climate renders more necessary in the North than in Greece or at Rome." With regard to this alleged neeessity to drink spirits in the North some doubts may be entertained, as the Russians in travelling, when they are exposed to the greatest amount of cold, never take anything but tea; and we know that many of the Russian doctors consider the *zakouska* unhealthy, and advise its discontinuance. Without going back to Greece or Rome, it will occur to some of our readers that the dram before dinner is not unknown in England, and that in the same way *vermuth* and *absinthe* are taken in various parts of the Continent.

During the recent discussion of the "great dinner question" in the *Times*, one of the correspondents gave the programme of what he considered a model repast, of which the final dish—coming after the sweets—was "caviare on buttered toast." It is a fact that many persons in England take caviare with cheese at the conclusion of dinner, but they might as well take a red herring—a strange thing, it will be admitted, after jellies and tarts. Excellent in its proper place, caviare is an absurdity between sweets and dessert. A Russian would not commit a greater piece of barbarism in commencing his dinner (under the impression that he was dining in the English style) with a piece of plum-pudding.

The essential point in the service of the Russian dinner, of which we have heard so much lately, is, that the dishes should be handed round instead of being placed on the table, which is covered throughout the

meal with flowers, fruit, and the whole of the dessert. One advantage of this plan is, that it makes the dinner-table look well; another, that it renders the service more rapid, and saves much trouble to the host. The dishes are brought in one by one; or two at a time, and of the same kind, if a large number are dining. The ordinary wines are on the table, and nothing has to be changed except the plates. At the end of dinner, as the cloth is not removed, the dessert is ready served; and this has always been one of the great glories of a Russian banquet.

To return to Archdeacon Coxe: "I was particularly struck," says that traveller, "with the quantity and quality of the fruit which made its appearance in the dessert. Pines, peaches, apricots, grapes, pears, and cherries, none of which can in this country be obtained without the assistance of hot-houses,* were served," he tells us, "in the greatest profusion. There was a delicious species of small melon, which had been sent by land-carriage from Astrachan to Moscow — a distance of a thousand miles. These melons," he adds, "sometimes cost five pounds a-piece, and at other times may be purchased in the markets of Moscow for less than half-a-crown a-piece." One "instance of elegance" which distinguished the dessert, and which appears to have made an impression on the Archdeacon, is then mentioned. "At the upper and lower end of the table were placed two china vases, containing cherry-trees in full leaf, and fruit hanging on the boughs, which was gathered by the company." This cherry-tree is also a favourite, and certainly a very agreeable ornament, in the present day. At the conclusion of the dessert coffee is served, as in France and England. Men and women leave the table together, and after dinner no wine is taken. Later in the evening tea is brought in, with biscuits, cakes, and preserved fruit.

The reception-rooms in Russian houses are all *en suite;* and instead of doors, you pass from room to room through arches hung with curtains. The number of the apartments in most of the houses I saw varied from three to six or seven, but in the clubs and in large mansions there are more. Grace before or after dinner is never said under any circumstances, but all the guests make the sign of the cross before sitting down to table, usually looking at the same time towards the eastern corner of the room, where the holy image hangs. This ceremony is never omitted in families, though in the early part of the century, when the Gallomania was at its height, it is said to have been much neglected. In club dinners, when men are dining alone, it will be easily believed that the same importance is not attached to it; but the custom may be described as almost universal among the rich, and quite universal among the poor. Indeed, a peasant or a workman would not on any account eat without first making the sign of the cross. In Russia, with its "patriarchal" society (as the Russians are fond of saying), it is usual to thank the lady of the house, either by word or gesture, after dining at her table; and those who are sufficiently intimate kiss her hand.

We now come to the composition of the Russian dinners, and here we must repeat with Archdeacon Coxe, that although the Russians have adopted many of the delicacies of French cookery, they "neither affect to despise their native dishes, nor squeamishly reject the solid joints which characterise our own repasts." We were astonished at one Russian dinner, which we were assured was thoroughly national in style, to meet with the homely roast leg of mutton and baked potatoes of our native land. Like the English, the Russians take potatoes with nearly every dish — either plain boiled, fried, or with parsley and butter over them. Plum-pudding, too, and boiled rice-pudding with currants in it, and with melted butter, are known in Russia — at all events, in Moscow and St. Petersburgh; and goose is not considered complete without apple-sauce. As in France, every dinner begins with soup; but this custom has not been borrowed from the French. It seems to date from time immemorial, for all the Russian peasants — a thoroughly stationary class — take their soup daily. The Russians are very successful with some kind of pickles, such as salted cucumbers and mushrooms; and they excel in salads, composed not only of lettuce, endive, and beetroot, but also of cherries, grapes, and other fruits, preserved in vinegar. The fruit is always placed at the top, and has a very picturesque effect in the midst of the green leaves. Altogether it may be said that the Russian *cuisine* is founded on a system of eclecticism, with a large number of national dishes for its base. Of course in some Russian houses, as in some English ones, the cooking is nearly all in the French style; but even then there are always a few dishes on the table that might easily be recognised as belonging to the country. We need scarcely remark, that only very rich persons dine every day in the sumptuous style described by Archdeacon Coxe, though the rule as to service may be said to be general — one dish at a time, and nothing on the table but flowers and the dessert. But in the winter, when it is difficult and expensive to get dessert? Then those who are rich send for it where it *can* be obtained — perhaps to their own hot-houses; and those who are not rich, as in other countries, go without. At the *traktirs*, or *restaurants*, the usual dinner supplied for three-quarters of a rouble (half-a-crown) consists of soup, with a pie of mince-meat, or minced vegetables, an *entrée*, roast meat, and some kind of sweet. That, too, may be considered the kind of dinner which persons of moderate means have every day at home. Rich proprietors, who keep a head cook, a roaster, a pastrycook, and two or three assistant cooks, would perhaps despise so moderate a repast; but, from a little manual of cookery which a friend has been kind enough to send us from Russia, it would appear that the generality of persons do not have more than four dishes at each meal.

This cookery-book is entitled *Forty-two Dinners* (thirty for ordinary days and twelve for fast-days), and bears the following not very promising epigraph in the French language:—"We must not consider what we eat, but with whom we eat." Nevertheless, the work has a certain reputation, and its contents are certainly arranged on an excellent plan. Instead of the usual confused list of soups, hashes, and stews, the author publishes so many prospectuses of complete dinners, which are printed like the programmes in

* That is to say, not in the winter. In the summer, pears and cherries abound in Moscow, and every kind of fruit ripens in the south.

the newspaper accounts of the Philharmonic and other important concerts—but with this difference, that the musical notices are analytic, and occasionally inexact, whereas the culinary ones are synthetic, and thoroughly complete. Each dinner consists of four dishes, inclusive of soup and exclusive of dessert; and each dish is marked *a*, *b*, *c*, or *d*, according to its place in the dinatorial sequence. Beneath each programme are separate directions for the preparations of dishes *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, and each of the forty-two dinners differs from all the others in every item, not even the same soup occurring twice throughout the work. The author evidently belongs to the school of Brillat Savarin in this respect—that he does not believe in the general capacity of mankind to arrange a dinner. He issues his bills of fare like so many imperial *oukazes*. He has spoken. What he has written, he has written. You must not ask him why this dish must necessarily follow that one. He so wills it: *sit pro ratione voluntas*. There is not even an index to the work, so convinced is the author of the necessity of not making the slightest change in his arrangements—as, for instance, by substituting one soup or one kind of fish for another in a dinner. He has told us with true Russian irony that it is not necessary to consider what we eat, but with whom we eat; in other words, if we are going to dine with him, we must accept what he chooses to set down before us. We will select from this learned and authoritative work four dinners, which we have chosen principally because each of them commences with a thoroughly national and decidedly peculiar soup:

Second Dinner.

a. Green borsch with beef and eggs.
b. Salt beef with sour-cream and horseradish.
c. Cutlets of mince-meat with pickles (*pickuli.*)
d. Almond rings.

(*a*.) "Boil separately a piece of beef and some greens, either spinach, sorrel, or the leaves of beetroot. Rub the greens through a sieve, and put them into the beef-broth, which must also previously have been passed through a sieve. Add pepper and salt. Boil and let simmer. Then boil some eggs hard, cut them into pieces, and put them into the *borsch*."

In *b* the horseradish and sour-cream are made into a sauce, and poured over the beef, which is cut in slices. The mincemeat cutlets (*c*) are made out of beef or pork chopped very fine, and mixed with bread-crumbs, egg, and spice. Before frying, a small bone is usually stuck into the "cutlet" by the ingenious cook, who is, however, at liberty to give any shape he pleases to the composition. The almond rings (*d*) are made of almonds, white of egg, and sugar.

Fourth Dinner.

a. Shchee.
b. Croquettes with *purée* of beetroot.
c. Beef in the hussar style, served with salad of baked beetroot.
d. Biscuits.

Shchee (*a*) is made out of beef, cabbage, parsley, carrots, salt, and "English pepper;" and is the most thoroughly national of all the Russian soups. Peasants, soldiers, merchants, and nobles eat this soup. Indeed the peasant seldom takes any other, though there is frequently this important difference between his shchee and that of his betters—in the former, the important item of beef is omitted. However, at the Moscow "fabrics," of which I visited about a dozen, the daily food of the workmen was very good, consisting of shchee with beef in it, black bread and *casha* (the meal of buck-wheat) moistened with oil. We may here remark that black bread is eaten by all classes, particularly with the *shchee:* even in the best houses white and black, or white and brown bread, are put together on the table. Of the "croquettes" (*b*) we need say nothing. Beef is arranged in the hussar style (*c*), by being stuffed with onions and fried in butter, vinegar being poured over it during the operation of frying. The "biscuits" (*d*) are made of white flour, white sugar, white of egg and cream, put into paper boxes and baked. These biscuits are served with cream over them, except when they are intended to be eaten with wine.

Twenty-seventh Dinner.

a. Batvinia.
b. Stuffed carrots with sauce.
c. Roast mutton with mushrooms.
d. Compôte or jelly of almonds.

We will here only speak of the *batvinia* (*a*) and the stuffed carrots (*b*). The former, which, it may be remembered, corresponds, according to Guthrie, to the black broth of the Spartans, is made of roast or boiled beef, cut up into small pieces, boiled beetroot, spring onions, and carraway seeds, *purée* of sorrel or spinach with eggs chopped up in it, and finally kvass. Another kind of *batvinia*, which is eaten only in the summer, consists of fish, spring vegetables, beetroot, kvass, and ice. Kvass is the chief drink, as black bread is the most important article of food in Russia, and both serve a variety of purposes in the national cookery. Kvass is made from the flour of black bread and malt. It has a slight acid taste, is effervescent, and is found very refreshing by those whom it does not disgust. Few foreigners like it at the first trial, but Russians of all classes take it, and the peasants prefer it to everything else as a general drink. Though a fermented liquor, it contains scarcely any alcohol. It is weaker than weak table-beer, and will only keep for a few days unless placed in an ice-cellar, of which there is one in every Russian house. Stuffed carrots (*b*) are carrots scooped out like popguns, loaded with mince meat, and stewed or fried.

The last *menu* we shall print is that of a fast-dinner. Here it is:—

Thirty-third Dinner.

a. *Oukha* of sterlet.
b. Fish cutlets with sauce (the water the fish has been boiled in, flour, salad oil,* and vinegar.)
c. Fried perch.
d. Kissel (a sort of blanc-manger made from fine oat-flour) with almond-milk.

Oukha (*a*) is the most celebrated of the Russian fish-soups. The best kind is made from sterlet, a rich, oily, yellow-fleshed, but at the same time exceedingly delicate

* On fast-days (that is to say, *jours maigres*) neither butter nor cream can be used, and oil is substituted for them in cookery; yet, notwithstanding a very general opinion in Europe to the contrary, the Russians on the whole eat less oil than the French.

fish; in form something between an eel and a whiting. The sterlet is caught in the Volga, and will not live in the water of any other river. In winter it is sent frozen to all parts of the empire; but it is always expensive, and in summer, owing to the cost and trouble of transporting it in cans of Volga water, a very small sterlet will cost at Petersburgh as much as ten or twelve roubles. M. Alexandre Dumas, in his highly interesting, and for the most part truthful work, entitled *Memoirs of a Maitre d'Armes, or Eighteen Months in St. Petersburgh*, gives to the sterlet a somewhat higher value than is usually assigned to it, but he at the same time makes the distance from St. Petersburgh to the nearest point of the Volga a thousand miles, instead of about five hundred. One error explains the other. The directions for making the *oukha* in the *Forty-two Dinners* are as follows: "Cut the sterlet into pieces, pour boiling water over it; add salt, spice, and some slices of lemon, and boil." The Russians make other soups out of little cray-fish (*écrevisses*), which may be classed with the French *potage à la bisque*.

The most ancient and popular drinks in Russia are hydromel or mead (called by the same name in Russian), beer, and the aforesaid kvass. Mead, the fine old Scandinavian drink, is mentioned as far back as the tenth century; and in a chronicle of Novgorod of the year 989 it is stated that "a great festival took place, at which a hundred and twenty thousand pounds of honey were consumed." Hydromel is flavoured with various kind of spices and fermented with hops. Gerebtzoff states that beer is mentioned (under the name of *oloul*, the present word being *pivo*) in the *Book of Ranks*, written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But no drink is so ancient as kvass, which, according to the chronicle of Nestor, was in use among the Slavonians in the first century of our era. Among the laws of Yaroslaff there is an old edict determining the quantity of malt to be furnished for making kvass to workmen engaged in building a town.

The Russians learnt to drink wine from the Greeks, during their frequent intercourse with the Eastern empire, long before the Mongol invasion. During the Tartar domination there was less communication with Constantinople, and the consumption of wine decreased, but it became greater again during the period of the Czars. In the beginning of the seventeenth century wine was supplied to ambassadors, but the Russians for the most part still preferred their native drinks. The cultivation of the vine was introduced at Astrakhan in 1613, and a German traveller named Strauss, who visited that city in 1675, found that it had been attended with great success; so much so, that without counting what was sold in the way of general trade, the province supplied to the Tsar alone every year two hundred tuns of wine, and fifty tuns of grape brandy. The wines of Greece were at the same time replaced by those of Hungary, which were in great demand when Peter came and introduced the vintage of France. This by many persons will be considered not the least of his reforms.

The Russians acquired the art of distilling from grain in the fourteenth century from the Genoese established in the Crimea, and seem to have lost no time in profiting by their knowledge. They soon began to invent infusions of fruit and berries, which, under the name of "nalivka," have long been known to travellers, and which in the present day we highly appreciated. "Raki," about the consumption of which by the Russian soldiers so much was written during the war, is a Turkish spirit, and is quite unknown in Russia. The Russian grain-spirit is called "votka." The best qualities are more like the best Irish whisky than anything else, only weaker; but it is of various degrees of excellence as of price. The new common votka, like other new spirits, is fiery, but when purified, and kept for some time, it is excellent and particularly mild. Travellers to Moscow who are curious on the subject of votka may visit a gigantic distillery in the neighbourhood, to which it is easy to gain admission, and where they can obtain every information and every kind of spirit. Votka is sometimes made in imitation of brandy, and there are also sweet and bitter votkas; and, indeed, votka of all flavours. But the British spirit which the ordinary votka chiefly resembles is whisky. There is one curious custom connected with drinking in Russia which, as far as we are aware, has never been noticed. The Russians drink first and eat afterwards, and never drink without eating. If wine and biscuits are placed on the table, every one takes a glass of wine first, and then a biscuit; and at the zakouska before dinner, those who take the customary glass of votka take an atom of caviare or cheese after it, but not before it. We may also remark that, as a general rule, the Russians drink only at the beginning of a repast. This, it may be remarked, is an Oriental custom (*vide* Lady Shiel's *Persia*); but whether the Russians got it from the East or from the Genoese, or invented it themselves, we shall not stop to inquire.

A great deal is said about the enormous quantity of champagne consumed in Russia. Champagne, however, costs five roubles (from sixteen to seventeen shillings) a bottle — the duty alone amounting to one rouble a bottle — and is only drunk habitually by persons of considerable means. Nevertheless, the champagne bottle goes round more frequently at Russian than at English dinners. It is usually given, as in France, with the pastry and dessert, and no other wine is taken after it. The rich merchants are said to drink champagne very freely at their evening entertainments, but the only merchant at whose house I dined had, unfortunately, adopted Western manners, and gave nothing during the evening but tea. However, at festivals and celebrations of all kinds — whether of congratulation, of welcome, or of farewell — champagne is indispensable. What Alphonse Karr says of women and their toilette — that they regard every event in life as an occasion for a new dress — may certainly be paraphrased and applied to the Russians in connexion with champagne. Besides the champagne which is given as a matter of course at dinner-parties and balls, there must be champagne at birth-days, champagne at christenings, champagne at, or in honour of, betrothals, champagne in abundance at weddings, champagne at the arrival of a friend, and champagne at his departure. It is produced at the weddings of all classes, except the very poorest; and there appears to be a superstitious but praiseworthy feeling in favour of the bride's health being drunk in that wine in preference to any other.

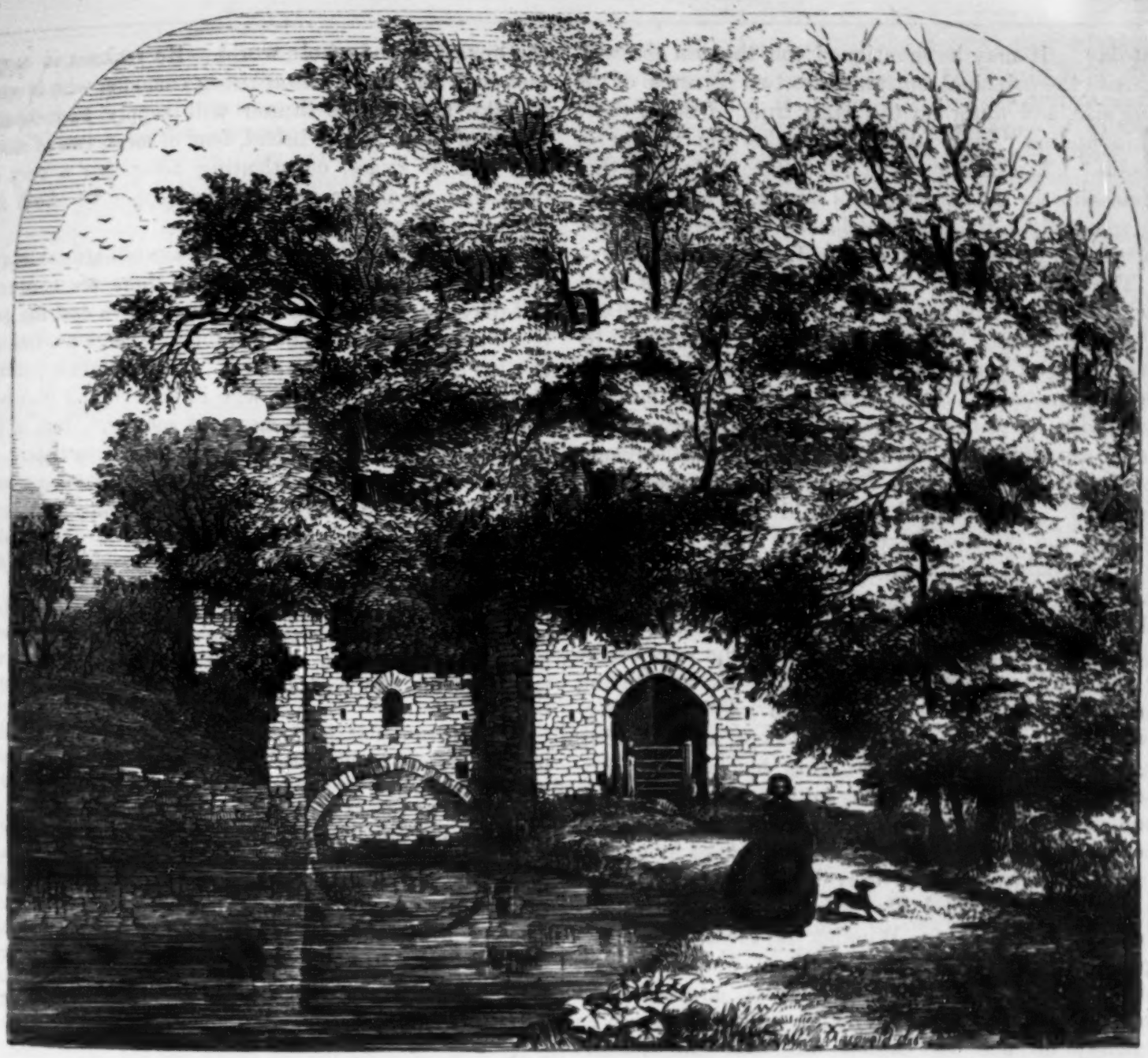
For those who cannot afford the champagne of Clicquot, Moet, or Roederer, Russian viniculture supplies an excellent imitation in the shape of "Donskoi" and "Crimskoi,"—the wines of the Don and of the Crimea. As "Donskoi" costs only a fifth of the price of real champagne, it will be understood that it is not seldom substituted for the genuine article, both by fraudulent wine-merchants and economic hosts. However, it is a true wine, and far superior to the fabrications of Hamburgh, which, under the name of champagne, find their way all over the north of Europe. It has been said by people of the De Custine class, that the Russians drink champagne merely because it is dear. But the fact is, they have a liking for all effervescing drinks, and naturally, therefore, for champagne, the best of all. Among the effervescing drinks peculiar to Russia we may mention apple *kvass*, *kislya shchee*, and *vaditsa*. *Kislya shchee* is made out of two sorts of malt, three sorts of flour, and dried apples; in apple kvass there are more apples and less malt and flour. *Vaditsa* (literally, "little water,") is made of syrup, water, and a little spirit. All these summer-drinks are bottled and kept in the ice-house. Our information about Russian beverages is derived from our own personal experience and observation, and also from a little Russian work published in Moscow in the year 1828, under the title of *The Ancient Russian Mistress, Housekeeper, and Cook; or, detailed Instructions as to the Preparation of genuine Ancient Russian Dishes and Drinks, together with Directions on Points connected with Housekeeping, and on Pickling and Preserving in the most ancient Russian Mode and Taste; arranged in convenient order.*

We have hitherto said nothing about the Russian *restaurants*, or *traktirs* (probably from the French *traiteur*), but they are far too interesting and important to be passed over in an article on eating and drinking in Russia. A true Russian traktir is not to be found in St. Petersburgh, whose *cafés* and *restaurants* are either German or French, or imitated from German or French models. One of the large Moscow traktirs is not only very much larger, but at least twelve times larger than an ordinary French *café*. The best of them is the Troitzkoi traktir, where the merchants meet to complete the bargains they have commenced on the Exchange—that is to say, in the street beneath, where all business is carried on, summer and winter, in the open air. St. Petersburgh is more fortunate, and has a regular bourse, with a chapel attached to it. The merchants always enter this chapel before commencing their regular afternoon's work (exchange is held at four o'clock in St. Petersburgh), and remain for several minutes at their devotions, occasionally offering a candle to the Virgin or some saint. Now and then it must happen that a speculator for the rise and a speculator for the fall enter the chapel and commence their orisons at the same time. Let us hope they pray that they may not cheat one another.

There is no special chapel for the Moscow merchants, nor is there one attached to the Troitzkoi traktir, which we are inclined to look upon after all as the real Moscow Exchange. But in each of the rooms, of which the entrances as usual are arched, and which together form an apparently interminable suite, the indispensable holy picture is to be seen, and no Russian goes in or out of the place without making the sign of the cross. No Russian, to whatever class he may belong, remains for a moment with his hat on in any inhabited place; whether out of compliment to those who inhabit it, or from respect to the holy pictures, or from mixed reasons. The waiters, of whom there are said to be a hundred and fifty at the Troitzkoi traktir, are all dressed in white, and it is facetiously asserted that they are forbidden to sit down during the day for fear of disturbing the harmony and destroying the purity of their spotless linen. The service is excellent. The waiters watch and divine the wishes of the guests, instead of the guests having to watch, seek, and sometimes scream for the waiters, as is too often the case in England. But here the attendants do everything for the visitor; cut up his *pirogue* (meat or fish patty), so that he may eat it with his fork; pour out his tea, fill his chibook, and even bring it to him ready lighted. The reader perceives that there is a certain Oriental style about the Russian traktirs. The great article of consumption in them is tea. Every one orders tea, either by itself or to follow the dinner, and the majority of those who come into the place take nothing else. You can have a tumbler of tea or a pot of tea, but in ordering it you do not ask for tea at all, but for so many portions of sugar. The origin of this curious custom it is scarcely worth while to consider, but it very probably dates from the last European war, when, during the general blockade, the price of sugar in Russia rose to about four shillings a pound.

All sorts of stories have been told about the quantity of tea consumed by Russian merchants, nor do we look upon any of them as exaggerations. From twelve to twenty cups is thought nothing of. We have seen two merchants enter a traktir, order so many portions of sugar, and drink cup after cup of tea, until the tea-urn before them was empty; yet the ordinary tea-urn of the traktir holds at least a gallon, or a gallon and a half.

One of the most curious traktirs in Moscow is that of the "Old Religionists," a Russian sect, of whom we need only say here that they derive their name from their preference of the ancient version of the Scriptures used in Russia up to the time of Nicon, to the more correct translation introduced by that prelate in the sixteenth century. They also attach peculiar sanctity to the old ecclesiastical pictures, which, they say, were painted by devout men, instead of being manufactured, like the modern ones, by profane artisans in the midst of smoking and drinking. They are great patriots, the most Slavonian of all Slavonians, and haters of Western manners, which they regard as synonymous with luxury and vice. They are also great quoters and perverters of scriptural texts. Thus, it is said that their abstinence from tobacco-smoking is founded upon the well-known passage, which teaches that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which *cometh out* of the mouth, this defileth a man;" and that they to refuse shave their beards, because "man is made in the image of God." Probably, however, they retain the beard simply as they retain the caftan, as a sign of nationality. The Old Religionists associate as much as possible among themselves, and, as we have said, have a traktir of their own; to which



THE MOAT, LEEDS CASTLE, KENT.

LEEDS Castle, Kent, is said to derive its name from Ledian, friend and counsellor to Ethelbert, second king of Kent, who died, says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 760; which chronicle, to the delight of all the inhabitants of the county, calls him "Ethelbert, king of the Kentish-men." Of this edifice not the slightest trace remains; indeed it is asserted to have been burned by the Danes, most probably in 832, when the above excellent authority records that "the heathen men ravaged Sheppy." At any rate there is little doubt that in the time of the compilation of the Domesday Book there was no fortress on this spot, for that invaluable record states Bishop Odo as the possessor, 1080, and the only property mentioned thereon is two stipends of vineyard and a church. The manor came afterwards into the possession of Robert de Creveaire, who built the most ancient portions of the castle, if indeed any so old as this really do remain. From his hands the estate passed to those of the Leyborne family, who exchanged it for other estates with king Edward I. Edward II. again exchanged it with Lord Badlesmere, sometimes called the "Wicked," and at others, the "Rich" Lord Badlesmere. Queen Isabella, journeying through Kent in 1321, came to Leeds Castle and required a night's lodging, but this was peremptorily refused, and some of her attendants persisting in the demand were killed at the gates. Edward II. therefore raised forces and took the place, confiscating the lands of the owner. William of Wyckham, bishop of Winchester, chancellor of England, soon afterwards was possessor of the place, in whose time Richard II. resided there, as did, after him, Henry IV., whose third wife was imprisoned in the castle. The next owner we can trace is Sir Anthony St. Leger, "the Pacificator" of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. For a time it was in the hands of Lord Fairfax; and now of this splendid edifice, with so many historical points of interest, but little that is habitable remains.

The view before us shows a portion of the moat, which in ancient times formed the outer defence; the gate is but a postern, and, to judge by the form of its arch, of late date of erection. Leeds Castle, like many other similar strong places, became quite untenable as a fortress on the very first employment of cannon, for it lies low, and is commanded from many points in the neighbourhood, which accounts for its so soon being employed only as a palace or a prison.

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however, any one is admitted. The waiters in this establishment, contrary to the usual custom in traktirs, are attired in dark caftans, and smoking is not, under any circumstances, allowed. As none but "Old Religionists" would care about visiting a traktir where it is impossible to smoke, the place is left entirely to that eccentric body, and caftans and beards are to be seen at every table. The rooms are entered through curtained arches, as at other traktirs. There is, of course, an abundance of holy pictures, most of which are of greater antiquity, though differing outwardly in no respect but that of age, from the "images" of the pre-

sent day. It may be mentioned too, that on the wall opposite the principal entrance are two pictures of the same size, and hung on the same line. One of these represents the "Virgin Mary," the other the "Emperor Nicolas." The traktir of the Old Religionists is further remarkable for the excellence of its tea, and of its cooking generally. Its most celebrated product is *blinni*, a species of pancake eaten during Lent with caviare.

The Tartars have also a traktir of their own at Moscow. At least there is one in the "Tatarskya Oulitza," or "Tartar Street," which is frequented principally by them, though the place is kept by a Russian, and every one is admitted. I dined there once, and, as far as I could judge, horse-flesh formed no part of the repast; nor could I ascertain that any specially Tartar dishes were ever prepared there. Seen from the outside, the "Tartars' traktir," as it is called, is a low, dirty-looking building; but the interior is remarkably clean, in spite of the dingy, faded appearance of the tawdry scarlet curtains with which the windows and arches are hung, and the bareness of the walls, which are so far guiltless of paint or plaster, that in many places the very bricks are visible. From twelve to twenty Tartars were sitting about the room in groups, attired in gaudy dressing-gowns, and brilliantly ribbed skull-caps, and smoking long chibouks. All were drinking tea, and the proprietor said they rarely if ever ordered anything else. Some of the Tartars, when their health requires it, receive permission from their sheikh to take fermented liquors medicinally; but they have a reputation for extreme sobriety, and are generally a quiet, well-behaved set of people. Whether in towns or in villages they live quite by themselves, but always on good terms with the Russians, who address them familiarly as "Prince." Whether this title is given ironically or not we cannot tell, but the Tartars accept it very gravely, and it is said that every one of them claims to be of the best possible descent. These Tartars belong to the same race as the Turks, and have nothing of the Mongol type of countenance. How far the Mongol invaders mixed with the Tartar and Turkish tribes whom they encountered and subjected in their impetuous course, it is impossible to say; but none of the Russian Tartars that I ever saw had the high cheek-bones, flat nose, and slanting eyes, by which the Mongol face is characterised. A few of the Little Russians (in the south) appear to have Mongol blood in their veins, but the Russian Tartars have as little of it as the great bulk of the Russian population.

Gradually we have wandered away from the subject of "eating and drinking," but we must not conclude without mentioning the little "Poushkin traktir" in the Clothes' Market, or "Elbow Market," as it is also called, from the elbowing of the crowd, not to mention another appellation derived from entomology which is equally significant. The little Poushkin traktir is not named after Poushkin the great poet, but after Poushkin the proprietor of the great Moskovsky traktir, whose establishment it resembles about as much as the Clothes' Market resembles the palace of the Kremlin. It is as if some vendor of trotters and sheeps' heads in St. Giles's were to call his shop "Mivart's" or the "Clarendon." The prices of the *soi-disant* Poushkin are, we believe, the lowest in the whole world. He reckons in copper money,* and to an enterprising customer who is ready to take a complete dinner will supply two copeiks' worth of soup, one of bread, four of meat, two of cassia, and one of kvass, constituting altogether a very remarkable meal, for ten copeiks copper, or about five farthings of our own currency.

At a few of the traktirs there are billiard-tables (for the Russian game). At others there are enormous self-playing organs, some of which have cost the proprietors as much as 25,000 roubles. There are traktirs, too, in "Skin-them-alive Street" (Jivodyorskaia Oulitza), frequented by the gipsies, who in the evening give concerts and collect large sums of money. But of the Moscow gipsies we must speak in another article.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

FOLLOWING the course of nature, science, like trees and flowers, prepares its developments for the coming spring; or rather, science has sprung into vitality whilst wintry winds are yet blowing. The organisation of our learned societies is in full play, and to our scientific pages, so scanty and barren a while ago, begins to furnish material of philosophic interest.

The Directors of the Royal Institution have issued their prospectus, and inaugurated their lectures. The general as well as the Friday-evening lectures are well chosen, and are calculated to please a general audience no less than the members of a purely scientific assembly. Professor Owen is delivering there a series of discourses on the physical characteristics of mammalian life, more particularly in relation to animals which once existed, but which are now extinct. Amongst the notable points adverted to by the distinguished naturalist must be noted the opinion advanced (contrary to the belief of most geologists), that animal life might have coexisted with the epoch of granitic rocks. They afford indications that there was, at the period of their deposition, a sea-shore whereon the sun shone, and the tide rippled, and the rain descended; for in the solid rocks are to be seen the cracks of the dried-up sand, the marks of agitated water, and the impressions of rain-drops. All these are conditions seemingly favourable to the existence and the sustentation of life. That their remains are not found in granitic rocks, possibly may be attributable to destructive agencies, igneous and otherwise. A curious example of the analytic power of comparative anatomy was brought before the audience. A gentleman at Bath discovered a bead-like fossil in the stratum between the new red sandstone and the lias. Having sent it to Professor Owen, the latter was enabled to affirm, firstly, that it was a tooth; secondly, of a mammal; thirdly, of a marsupial mammal. The teeth have fangs, a characteristic of mammalian life, for they alone masticate their food, and therefore require a secure basement for their teeth. The teeth were crowned with enamel, another characteristic of mammals; and the crown of the teeth being deeply indented, supplied indication that the creature to which they belonged lived upon insects, the indentations being required for crushing the hard cases in which many insects are enveloped. Several marsupial animals have been discovered from time to time in the sandy strata, and, curiously enough, the only living representatives of these animals are now to be found in Australia. This, amongst other circumstances, lends colour to the idea that Australia may have escaped some of the convulsions which have happened to the old

* Formerly there were two kinds of money current in Russia,—silver roubles and copeiks, and assignation roubles and copeiks; but the latter were always spoken of by the people as copper money. The peasants still reckon in copper money, though for the last quarter of a century silver money and notes, changeable at sight for the exact amount they represent, have alone been in circulation. The silver rouble, when the assignation money was being called in, was worth three assignation roubles and a half.

world. The Friday-evening lectures have been opened for many years past by Professor Faraday; this year the task was delegated to Mr. Grove, thus affording another indication of Professor Faraday's secession at no long period from the active duties of lecturer. Our readers are desired to note the important fact, that electrical discharges do not take place with greatest facility *in vacuo*, as hitherto assumed. The difficulty was to get a vacuum. The torricellian vacuum, as Faraday long ago demonstrated, holds mercury in vapour. Mr. Grove creates a vacuum by charging a tube with carbonic acid, and absorbing the latter by an alkali. Through such a vacuum electrical discharge cannot be effected. It is almost too late for us in our scientific columns to say much about the enormous anthropoid ape called *Gorilla*, even though Professor Owen has made this animal the subject of a Friday-evening discourse at the Royal Institution. The fact is, that the gorilla has figured in so many illustrated journals of late, and his characteristics, bad and indifferent (good he has none), have been so fully expatiated upon, that the negro-strangling giant of an ape can furnish no novel points of scientific interest to us.

The ruined transatlantic cable is still the subject of hopes and expectations to certain people, whose faculty of looking at the bright side of things must be inordinately strong. From the first break-down there seemed little chance of ever making the cable do duty again; but, as though for the purpose of making the security of perdition doubly sure, the injudicious expedient was adopted of endeavouring to force through the central conducting system enormously strong charges of electricity. The result seems to have been as the projectors of this scheme might have reasonably anticipated; in addition to the damage already existing near the Irish coast, fusion of the conducting wires, or something equally bad, seems now to have occurred towards the Newfoundland extremity. Nevertheless the existing cable may probably be turned to some good account, if not already broken, by constituting a medium for the transmission of return currents.

Professor Liebig (than whom no one knows the philosophy of advertising better) writes a letter to a daily journal, calling attention to the speedy appearance of a new book by him on Agricultural Chemistry. The great organic chemist protests in stringent terms against the wanton absurdity of our importing guano, and spending millions to promote the flow of our own sewage into the sea. His strictures are just, doubtless; but can he tell us how the problem of utilising our sewage is to be reconciled with our system of social hydraulics?

The belief in spontaneous animal development, almost universal amongst the ancients, but abandoned towards the latter end of the last century, was credited again to a certain degree as soon as the electrical experiments of Mr. Andrew Crosse were promulgated. Notwithstanding the opinions of naturalists in the aggregate were strongly averse to the reception of a theory so apparently irrational, various results from time to time occurred, tending to beget credence for the extraordinary phenomenon. With the view of setting the vexed question at rest for ever, some very delicate experiments were performed not long ago by the lamented French naturalist Jules Haime, an abstract of which is communicated by his assistant, M. Lacaze Duthiers, in a letter addressed to M. Milne Edwards. It having been noticed by M. Haime that certain infusorial microzoa were endowed with the property of metamorphosis—appearing at different phases of their existence under various forms, he thought it probable that the appearance of certain microscopic animalculæ in localities where they had not hitherto been seen might admit of explanation, by assuming them to have sprung from others of a different form, and possibly smaller dimensions. Granting the metamorphic power, there can be no reasonable cause for doubting that, under the searching course of investigations promoted by this philosopher, the question of spontaneous development is disposed of negatively for ever. It would occupy too much space to describe fully the details of his experiments. They were conducted on the principle of inclosing organic matters within a glass vessel, permeated by a current of air transmitted through sulphuric and phosphoric acid, potash, and various other chemical bodies having the power of destroying all floating organic matter present in the air, the experimenter having previously taken the precaution of filling the glass vessel with steam. Under these conditions there was not the smallest infusorial development.

Seemingly there is no end to the discovery of new planets. We believe the little asteroid discovered at Albany, Sept. 10, 1858, has not yet been chronicled in our pages. It was discovered by Mr. Searle; and inasmuch as the observatory at Albany had received a valuable endowment from Mrs. Dudley, that lady has been solicited by the discoverer to name the starry stranger ushered by his telescope into the notice of the world. The lady, responding to the wish, has chosen the appellation of *Pandora*. Something less ominous of evil in the sound one could have desired; but so rapidly does planet follow upon planet, that, if others reveal themselves with equal rapidity, astronomers will be puzzled to find names for them at all. M. Babinet, in communicating the advent of Pandora in the heavens to the French Academy of Sciences, remarked that only one planet now remained unchristened; namely, the one discovered by M. Goldschmidt on the 9th of September, 1857. He urged that the ceremony should be performed without delay, lest the identity of the Goldschmidt planet might be doubted in time to come. At present it is only indicated by number, and concerning this number there appears to be some little confusion. According to strict rules of precedence and Cocker, that number ought, he says, to be 47, whereas some astronomers would make it correspond with 56; thus changing the numbers already assigned to Aglaé, Doris, Pales, Virginia, Nemausa, Europa, Calypso, Alexandra, and Pandora. M. Babinet seems to be of the latter opinion, for, in speaking of Pandora, he designates it as No. 55.

The naturalist M. Géoffroy St. Hilaire presented to the Academy on the 17th ultimo some interesting remarks on the origin of domestic animals, their original habitat, and the numerous results of civilisation upon them. Man, he remarked, appeared to possess an almost unlimited influence over the geographic distribution of animals; nevertheless, scarcely more than half the world has been hitherto subject to his domination in this respect. The highest races of domestic animals, with reference to the zoological scale, seem to have come from the high lands of Central Asia. The domestication of each particular race, considered as to date, seems to have been early in direct proportion to its utility: in other words, the animals most useful to man were those first domesticated. M. Géoffroy St. Hilaire adds his testimony to a statement already advanced, that in proportion as the race of mankind is elevated in the social scale, so are the domesticated animals removed from the state of nature.

Whether the atmosphere be illimitable, pervading the whole of space, or whether at a certain distance from our globe (about forty-five miles, as is generally imagined), the gaseous envelope ceases entirely, has long been a moot point, the various bearings of which will have been contemplated to some extent by most persons at all addicted to scientific inquiries. Some phenomena of polarised light (a function which has already conferred such a power of refined analysis in many physical inquiries), seem to strengthen the opinion held by Wollaston, and indeed the greater number of philosophers, that the expanse of our atmosphere is limited, and that the notion of its pervading space indefinitely (a notion difficult to be maintained for other reasons) is untenable. Under the equator, and for some little distance north and south, the trade-winds no longer prevail, and, as is well known, there exists a region of calms. The sunset there is singularly beautiful, being accompanied

with certain tints in the horizon not seen elsewhere. A consideration of the laws of polarised light, as affecting these tinted sunsets, has led M. Emmanuel Lias to believe that they are totally incompatible with the universal distribution of the atmosphere, and only accordant with the belief most generally prevalent, that it finds its limits at an elevation of about forty-five English miles.

It has often been a subject of regret that chalk and crayon drawings, permanent so far as chemical agencies are concerned, so rapidly come to ruin, owing to the mechanical cause of abrasion, no efficient means of fixing them having been devised. M. Ortlieb proposes to accomplish this end by using silicate of soda (a variety of soluble glass) applied to the back of the paper on which the drawing is executed. A drawing thus fixed not only resists humidity, but may even be washed without detriment. Acid and ammoniacal vapours are totally inoperative on a drawing thus preserved, and the various tints absolutely combined with the paper through the agency of the cement can no longer be removed by mechanical agencies. This process, efficient so far as it goes, naturally excludes all such colours as are susceptible of being decomposed or modified by alkalis or concentrated saline liquors; but if vegetable colours be excluded, and those of mineral origin alone employed, an almost indefinite duration may be thus secured: moreover, the covering of silica renders the paper nearly incombustible. The fact must not be concealed, however, that the special bloom-like characteristic of crayon drawings is not compatible with the above-mentioned siliceous treatment.

A very interesting paper on aluminium was recently read at the Society of Arts by Mr. Le Neve Foster. That curious metal is now manufactured commercially at Battersea by Mr. Gerhard, who can render it at the low rate of 3*s.* 9*d.* an ounce. The material he employs from which to extract it is cryolite, and not the double chloride of aluminium and sodium. M. Gerhard takes 270 parts by weight of powdered cryolite, mixes them with 150 parts of common salt, and adds to the mixture 72 parts of sodium, cut into small pieces. The whole is then thrown into a heated earthenware crucible, previously lined with a melted mixture of cryolite and salt, which mixture is also poured over the contents of the crucible, covering them to some little depth; the lid is then secured, and furnace-heat applied, to the extent of full redness, for about two hours. The pot being now uncovered, the melted mixture is well stirred, and poured out. Aluminium is found diffused in buttons mingled with the slag, and may be readily fused in a crucible, with common salt for a flux. The theoretical amount of aluminium is never obtained (one-third of the weight of the sodium employed), something between one-third and one-fourth being the usual produce. To show what demand can accomplish in the way of stimulating manufacturing processes and lowering prices, the fact may be mentioned, that previously to the researches of Deville sodium sold at the rate of 40*l.* sterling for thirty-five ounces; it may now be obtained for 16*s.* the pound, or 1*s.* per ounce. Great expectations were once entertained that aluminium, if it could only be produced at a sufficiently low price, would come largely into use for many purposes to which silver had hitherto been applied; but not only is its colour less agreeable than that of silver, but its strange demeanour when subjected to contact with alkaline solutions is much against it. At the Society of Arts, a specimen of aluminium was exhibited, which, having been immersed during five months in soap-suds, was completely honeycombed. Certain alloys of aluminium and copper are far more promising, combining the beauty of gold with great hardness and unalterability under ordinary conditions of the atmosphere. Many of these alloys are now employed for imitation jewellery and other more legitimate ornamental purposes.

All persons in the habit of utilising alcohol are aware how difficult it is to obtain that liquid free from organic odorous matter. If the alcohol result from the spirituous fermentation of malt, so obstinately does odorous matter attach to it that no commercial rectification suffices to render the spirit well adapted for the uses of perfumery. For this reason more than any other it is that the spirituous perfumes of France and Italy are so far superior to our own. Their spirit is obtained from wine, ours from malt. Both are chemically impure, indeed; wine alcohol with œnanthic ether, possessing an agreeable smell, malt alcohol with fusil oil, which has an odour altogether abominable. M. E. Meyer states that he has discovered an easy method of purifying (*i. e.* rectifying) alcohols commercially. The process was discovered accidentally in the following manner. M. E. Meyer having had occasion to dissolve a portion of soap in impure alcohol, and to distil away excess of the latter by heat of a water-bath, noticed that the resulting liquor was almost chemically pure, though by subsequently increasing the temperature the impurities associated with the soap could be driven away from the latter, and collected separately. He states that every 100 litres of empyreumatic alcohol require 3 chilogrammes 57 grammes of soap. He finds that soap can in this manner retain 20 per cent of empyreumatic odorous material. It is essential, however, that the soap employed should have soda for its base, and that its fatty acid should not be in excess.

The same chemist has also devised a simple means of abstracting potash from feldspar, or other minerals containing it, by a commercial process. 100 parts of feldspar, with from 140 to 180 of lime, according as the latter is in the condition of carbonate or of hydrate, are mixed with water to the consistence of a paste, of which cakes are fashioned. When these are dry they are submitted to full red heat, afterwards pulverised, and digested with water for three hours, under a pressure of about eight atmospheres. By the same process soda may also be extracted from minerals containing it.

Our readers may perhaps have noticed in the daily papers some account of certain floating batteries into which our French neighbours are changing a few of their line-of-battle ships. From what we can gather, the floating batteries in question are to be constructed somewhat on the principle laid down by Signor Cavalli, of the Sardinian service. The protecting iron-work is to be fluted, leaving bar-like interstices, and the roof (if that term be admissible) is to be curved, the better to ward off shot. Whether the French design to adopt the ordnance armament of Cavalli does not appear. He stipulates for rifled breech-loading cannon, the recoil of which is to be prevented by a special contrivance. These provisions being adopted, portholes, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, will not be necessary; the guns will protrude through apertures just large enough to give exit to their muzzles, and the smoke of discharge will clear itself through the open bar-work.

Extraordinary activity and still more extraordinary secrecy pervade the French military establishment at Vincennes. An English military gentleman, long resident at Paris, and well known to us, had been accorded the *entrée* until within the last few weeks, when, on presenting himself, admission was refused. Towards the latter end of January a Belgian artillery officer went to Paris, purposely to inspect the cannon-foundry department at Vincennes; he was politely allowed to inspect every part of the establishment *except that*. It is understood that the French are working out great alterations in their cannon, more especially field-pieces, but what the alterations may be can only at present be conjectured.

A son of Mr. Hale, of war-rocket celebrity, is at this time at Vienna, negotiating with the Austrian government for the adoption of Hale's new war-rocket, the great peculiarity of which is that it is ignited in the middle, and not posteriorly, after the manner of all other rockets. There is a posterior aperture, however, which determines by the blast of fire issuing therefrom the progression of the rocket. The mesial apertures are tangential, and give exit to blasts of flame, imparting to the rocket a rifled motion.



ŒNONE. BY R. HERDMAN.

THIS is Mr. Herdman's conception of Œnone—"beautiful-brow'd Œnone"—she who sold her heart to "evil-hearted Paris," who, fickle as he was fair, forsook her for Helen the Beautiful, the stranger from Greece, for whose sin all Troy, all East Asia, must bleed. Long years should pass ere the smoke from the burning of many-towered Ilion should fill the gorges of Ida, and red flames night and day penetrate with flashes, as of the shaking of swords, those secret recesses where alone the nymph had wandered, cursing and blessing Paris in alternate breaths—dooming him to eternal ill, and praying for ever in his aid. Many years should pass ere her vengeance should be consummated, and the false one borne back to Greece, to expiate such crime, she hoped, in servitude in the house where she once had reigned as mistress and as queen. Many years should pass, she knew, but sure the time must come; for saw she not,

"by night or day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire!"

Then the vain, faithful heart cheated herself. Surely, when she with the unutterable name was gone, he, Paris, fair Paris, sweet Paris, would return to her, and they would be happy together once again? He must love her still,—had he not sworn it so "a thousand times," and sealed it on her lips?—lips, alas! not half so fair as when they were thus sealed; for the ever-craving hunger for his love, the soul parching for kisses, had broken the soft lines of her youthful cheek, sucked away the pulpiness from the rose-bud of her mouth, rendering its lines thin and meagre, and dimmed her eyes, that he had praised, until they were strange even to herself. Hoping against hope, poor Œnone would pass the years, the long, long years, that were to pass even before the avenger came with black ships and hosts of men, covering the sea-strand with strange engines of war and mighty chariots of battle. Then the year of siege must pass, with its many doubtful events: now Greece, now Asia, was the winner, and with each went the fortune of poor, poor Œnone! and her sick heart rose and fell with either change. How often would she sit and watch the varying battle, high up upon the hill, contemplating each fierce struggle, as if they fought for her,—poor, forlorn, forgotten Œnone! Hoped she he might return faithful through all this? But of the siege who could tell? Year by year went by, many battles, many were slain. Might he not be slain? Rather that, she thought, maybe, than the Greek woman should possess him, her own Paris, hers ever, false as he was.

So she sat upon the rocks, sick-hearted, complaining to Dear Mother Ida; morning, when the rising mists revealed the Greek tents before the citadel; noon, when the din of arms had ceased; evening, when they brought the horses to the stream, and when the long flags of smoke from the funeral pyres streamed over the sea. By night, too, dark or lighted by the moon, she still complained to Dear Mother Ida, and her white robes were seen to flutter by many a strayer from the camp, when he passed through interspaces of blackness and white light that the moon made among the immemorial trees. Home he went and said he had seen Œnone, and over the camp-fires they spoke of her, and of Paris, and of Helen.

L. L.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THERE was a time when the British Institution fairly represented the condition of art in England, but of late years we have had uniformly to note with regret a gradual falling off of good names from the Catalogue, and the total want of efficient new ones to fill the gaps. Something must be wrong in the management to produce this result. In the present exhibition there is literally not a single work of importance. Of figure pictures there are but three of interest. The best of these is by W. Maw Egley, "Omnibus Life in London" (No. 318), and that, though it pleases us to remark a considerable advance on his previous productions, needs great improvement before it can fairly be called a genuinely artistic work, executed with feeling, vigour, and judgment. It is, indeed, solid in painting, more manly, exhibits a freer and more truthful appreciation for light and shade, but there is a certain lacking of atmosphere, and want of sweetness of colour and softness of execution. The subject is good—the interior of a London omnibus, seen from the upper end, nearest the horses. The vehicle has stopped to receive a new passenger, a young woman whose face is as it were a vanishing-point to the two lines of passengers. The cynosure of the whole gathering, however, is a pretty, delicate young lady, seated by the door on the right hand, who is regarded by her fellow-passengers with various and characteristic emotions, and whose pure young face is abashed by the attention she receives. Her light hair and clear skin, modest look, vermilion lips, pretty cheerful dress, and very transparent white veil, appear to produce upon the others such an impression as might come from an angel's presence. At any rate this is clearly in the thoughts of the youth seated opposite, who is falling desperately in love, and, quite overcome, stares mildly out of a pair of round vacant eyes at his charming neighbour. This youth, whose costume illustrates an amusing phase of young-London life, when the wearers adopt incongruous materials to produce a greater effect, is evidently in his own opinion dressed *point device*, and if he were going to be married could not be finer. Next to him sits a youngish widow, whose expression of patronising interest for the pretty girl is truly capital; she puts her head on one side, and regards her with charming condescension. "You will not always be such a sylph, my dear," is plainly enough her thought; yet not unkindly nor without a rational commiseration for a beauty "that won't wear." The widow's face is sadly out of drawing—a fault we are the

more bound to notice, as it occurs nowhere else in the picture. We see one or two bonnets and hats between the widow and the person most to the front of the picture, but the atmospheric effect is so injured by the hardness of execution that how many, or how far off they are respectively, we cannot take upon ourselves to say. The person most to the front is an elderly woman, loaded with the usual number of bundles and band-boxes, who appears to feel a little disgust at being compelled to make room for the new-comer. *Apropos* of this new-comer, we must not fail to notice that Mr. Egley has, with considerable humour and unusual powers of rendering expression, put upon her face a somewhat blanked look; for, being not a bad-looking woman herself, and very conscious thereof, she has evidently prepared her mind for the effect her arrival would make upon the gentlemen in the omnibus, and a shade of disappointment disturbs her serene self-complacency as she sees the pretty sylph sitting before her in the place of honour. This is a capital point well told, and augurs much for the artist. On the opposite side to the loaded old woman is a little girl, dressed to the pink of little-girlish splendour — hat, frock, polished shoes, and crochet work: this child's face is remarkable for excellent and solid painting; the shaded side being towards us, is only relieved by a line of light down her profile, that brightens it mightily, and renders its prettiness visible under her broad hat. Next to her, and further from us, comes a maternal-looking woman, of some thirty years, with an expression of wifely pride on her countenance, that is broadly distinguished from the *insouciant* regard of the widow, the vanity of the new-comer, and the bashful timidity of the girl in chief. A sturdy boy, seated in the lap of this woman, is a capital illustration of the awkward restlessness of a child, as he sits awry and half-struggling with his mother. We do not know if this boy's face and attitude do not please us more than anything in the picture, being more genuine in conception and execution, fuller of novel character as well as solidity of painting. One or two other persons carry the line of passengers on this side down to the lovely apparition that is the chief point of attraction. Outside, and above the head of the new arrival, is seen the person of the conductor, who, standing on his "monkey-board," peers into the carriage. On the whole, we congratulate Mr. Egley on a picture which does him high credit, and induces the hope that he has found a range of theme that will better suit his talents and his skill than the somewhat weak and affected subjects he has hitherto indulged in.

The next picture of which we have to render an account is not less a novel theme. The artist, Mr. E. Hopley, tells that the beautiful daughter of Nef-chofo, an ancient Egyptian king, commanded that her lovers should each bring, as testimony of his admiration, a carved block of stone, and present it as they passed before her in procession; and tradition avers that so great was the number of these odd manifestations of love, that a pyramid was afterwards built of them. Accordingly, we have here the princess standing, with her attendants, on a sort of stage of granite, like an apartment with one side removed, splendidly dressed after the ancient Egyptian fashion, in diaphanous tissues, the transparent texture of which hardly conceals her limbs, despite the embroidery and mass of ornamental colour upon the robe. A beautiful female slave kneels at her feet, holding a basket of fruit, some of which the lady appears to be distributing to the more favoured of her admirers as they pass. Other attendants are behind. Across the front of the picture are the lovers, a motley crowd. The most prominent of them is a wizened old gentleman, wonderfully dressed, grinning amorously and kissing his hand with fervour as he grimacingly bows and salutes the beauty. He is half-rising from a throne placed upon a large elaborately-carved slab of stone, or rather table, for it has gilded legs and castors; but the oddity of this worthy's position is, that the slab or table is borne along by three sturdy negroes, who crouch on hands and knees beneath it; a quaint dwarf, grinning and gambolling in front of them, appears to regard himself as the most important part of the procession. Immediately after this elderly worthy comes a young and handsome man, in the pride of life, who writhes his body and crouchingly bends to his adored with curious energy of passion; the ardency of his looks as he clasps his hands before his breast is very expressive. Next after him is an elder, but still young, man, of totally different character: he is an "awful swell" of the period; perfectly self-composed and content, he strides along in all the glory of tissue and colour with a melodramatic swagger, contemplating a little block he has brought — a little block, certainly, but then it is pure blood-red cornelian — as though he disdained to load himself with the coarse burthens of the others, and would rather concentrate the value of a province in a handful. His knotted beard, his elaborately-dressed hair, his robes, his jewels, are doubtless perfectly *à la mode de Thèbe;* and he is, indeed, a splendid sight. Following him comes another worshipper, with his gorgeously-dressed parasol-bearers holding a feather shade over him; but this hero has met with trouble, in person of a jealous rival of Nubian blood, who violently assaults him, and is about to knock his brains out with the block of stone he has borne hither for an offering. A black-faced guardsman, bearing the great Egyptian ensign of the spread palm and ram's head, rushes to the rescue. Behind all come a line of soldiers, dressed in white and blue, bearing their great bucklers over the right shoulder. The *fracas* has attracted the attention of those who have passed before the tablet-supported mummy, and are now on the opposite side of the picture, for they turn round to look, guards and all. One lover, on this side, heedless of the disturbance, affects to be overcome with the princess's blaze of beauty, and sinks his jewelled tiara to the floor, shading his eyes. Another lover grins with wrath, and looks oceans of jealous anger at the rest, as he leans on the back of a huge sculptured lion. The remainder of the picture fills up with guards, spectators, statues, lofty coloured obelisks, columns and porticoes, and the other paraphernalia of an Egyptian *grande place.* The artist has evidently spent great pains with the costume, or, at least, profited well by the pains of others; all the dresses, the ensigns, the weapons, even the appropriate Egyptian flowers, are in good keeping and taste. We must, however, counsel Mr. Hopley to a little — rather say, at once, a great deal — more care in his execution; this picture might have been rendered a fine and creditable work. The subject is refreshing for novelty and witty treatment. The artist certainly could, if he liked, do all that is required to make himself a high name.

Mr. George Holmes's "Never too late to mend" (376), is a bit of humorous domestic economy: an old woman sits in a cottage mending stockings, and has just taken up a terrible example of the truth of the proverb about the value of a stitch in time. The large heel-holes appal her, and with uplifted hands she regards the formidable task to be accomplished so late in the day. There is much genuine expression in the old lady's looks, and her face is, for execution, good and solid. Another domestic subject is by J. Clark, whose "Sick Child" we engraved in our third volume. This picture is styled the "Cottage Door" (396), and shows a young father playing with an extremely small baby, who, held in the arms of a very juvenile mother, laughs and crows as he tickles its neck with the end of his pipe. A sturdy-legged urchin, "a five-year old," leans his weight loungingly against his mother's knees. The expression of all the figures is admirable: the father, a robust, happy agriculturist, home from his day's work, the jealous, self-willed urchin wilfully pulling at the mother's dress, the affection of the mother, and the playful glee of the child, are all well told. But the mother is a mere girl, no wife for the man, or mother even for the baby, much less for the boy in front. This picture lacks sweetness and purity of colour, and softness of execution, otherwise it is quite equal to the artist's previous works. Mr. H. Lejeune exhibits a pretty little

picture styled "The Common" (101), a country child standing with her bare feet in a pond, which, if less pretty and artificial, would be more valuable. "*Requiescat in pace*," by W. S. P. Henderson (112), is a pretty subject—a little girl who has fallen asleep in the sun in an old churchyard; behind her a ruined cross, and further back a yew-tree, which by the way is as green as an oak: the work is pleasing nevertheless. By G. Smith, is "The Sisters" (131); two girls, one of whom is absorbed in study of the other's progress with some crochet work. The landscape background lacks truth, and the faces have evidently been painted in a dark study, yet the latter are expressive and interesting. "The Flaw in the Lease," by J. Morgan (149), exhibits character. An old farmer and his wife have come to consult a country lawyer, whose look of anticipation of a case, and the yeoman's earnest bothered countenance, are well supported by the more energetic demonstrativeness of the wife. "Expectancy," a girl looking out for somebody, by J. Sant (157), is the most solid and genuine of the painter's works—not that that is saying much for it. No. 161, "Rain on a Fair-day," a damsel leaning in a casement watching the dark clouds and driving rain without, by C. S. Lidderdale, has both character and care about it, although both of them are marred by a hard incompleteness we trust the young painter may get over. It is not quite equal to his work at the R.A. last year, although carefully studied in matters of detail, and solidly painted. "The Home of the Mountaineer," by Mr. Frank Wyburd (179), is somewhat meretricious and flashy in execution, and a little false in sentiment. An imaginary and rather spectral wife is seated in the exterior gallery of a "Swiss Cottage," by moonlight—at least, we suppose moonlight intended—looking out for her husband in the most approved fashion of patience and expectation; a lamp hangs behind, whose light would be more effective if truly rendered. "See-saw" (218), some children at that game, with consequent upset, is by C. Rossiter, of whom we expected better things. Mr. T. P. Hall, of whom also we expected better things, sends No. 377, "The Rivals," a vulgar subject, treated with no humour,—a combat between grocers' boys interrupted by a beadle; a butcher's boy, costermongers, &c., diversify the subject without enlivening it. The painting is very coarse and pretentious. Mr. D. W. Wingfield's "Minstrel Love"—two lovers "mooning" in a garden—has some merit, for the actors are not painted from dolls in a *coiffeur's* shop, and although lacking delicacy have some natural character. Mr. J. Wolf's "Partridges" (120), a very favourite theme of his, shows some excellently painted birds in a turnip-field, embowered by the spreading leaves, and clustering on their great masses of root; the feathers are finely painted as ever, but the greens untruly rendered and weak. Mr. W. H. Ward, whose pictures of birds' nests, &c. we have before had occasion to praise, appears to be getting a mannerist; we should hardly know 411, "Fruit, Flowers, and Pyefinch's Nest," from its predecessors.

The landscapes of note are few. No. 1, "Sardis," by H. Johnson, "The Granite Sanctuary, Karnac," and "The Pyramids at Sunrise," by Frank Dillon, might, for all the brilliancy and atmospheric effect they show, have been painted from a cheerless woodcut in the *Penny Magazine*. "The Sandpit Road," R. Redgrave, R.A., although dingy, has considerable feeling for nature in its execution. "Bragozzi," E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., is more than usually clear and bright for the artist, but so much a repetition of previous works that description is needless. "A Meadow Scene," by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., bright, but hard, consists of the usual cows in water; the landscape is very ariose and somewhat real. Mr. Pettit's "Ullswater" (156), is interesting and careful, but mannered. The best landscape is by J. W. Oakes, "Spring-day at Stoke, Salop" (292), full of fresh greenery and brightness.

We may conclude by mentioning Mr. J. Gilbert's "Falstaff reviewing his Ragged Regiment" (66), a work painted in his usual broad masterly style, showy colour, and variety of incident.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE Photographic Society have changed the *locale* of their exhibition from Brompton, where it was held last year, to the rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street—a far superior position. Nor is the improvement confined to the position, but extends to the quantity, and markedly to the quality, of the works exhibited. Some operators, as Messrs. Thurston Thompson and Roger Fenton, were before very considerably in advance of their coadjutors; now this pre-eminence is by no means so great, for others have, in many instances, attained to their level, and as a rule, but few are far behind. A collection of nearly seven hundred photographs, all faithful transcripts from nature, cannot but be of singular interest; and the wider our sympathies and associations, the more pleasure shall we derive from the contemplation of portraits of such immensely varied subjects, embracing as they do the earth's most remarkable sites, from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to the lonely Pyramids of Egypt; the immemorial sculptures on the banks of Indian rivers, swallowed up in jungle and the "strange overgrowths" of Eastern vegetation; the desolate island-shores of the Hebrides, on which the sea breaks for ever; or the crowded streets of metropolitan cities.

To particularise in such a mass is difficult, but we will commence by reference to an enormous photograph of the Crystal Palace, by Philip H. De la Motte (No. 169), one of the most successful examples of the art we have yet seen, as well as one of the largest, being about four feet long by two broad. It is taken from the entrance end of the building, and the whole of the vast length of the fairy nave is exquisitely rendered. Even in that house of wonders the amazed delight of the spectator palls upon him after a time, and the gorgeous combination of light, colour, brilliancy, beautiful art and beautiful nature, becomes somewhat deadened to the senses from frequent observation; we recommend any one thus satiated to go look at this rendering of the place, for he will infallibly revive his lost perceptions in all their freshness, and again enjoy the infinite variety which at first he felt so strongly. The myriads of shadows from the myriads of bars and rods of the roof and sides are cast in that intricate and infinite variety which is so striking, chequering the floor with a maze like an enormous lace-work of shade and light; the long lines of statues, the multitudinous trees and shrubs, stretch before us down the enormous length of the nave; and the still calm waters of the fountain-basin suggest repose amongst all the glitter and intense variety of the scene. This work is truly a delightful study; it is Mr. De la Motte's sole contribution, but it worthily occupies the place of honour.

An even larger photograph is 553, by F. Frith, "Panorama of Cairo." Probably from the unavoidable impediments to successful action in such a place, this work is not comparable with the last for completeness, being composed of many parts not very perfectly joined, but the whole effect is not less surprising. We look over a vast space of the city's roofs into the maze of streets, and their lofty and innumerable minarets and countless domes. Near at hand the queer pigeon-trapdoors in the house-tops cluster in quaint irregularity; further off, and beyond the city wall, the arches of the railway contrast oddly with those other marvellous works of man—not more marvellous, however—the Pyramids; between these a thin bright line traces the eternal Nile; and far away, in the extreme distance, the hills on the horizon stand up vaguely, broken and indistinct. A great heap, like a rampart, to the left of the view, and close on its margin, shows the huge accumulated rubbish of the city got together in a mound. Mr. Frith displays many other proofs of his exquisite skill and perfect success with the camera, the fruits of his labour in the East. 546, "Street-view in Cairo," shows the quaint lattices of the

houses, and the narrow streets between, with their little shops, or rather stalls. 547, "Mount Serbal, Sinai," contrasts with this in subject, and shows the lofty, ragged mountain-tops of heaped-up rock, while nearer at hand is an ancient cedar. In 550, "Mount Horeb," the sun-shadows sleep in the hollow glens and monstrous clefts of the many-peaked mountains; all seems still, immemorial, and without change,—all as it might have been when Moses held converse with the Lord in the burning bush, or Elijah fasted forty days and nights upon the Mount of God. Mr. Frith's views from various localities in Egypt and the Holy Land are all most interesting, not only from the places they represent, but from their great success as photographs. They embrace the Pyramids of Sakkara and Gizeh, the Sphinx, Jerusalem from Mount Scopas, &c.

An important series of reproductions from Raffaele's Cartoons at Hampton Court occupy a prominent place on the walls, and are extremely interesting from the perfect manner in which many of them render the handling of the pencil in the original. Of course, for expositions of colour they are worse than useless. The great master invariably employed masses of colour, of a cold or warm hue, in that manner which best suited his *chiaro-scuro;* that is to say, where he wished to introduce a mass of light or dark he would employ a dark or light hue of colour, irrespective of the mere light and shade of the natural effect. The fault of the photographic process is that it renders cold, as blue, colours lighter than warm, as red, and thus completely destroys the scientific dispositions of the artist. The greater number of these works are by Messrs. Caldesi and Montechi, whose efforts are deserving of highest praise. Others amongst them, by C. Thurston Thompson, are not less admirable. A study of the head and hands of Peter in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," may be pointed out for the expressive rendering of the painter's handling; each masterly stroke of the brush may be seen. Notwithstanding the fault we have noted as incidental to the present state of photography, this series will be found to render the expression and drawing of these celebrated works with far greater truth than even the finest engravings which have yet been published.

For the true excellence of photography, when wisely employed on a colourless subject, we have never yet met with a better example than a series of three views from Mr. Woolner's glorious bust of the Laureate (No. 167). In these the marvellous finish of the original is exquisitely given, and the subject has been so judiciously placed for light and shade that the effect of relief is quite equal to anything seen with the aid of the stereoscope. The peculiar semi-lucidity of surface, which is the great charm of marble, is given with absolute truth. Those who admire the works of the greatest poet of the age, and wish to secure a portrait executed by the most earnest and truthful English sculptor, should possess themselves of these exquisite copies by William Jeffrey. A series of portraits in a large frame, by Dr. Diamond, of the most notable members of the well-known literary gathering styled "Our Club," will interest reading people. The portraits are excellent.

Many views in India are of large interest to us; let us name first, No. 101, "Seven Pagodas, Madras Presidency, Stone Canopy." Seven Pagodas is the popular English name for the famous Temple of Vishnu at Mavellipoorum. A pyramidal canopy rises upon four lofty and slender shafts of beautiful design, based upon a plinth of shallow steps, one of the most admirable architectural productions that can be conceived. No. 113, a little further on, styled "The Palmirah Palm," should be studied in connexion with this: the latter is a group of palms growing four-square to each other, and lifting their tall and graceful heads upon their trunks in such a manner that the spectator cannot fail to see at once what was the natural type which suggested the canopy just referred to—that really being little else than an architectural reproduction of the work of Nature herself. No. 160, also from the "Seven Pagodas," shows an immense number of figures carved in low relief upon the living rock of the scarp of a hill. The conical style of head-dress worn by the figures forcibly reminds one of those shown in Egyptian works, and resembles no other ancient art production.

"A Study of Clouds" (4), by Ernest Edwards, a rolling mass of cumuli, is suggestive of a new world for photographic practice. No. 19, a frame, with four examples in it, should be looked at with attention; that marked 1 therein, "Fingle Bridge," shows a glen, between whose sharp-angled stark hill-sides flows a quiet stream, the smooth water reflecting the bare branches of the trees to perfection. Several studies from Glastonbury Abbey, by Roger Fenton, are worthy of great praise. No. 34, "Arches of the North Aisle," shows the lofty arches of bold design, and the striking effect produced by employment of zig-zag mouldings of high relief upon the outer lines of the curve. No. 68, "North Side of the Choir," is not less worthy of note, and for sharpness and clearness of execution almost unrivalled in the exhibition. By the same photographer is a set of views from Raglan Castle. No. 84 is a beautiful example, showing the massive entrance-towers, with their machicolations, over which the vast mantle of ivy has spread itself. From the same locality, two photographs by Francis Bedford are remarkable. No. 99 is a nearer view of the same portion of the edifice, and shows plainly where the curtain wall connecting the towers with each other has been destroyed, displaying the huge gap of an unguarded chamber within. This example is exquisitely sharp in all its details. "The Norman Staircase at Canterbury" (112), by J. Cruttenden, is a splendid example of vigorous management of the materials, unequalled in that quality, we think. We are glad to find that photographers have so freely made use of the ancient baronial and ecclesiastical edifices which abound both in England and France. "The Porch of the Cathedral at Rheims" (271), by Paul Pretsch, shows the marvellous stone lace-work of that gorgeous porch, got into a breadth of effect which is charming to the eye of an artist, yet at the same time displaying the utmost minuteness of detail on close examination. "Hardwick" (32), "Haddon Hall" (33), "Dorothy Vernon's Doorway" (37), "Salisbury Cathedral, from the Chapter House" (45), the same "from the West Porch" (49), all by Roger Fenton, are fine examples.

Of all photographs, however, the most delightful to a lover of nature will be 573, by Silvy, a French river-scene, showing still waters running between level banks, and watched by tall poplars, whose lofty heads wave on high, while their lengthy reflections tremble softly in the smooth mirror of the river. Nearer at hand than these are the houses of a village clustering on the bank, while, above, the dark side of a world of huge clouds is turned towards us in a great flat of shadow-hidden surface. This is indeed a delicious transcript of nature, and one which might be contemplated for hours with ever-increasing pleasure.

While we yield our warmest admiration to these things, we cannot avoid expressing the utmost astonishment at the blindness of some photographers in placing the clumsy blotches of brush-work on their productions. A photograph, as such, simply, is a perfectly delightful study, but directly it is touched the beauty of it is gone. All hand-work upon a photograph must be ruin to it, and it is not a little amazing to artists to observe how many operators obstinately persist in catering to a vulgar taste, by thus maltreating the very finest of their works. We gladly, however, remark, that the abominations of touched, *i.e.* spoilt photographs, are few here, and that none of the finest practitioners give way to the foolish and heartless custom.

Of those astounding things, instantaneous photographs, there are several here, particularly amongst which to be noticed is 290, by Mr. Downes, a coast view, where the waves are caught upon the verge of falling, and we almost hear the scream of the beach, as the flood draws backward from its face. The shadow of the foamy crest lies in the hollow of the wave, fixed for ever.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

No. V. The Section of Education—General Aspects.

As it takes six years of regular schooling, at the rate of five days a-week, to give an average boy a fair education, not much is to be looked for in this direction from the immediate agency of Sunday-schools. Indeed, in the common sense of the word, it is partly a misnomer to call them schools, for their principal object is to do for the young what the regular services of religion are doing for their seniors; that is, to impart religious knowledge and to excite devotional feelings. With such an end in view their influence and the importance of it are necessarily enormous; and if we mean by education the whole bringing up of the human being, there are few organised institutions of greater power or value in the process. The Sunday-schools of England give unselfish occupation to three hundred thousand voluntary teachers; they bring them every week into contact with two millions of children; they establish between these two great bodies relations of friendly feeling and mutual interest; and if the actual instruction given and received is generally imperfect in its kind, often narrow-minded in its spirit, and rarely perhaps judicious as to its method, these drawbacks are to a great extent inevitable, and accompany in one form or other almost every arrangement by which persons of different age and station are brought intimately together. To bring them intimately together, however, under such circumstances that the intercourse between them may be natural, agreeable, and consequently beneficial, is one of the great social problems of the time; and though our progress in the matter is not altogether like that of the little Indian deity who spanned the earth with his first stride and the heavens with his second, a real forward step has been taken by the institution of Sunday-schools. The ideal union of all classes at church and chapel is a pretty little hypothesis, very soothing after certain uncomfortable texts. High and low stand up together—as in a bottle of *gülden-wasser* the gold-leaf floats among the syrup. But a chemist calls this a case of mechanical suspension, not of chemical affinity; and knows very well that both the gold and the syrup are just what they were before they were shaken. The enthusiasm of public meetings is often excited by a reference to the fact that there is fustian in the assembly, and also cloth at twenty shillings a-yard; but the wearers of these materials are confidential chiefly to the public on the subject of their intimacy, and while sympathising to any extent with human nature on a large scale, are not found individually on each other's bosoms. But in Sunday-schools, the two classes employed in them meet together on true grounds of natural relationship. They are to one another very nearly what they seem to be. There is but little shamming, and their intercourse as far as it goes is personal and easy. To take a man who spits and is generally nasty, who wipes his mouth with his hands and his hands with his trousers, who counts the waters of baptism to have been sufficient for his personal cleanliness, and knows nothing about the rules of speech, except how to break them; to take him with all his attributes to a dinner-party, and give him his food with wit and satin at the side of him, is a mistake not often made exactly in this form, but its essential error creeps into many schemes of ill-advised philanthropy where the intention is to bring rich and poor together, and the result is failure. But on the day of rest, when all have leisure and when most are clean, the children of one class and the young men and women of another can meet in the Sunday-school on terms of rational and pleasant intimacy, with a common object, and with opportunities of cultivating a personal interest in and a real acquaintance with each other. The effect of this intimacy, both on the teachers and the taught, is probably of higher value than the teaching itself. It is a social union carried on throughout the country, upon a very large scale indeed, and the more its value in this respect is recognised the more useful it is likely to become. Too much confidence is probably placed in the mere utility of teaching. Heaven, in kindness to us, has made the knowledge which is most necessary most easy of attainment. It takes a long time to learn the Greek grammar or the use of the Differential Calculus, but there is no creed in Christendom which may not be committed to memory in an hour. The great truths of religion are quickly taught; and though no human life is long enough to acquire a perfect knowledge of their application, it does not follow that children will make much progress in it by learning by rote even its highest verbal illustrations.

The day-schools of England are doubtless admirable institutions. They keep about two millions of British

boys and girls in custody for certain hours on week-days, and they pay the salaries of above thirty thousand teachers. Whatever became of all the children fifty years ago, or how it happened that any birds were left in the hedges or any fruit on the trees before Bell and Lancaster came to the rescue, does not appear. The insurance rate on young lives ought to have sensibly diminished, and perhaps we owe the general disappearance of household rods to the placid lives now possible to parents. There must be an awful chasm between the nervous system of the mother who has her child at school, and of the one who knows he is in the pantry if he is out of the fire, and who has smacked him well in the morning, conscious that she must box his ears before dinner-time. Granting this, however, in terms of ungrudging gratitude, the other benefits offered by these academies are not on the whole particularly striking. There were at the last census about 45,000 day-schools in England and Wales. Nothing but reading was taught in one-third of them; nothing beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, in one-half of them; English grammar and geography were taught in considerably less than half; and no other instruction whatever, except needlework for girls, was given in at least four-fifths of the whole number. There were a million of scholars above the age of eight, and half-a-million above the age of ten; but there were not 50,000 boys and girls who were learning mathematics, and not 100,000 who received instruction in any language but their own. Moreover, there were 743 "schools" whose masters or mistresses were unable to write their own names. What they were able to do we cannot say. Their pupils, doubtless, escaped the dangers of even a little knowledge, and had a pleasant time of it in the academical groves.

It is to be hoped that the modern system of Government inspection and aid is gradually working out an important change in this state of things; but one great difficulty is left untouched, and while it remains our best efforts will be unsatisfactory in this result. The indifference of parents to the education of their children is the blister on every school-reformer's tongue when he talks of what is wanted and what he would do. Board your school-room floors, polish your desks, and whitewash your ceilings; fix your standard as high as the Acropolis, and give every schoolmaster a thousand a-year; but there is still the same difficulty. The children of the poor are not sent to school long enough for Socrates himself to make anything of them. We want a practical remedy for this evil, and perhaps the Association may find one. Probably such a remedy must be complex in its character and gradual in its application. The knot is hardly to be cut in England by any sweeping and peremptory action of the law. The working of the Factory Acts seems to show that education may be made compulsory if the attempt is limited to particular classes of children, and that in all probability one class after another might thus be operated upon successfully; the special form of compulsion being adapted to the special nature of the case, and an enemy who is unassailable in the mass being thus cut to pieces in detachments. When children are sent to work in factories three things are certain,—they are not wanted at home, they are not incapacitated for the reception of instruction, and there are funds out of which their schooling can be paid for. Wherever the co-existence of these three conditions is equally clear, there seems no reason why the same principle may not be applied.

In measures not compulsory, it must be borne in mind that the mass of mankind act always upon very simple motives, and especially that the object aimed at by a working man lies generally within a hair's-breadth of the end of his nose. "I can't see that," is the conclusion of most arguments, and an uneducated parent comes to it very speedily when the Advancement of Learning is made the text-book for a discourse touching his domestic affairs. He never went up the mountain himself, and of course he "can't see" the Alpine prospect or the Alpine rose, either in fact or fancy. We want to show him something that he can see, and that seeing he will wish for; and to make the education of his children the only road to it.

There seems to be no great difficulty in the matter. Suppose a definite substantial reward were offered to every parent whose child at a given age had passed a certain examination; the prize would doubtless be widely sought, and a vast stimulus given to the general scholarship of the poor. If some smaller reward, by way of foretaste and encouragement, were given for such preliminary progress as might be looked for after a single year of schooling, the effect would perhaps be still greater, and extend still lower in the social scale. We give prizes for fatted calves and gallinaceous Anakim, why not for educated boys and girls? A working man who sends his children steadily to school does a lasting service to the State; a service which is well bought at almost any price, even as a matter of business, for a human brain will do more work than a cart-horse, if you only give it the shoes of habit, the harness of discipline, and the strong corn of intellectual cultivation. There are well-known objections to free-schools, or to any plan of education which does away with the necessity of effort and interest on the part of parents, but these do not apply in the least to a system of rewards for efforts made and success accomplished. If payments to a school were something like payments to a savings'-bank—small deposits, returnable, with accumulated interest, at a future day—the feeling of the poor in regard to them would doubtless be greatly changed. Of course it is so in fact already, but the return is impalpable to the rough work-a-day fingers which have to lay down the outlay. Make it something they can both touch and feel, and its value to that extent will be appreciated. No doubt a large expenditure would be needed; but everybody knows, that if national education is to be improved the cost must be paid by the nation in one form or other, and no one doubts the excellence of the investment. In fact, the total number of children who annually attain any given age between five and fifteen is less than half a million; the number who could earn the promised prize for their parents would, under no circumstances, reach the half of this; under present circumstances it could hardly be one-tenth; and if a handsome present were given on account of every one of them there need be nothing to alarm the nation.

Any system which will give a parent an active interest in the positive result of his child's schooling

must have a double influence on the cause of general education, by making the quality of the instruction received, as well as the opportunity of receiving it, a matter of parental anxiety. The brief and irregular attendance of scholars excuses much of the inefficiency of popular day-schools, and the rapid extension of Government inspection is doubtless introducing great improvements; but it is still the fact, that a very large proportion of the pupils in our national and other schools for the poor never have the slightest chance of getting a moderately good education. We are writing in the country, but within three miles of a great city. In the field opposite there is a cottage, with a large family in it; the parents are worthy and industrious people, the children above the average in character, and quite up to it in ability. The eldest girl is sixteen. She went for *nine years* to the National School by the church on the hill, close by. She cannot write decently, or read respectably, or count much more than her fingers. In this case the length of attendance was quite exceptional, but the result, unfortunately, only a very common one. Again, there are three large schools not far off, conducted with considerable zeal. The school-rooms are all commodious, but one is under a church, another under a chapel, and the third school is a Ragged School. Government aid is not granted under such circumstances, and the instruction given to several hundred children remains, of course, without much prospect of improvement. The Social Science Association will, it is to be hoped, look year by year more deeply into this great question.

The very defective manner in which the children of the middle classes are being educated is, to a great extent, one of the natural consequences of the rapid growth of national prosperity. The son of a country gentleman, living on his ancestral acres, is born to the same condition of life as his father and his grandfather before him. His parents know the requirements of their station, were brought up in accordance with them, and naturally bring up their child in a similar manner. He is educated much as his father was, and it suffices. With the great mass of the middle classes it is quite different. They have raised themselves to a position never contemplated when they were sent to school. They were not brought up to it; they know little about it, except that they are in it. Their own education was sufficient for their own success; and if their sons, for fashion's sake, rise a little above their own standard, they think a good deal of it, and suppose that enough has been done. They overlook, of course, the vast difference there is between a man who, having worked his way upwards, has achieved comparative affluence in middle age, and one who begins where they themselves are ending, and will have to follow a career in no respect resembling their own. If the mischief they are unwittingly doing by this oversight could be set before them, it would probably be perfectly appalling. One of the worst things that can be done for the son of a tradesman on starting in life is to give him the wealth of the educated classes without their education. The effect is immediate and irremediable. He is shut out at once from the social sphere in which his means would find ordinary occupation; he is thrown upon a lower order of life, where to have greater wealth than others is only to have greater temptation: he sees the men who are only his equals in other respects, pass him by as a vulgar fellow; he sees the women who will settle in no better homes than his, far off and unapproachable; he begins at once with a sense of degradation, a consciousness that his outward and inward circumstances do not harmonise; and it is happy indeed for him if he does not indemnify himself for his social grievances by indulging straightway in such pleasures as can be bought with money alone, apart from all questions of intellect. The mere taint of trade would be a sufficient difficulty for him, but it is a surmountable difficulty. Among well-educated people there is a rational eclecticism as well as an irrational one, and anybody with a gentleman's education can find congenial society now-a-days among the best of those whose outward circumstances are on a level with his own. But when the fact of ignorance is added to the fiction of caste the case is hopeless; the box-keeper at the social playhouse settles the man's business at a glance: his pass is for the gallery; what is he doing here? The well-known example of a new member getting up in the House of Commons, addressing it as the 'Ouse of Commons, and being obliged thenceforth and ever after to hold his tongue, illustrates this phase of social feeling as well as anything. The poor fellow might be anybody's son or nobody's. If he only knew the difference between a house and an 'ouse he would have his hearing. The small offence is a test of nothing whatever except the nature of his education, but on that point the test is pretty nearly absolute. The man is ignorant, and has not even learnt to hide it. He may be a fine specimen of human nature, but he has got no clothes; out with him! The social law in these matters has a humorous and even a ridiculous side, but it has also a serious one, which it behoves every middle-class parent to consider seriously. If he intend his child to start in life exactly as he did himself, with no greater means, no other tastes, and a career in all respects similar before him, he may be justified in thinking that if his son's education is equal to his own it is sufficient and satisfactory. But such cases become rarer every day. In middle-class life, especially in commercial life, the son generally stands on his father's shoulders, in regard to all outward circumstances; begins where his parent ended, and is quite unfit to begin there unless his intellectual level has been raised along with his material one. In this matter the fact which it is most important that parents should take seriously to heart is that of their own necessary inability, in most cases, to determine the nature and amount of the education which ought to be given to their children. If a man in after life becomes conscious even of his own scholastic deficiencies, he cannot feel them as a young man does, or estimate their comparative importance to his juniors. He does not know, because he never experienced, the particular wants which as a parent it is his duty to supply; and if he trusts his own judgment, he is pretty sure to send his children into the battle of life furnished with obsolete armour or tinsel ornament, bought at a high price, and paraded before admiring eyes at home, but nearly useless in modern fields. How many lives are lost by it, how many characters fall captive to the power of

evil in consequence of such parental errors, it would be hard to say, and terrible to know. There are streets in our cities whose pavements are reeking altar-stones, whose atmosphere is the very smoke of infernal sacrifice, and half of whose victims are sent there by the fatal folly which has given them the purse, but has not given them the education, of a gentleman. The difficulty here is much increased by the absence of good guidance on which parents may themselves rely. A father may be quite aware that his own judgment ought not to be trusted, but it is not easy to say where he ought to go for satisfactory counsel. The reputation of particular schools, or at least what he hears of their reputation, is often highly deceptive, and as he cannot test his child's progress himself, the mistake is not easily discovered. To enlighten this preliminary darkness, to let the middle-class parents of England know on ample authority what kind of instruction their children ought to receive, how and where it may be got, and what methods of bestowing it, if attempted, are sure to fail, has become a work of national necessity. The provincial examinations, undertaken lately by the two universities, are perhaps the most useful steps that could be taken in the first instance. They bring the grand defect home to its sources, and establish a certain basis on which much may be built. That after-building, however, will need the greatest possible thought and attention, and the Association should definitively set about the work of drawing the plans.

A STROLLING POET'S RIDE TO STONEHENGE.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

We were lapped in a rose-coloured cloud the last five miles from Salisbury to Wilton, as the train that bore me towards the breezy Wiltshire downs drove through the sunset which tinged red the white vapours that drifted on either side of us from the wide black cannon-mouth of the engine funnel. I imagined myself in that "ship of the gods," or divine balloon, so famous in Hindoo mythology. I was rushing through the clouds at the rate of forty miles an hour: did the old Pagan divinity travel faster than our modern Christian mortality?—I trow not.

Need I say what I noted down as interesting from the square window of my padded carriage? Fancies not worth the noting, the reader may perhaps think: "stubbles bristling like yellow hair-brushes;" "green weeds wavering on the brook like drowned Ophelia's hair, or a mermaid's emerald tresses;" "the shy slant, shunting off of the rooks as they cross the train's double-columned path;"—verse-notes, such as "a crow song:"

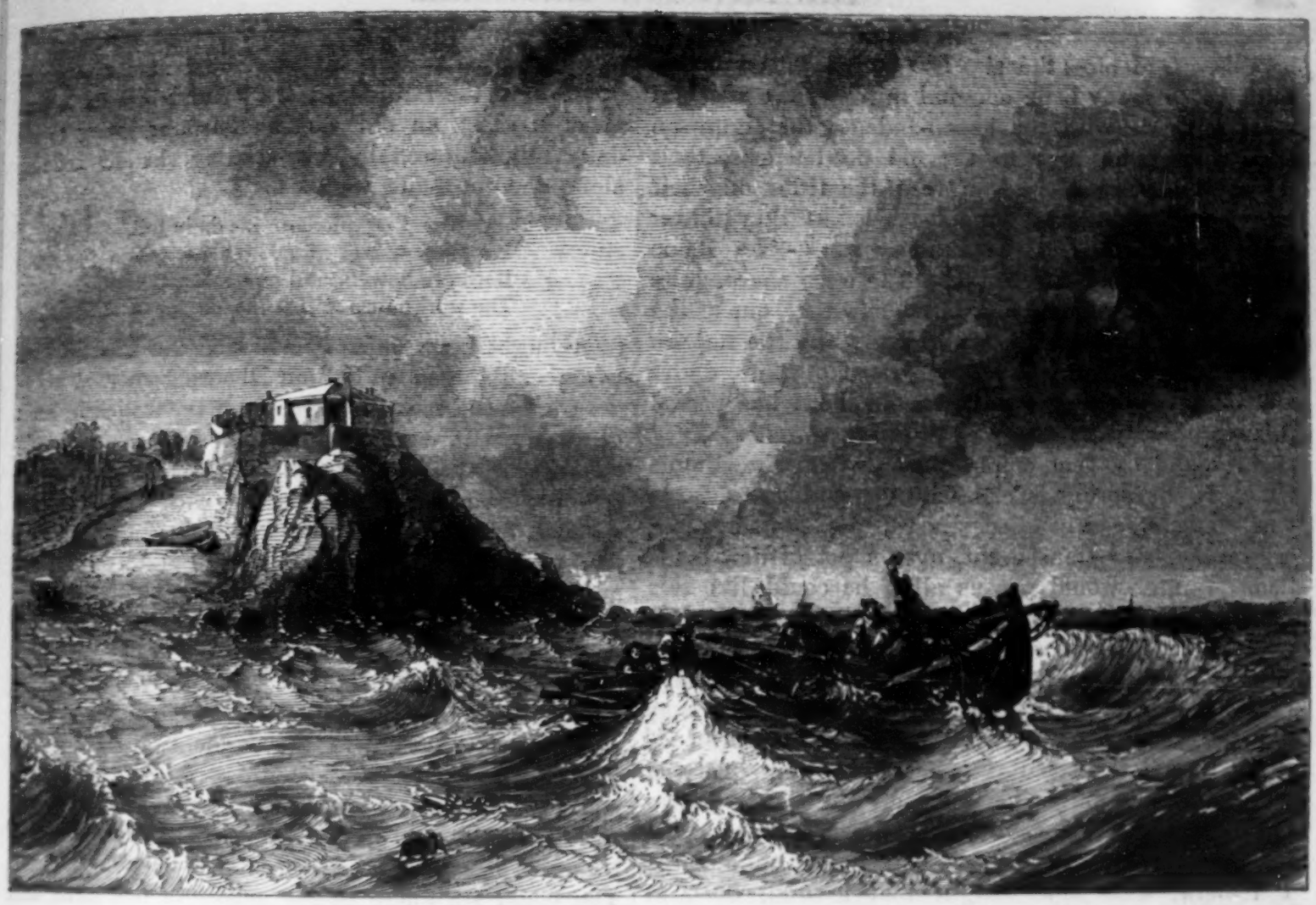
"With a flapping, flap, flap, flap."

At length I, a knight-errant of literature free for a day from the smoky riot and the swampy mud of Babylon, shut up my note-book, pocket my pencil, and lie back to hear the gossip of the carriage; a second-class carriage, full of damask-cheeked country-people, hearty, honest, and untroubled by fears and suspicions. There is a large farmer, whose broad stomach is tapestried by a huge flowered waistcoat, whose seals are as big as a child's fist; and some young country "chaps" out for a holiday. Their eyes converse in kindly exchange, but their tongues are not fluent. Listen to them for a moment, just as if you put your ear to a counting-house speaking-tube. "Well, Jim, how *was* you?" "Well, I be nicely. How's mother?" "Thankee, she be purely. And how's Harry?" "Fust rate." "That's right. Where be you going?" "T' old folks." "That's bravely."

Here I cork up the tube. After some discussion on wool, a sharp little man in the corner, with staring blood-shot eyes and a droll mouth, informs us generally that there was a capital card was in the carriage with him from Warminster—"a good 'un, sure-*ly*:" he had a bottle of port and a bottle of brandy, had the good 'un. It appeared he had distributed the fluid largely, particularly to the little tailor with the tell-tale eye-balls; he was volubly enraptured with the wit and vivacity of the "good 'un," who seemed to have been a returned digger, for at the stations where he got out for beer to wash down the port and brandy, he had always called to them to make haste, for "the big smoke" (the train) was just going off. The little tailor was (episodically) severe against the modern bankruptcy laws, and advised any one who was going to fail to do it for a large sum while he was about it. He was also satirical on the severity of rich men on poor men's delinquencies, particularly drunkenness (here he innocently smiled). If poor So-and-So got drunk at his club-feast and missed work the next morning, Mr. So-and-So was astonished, and stopped the day out of his wages; but if Mr. So-and-So was the worse for liquor, he was at his own house, and could get from under the table without being seen, steal off to bed, and tell every one next day he had been confined with a cold. "Oh, I know all their tricks," said he, and his eyes grew redder and funnier than ever.

"Ashcliff!" cries the guard, and the little tailor, rolling out a small avalanche tied up in a blue handkerchief from under the seat, wishes all the gentlemen a very good morning. The door slams—the whistle sounds—and we are away.

Then, to break the silence, a muffled-up man with a weak voice, and a wrapper round his mouth to give him still more of a conspirator effect, begins about America. He was on board the "Arab," going to America, when Mrs. Trollope was writing her impressions of a country she had not yet seen. He wondered where Catlin was gone to?—Catlin, whom he had travelled with down the Yellow Stone River, when the Blackfeet were on the banks looking for buffalo. He had complaints of the arrogance of John Fenimore Cooper. He had laughed with Sam Slick at his Nova Scotia stories. He had seen Irving at Astor House. He chatted about Barnum's ploughing with elephants, and starting an exhibition of photographs of all the unmarried beauties in America. He had been in the theatre the night when the papers were to be read, in competition for the prize of one hundred guineas offered by the Editor of the *New Orleans Picayane* for the greatest lie that could be invented. The hotel dinners in America, were they good? He should rather think so. Once, at Cincinnati, a man cried to him 'cross the table, "Why, stranger, we began together, yet you 've got down to prairie turkey, and I am only at my roast-beef. I guess,



FRESH GALE, DALKEY SOUND. BY E. HAYES, A.R.H.A.

This is an illustration of what may be styled the dark side of the fisherman's life; a boat is going out in threatening weather, while the sea is turbid, and the breeze grows more and more boisterous, breaking the waves in a short and dangerous swell, that threatens to urge itself soon into a violent storm, and tear along upon the unprotected beach in terrible violence. The clouds gather darkly overhead, in wild and as yet unaccumulated masses; by-and-bye these shall be driven into solid heaps of gloomy vapour, that may hide the sun for days and days, as long as the storm, which is now only gathering its forces, continues to rage. The coast itself looks as if many a storm had vented its fury on those bare rocks, scraping them naked to the bone, as it were, of anything that wind or water could remove. The very trees that stand far back in the distance are stunted, miserable, and small. The fisherman's boat seems a crazy one; lies heavy in sea, too, with its numerous crew. It slides heavily through, rather than rises over, the short waves. The reader will perceive the realistic system of the artist, a high merit in such a case, if he will study the character of the waves, shown by their form in our engraving; and in the original picture, now in the British Institution, he may also observe the same principle of truth of colour, shown throughout this portion of the work, for it is a dullish grey, reflected from the clouds above, lightened by motley specks and lines of pale foam, that chequer its surface even far out at sea,—a point of nature which all must have noticed when looking on the sea at such a time.

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if you carry on business half as smart as you do eating, you'll lick every tarnation soul in this darned great city." The fact was, the poor fellow had thought it necessary to eat his way right through the bill of fare. The Indian element in the Yankee blood, the effect of a subtle climate on the Saxon brain, and the result of the junction of Irish and American fun, kept us till the guard cried "Wilton," and I had to shake Mystery by the hand, and wish him good-bye.

I was soon in the Wilton inn, where the landlady, a portly dame, with the softest bloom of rouge possible upon her cheek, received me with due formula. In sheets well blanched and lavendered I rehearsed my burial, and lowered myself down into a temporary grave of sleep. Next morning, directly after breakfast, I had my horse saddled, to start for Stonehenge.

While the horse is preparing, and his stable toilette is completing, I go into the inn-yard. The stable-door was a sort of Family Bible to the ostler. It was a genealogical tree, a set of Fasti, a Ragman's Roll, a Doomsday Book, all in one, to the sporting landlord. It was nailed on the inside with four or five tiers of racers' shoes, inside each of which semicircles was a narrow slip of parchment, inscribed with the horse's name and deeds. Such names, and such deeds! suggestive of glossy, satin-coated chestnuts; flea-bitten greys; pepper-speckled blacks; white-nosed jet mares; strong-chested and sure-limbed fiery roans, to whom rails were mole-hills, and seventeen-feet-wide brooks petty obstacles to snort and fly over; all duly recorded in broad, clumsy, or fairy shoes.

The inn was a pleasant little Wiltshire cottage, with a pendant bird's nest of an oriel window hanging over the porch; just such a one as you might expect Benedict, in slashed blue hose and carnation-coloured cloak, to serenade with theorbos in the dead of night. The grey thatch looks neat and grave as the combed-down hair of a rustic on Sunday. There is a sort of Sabbath peace in the air; a truce of God is in the sky, and those larks going up through the blue are its

heralds. God bless them! The laurels glitter in the sun like so many little emerald mirrors; the standard roses struggle with the bass bandages that imprison their young beauties to the old dead sticks, their withered husbands. I can read the titles on their curled and sodden parchment labels, as they flutter with gay promises in the January sun,—"La Reine Margot," "La belle Duchesse." The crisp sharp grass glitters with a rainbow blossom of dew that, out of the sun, lies on it in a grey plush gloss, like the nap on new cloth of silver. I can see the footprints, duller and deeper in colour, where the landlord has passed this morning, to go and pick Brussels sprouts. They trend round by that empty pond, where the dimple which is the spring is candied over with ice, just as you would spread candied silver paper, not less thin, crystalline, and transparent, over a pot of new-made jam. Winter would pot us all if he could, like this spring; but we will not remain potted, though he does paint our windows with ice-flowers, and fur our palings with crystal ermine fur. I observe with a painter's relish, the little white trench the drippings have made under the eaves, the little net of blood-drops that dark-leaved creeper is spreading over the wall, and especially the stars of white and yellow lichen, black and savage Time is writing his ciphers in, in his own difficult language, over the stones. I remark with new delight that burning-bush of the holly-tree, that burns but does not consume, its berries red and glossy as sealing-wax kisses on Christmas love-letters; and I marvel now to see it with leaves as of gilt transparent to the sun, so that a sanctity and consecrating halo seem to surround the tree which old legend-makers, marking its thorny leaves and blood-drop berries, declared was the bush that furnished the crown of thorns for our Saviour's suffering head. As for the windows, they shine and sparkle like so much gold plate, so that the meanest cottage seems now to be the residence of some ostentatious goldsmith, lavish in his display.

With a largesse to the ostler and the boots, and cheered by their ostentatious blessing as they give a last pull at my horse's belly-band, so that now no lady in the land is laced one half so consumptively tight, I push forth, humming over my scraps of rhyme; hammering at this one's rivets, soldering up that one's leaky joint, or welding together two stray but congruous verses, like any wandering troubadour of the good old times, when nobody grumbled, and everybody insisted, from sheer good nature, on paying double taxes. I ride by navvies with brick-red cheeks, heavy, clay-clogged boots, tucked-up trousers, and smocks knotted across their bull chests. I think of the Berseker Norsemen striding to their ships, and almost expect to see the Black Raven banner leaning against the wall of the "Swan's Nest Inn" I have just left. The very first person I met as I left the old house behind me where Sir Philip Sydney once wrote his life and his heroics, and Spenser his *Faëry Queen;* where Ben Jonson walked, and Shakspere perhaps acted; was the village blacksmith, sturdy in his leather apron, carrying in his arms a heavy trayful of blue-grey horseshoes ready for the stable, calcined and fresh from the fire; he carried them, good man, as gingerly as though they had been new caps going home from the milliner's; and behind him came that cheerful sight, an old English labourer going to his daily toil, followed by his warning shadow nodding along the road-side wall.

> "Old Humphry plods to his daily toil,
> His shadow lags after, high on the wall;
> Both are bowed, and crooked, and bent.
> The workhouse still is the end for us all."

So, thought I, not unjustly will sing the Chartist poet, who sees the cruel end of our labouring poor.

On I rode, now breaking from the walled-in lanes, glittering with wet, where the sun shone on the water-channelled ruts, driving clouds of frightened birds before me from the hedges or the loaf-shaped wheat-ricks, as I pushed my mare, Red Nancy, over the low fence, where the poplars nodded in stately company, and toiled up over the white stubble to the higher down, skirting the young wheat-fields that, like bucklers of emerald, spread themselves against the sun, the horizon serrated with files and squadrons of lancer firs, that seemed marching and gathering for miles over the slopes. As for the downs, they stretched their dun-hued and crop-eared banks, spotted dark with furze, far as I could see. I looked out on the horizon as on a prairie of rolling bluffs, or on a great chart, with squares and triangles of various shades of brown, yellow, and green. You could see where larger masses of the furze, dark and thorny, had sent out skirmishers and outposts of seedling bushes, which stretched beyond the main body in dots and specks as far as the chalky cups that the shepherds put to catch the rain-water in.

And as I feel my horse like a proud sea under me, a perpetually advancing billow leaping and moving, with me riding on its crown, and hear the pad, pad, of the hollow turf under her ringing hoofs, I troll out a care-defying song, half-memory, half improvise:—

> O tinkle went the bridle rings,
> O pad, pad, went the hoof,
> The merry sound made the heart of me glad,
> And the blue devils keep aloof;
> They 'd hounded me long, but I left them behind
> As I tracked the sun and hunted the wind.
>
> Chink went the stirrup-steel and spur,
> Chink went the gold in my purse;
> I galloped on with no thought in the world,
> Happy as child at nurse.
> After me flew the bullying blast,
> Before me the white cloud flew fast, fast.
>
> Ting, ting, chorused the bridle chains,
> Talking to one another,
> As I galloped over the down and moor;
> The blue sky, like a mother,
> Watching me still with unswerving eye,
> Chided me 'cause I tried to fly.
>
> Tink, tinkle went the chattering bit,
> And pad, pad, went the shoes;
> Both striving strong with an equal song
> In time to my carolling muse.
> The blue devils raced, and galloped, and ran,
> But they could not catch the laughing man.

I dash past numberless fir plantations, where the thick green crystals of the firs contrast with the silver stripings of the birch, and the tight dull silver of the beech-bark. What is that white board on a pole that

stands out sharp and keen against the dark wood?—a knightly challenge to all comers from some golden statue of an elfin who is living in the green darkness of this dim wood? No! the usual game-laws' churlish threat:

"All persons found trespassing
will be prosecuted with the utmost"

"rigour of the law," probably; but here some sturdy poacher's knife had split off the rest, and left it as a laughing-stock.

Away I go past water-meadows, through villages, through Winterbourne Stoke, where I bent to the long up-and-down Amesbury road, that leads to the higher down, where is the Giants' Dance, as Stonehenge is called by Geoffry of Monmouth, who, lying with his usual dignity, declares that all the stones were brought from Kildare by the enchanter Merlin; the Emperor Ambrosius, who had put Hengist the Saxon to death, wishing to commemorate his victory, and celebrate the great massacre of King Vortigern and the 460 Britons, by a suitable monument.

That side of the sun shone only that shone the way to Stonehenge, whither the long gold-ruled lines of sunbeam pointed me as with golden rods, and in the distance I could look back and see the weather-cock of Winterbourne Stoke church shining like a burning diamond in the sunshine, wherein it seemed to float like a great ark, for then the morning's fog had all burnt into blue of a liquid sapphire colour, and the white clouds were swollen out like the sails of angel-manned vessels. Flying clouds, would I could mount you, and so get quicker to the old Druids' temple! But as this, I suppose, is hardly possible, I dig my spurs into Red Nancy, who answers the appeal with a leap like a deer, and away we go at a pace that is a caution to livery-stable-keepers, printing the dry, dun hide of the down turf with Greek omegas, and spurning out the blunt parallel lines that the wheels of the turf-waggons have made; and soon rising over the left-hand bank of down, I see the huge wide stones which form the old Temple of the Sun, that Diodorus Siculus mentions: that is to say, he mentions that there was a sacred temple of Apollo in Britain, which is quite enough for your imaginatively hot though grey-headed antiquarian.

This is that ring of vast pillars of hewn-out sandstone, brought from somewhere near Marlborough, that wrong-headed Inigo Jones would have it was a Roman temple, about which there has been more ink than enough shed. This is the Stone-edge, or rather Stonehang, the Saxon hanging-stones, that, according to those twaddling fairy-book old chronicles, came first from Africa to Ireland, and then from Ireland to Wiltshire; which, considering that Pickford and his vans were then in chaos, must have been rather an expensive transportation than otherwise. Old Caxton wrote about them, and that addle-pated gossip, Aubrey, too, who compares them to the celebrated Grey-wethers near Marlborough. They look very wild and grey as I ride up to them on Red Nancy, who paws and snorts as if I were spurring her to do battle with a ring of giants. I draw up under one of the great Egyptian doorways, my head coming but half way up the grey shaft, which, as it is twenty feet high or so, is no wonder. As I stand chipping at one of the plinths, which, though tufted with a grey hair of moss, and much starred and crusted with dusky grey and orange lichens, breaks red and fine in the grain, as if just from the quarry, a great buzz as of a tremendous organ-pipe strikes up a hymn of peace and Christian civilisation from the little trim farm on the neighbouring slope, where those new barns and gates stand. Christian men dwell now within hail of the old Pagan work. Twenty of the forty stones of the outer circle remain, and some eleven of the inner nineteen. The outer still stand in threes, or door-ways, two stones supporting the joining one that lies across the top; under which great slab you can, by changing your point of view, get all sorts of strange combinations,—of fallen pillars, glimpses of down and intersecting lines of sloping turf, while you look either towards the Amesbury and Wiley road, or the Heytesbury and Warminster way. This great Druidical temple lies stranded on a small turf triangle on the open down, between these two roads, and though once a lonely place enough for the winds to whistle round, and the plovers to dip and circle over, is now almost frayed by the wheels of passing carts, is not a greyhound's breathing from the park-palings of the old Duke of Queensbury's property (now Sir Edmund Antrobus's), not a gunshot from a new farm, and within two miles of the village of Amesbury.

As for Camden, he notices the great mortised stones hanging on each other, twenty-eight feet high, and seven feet broad; but he half supposes they were made of some cement, exaggerates the height, and reduces the four circles, of which traces exist, to three. So much for Camden! Inigo Jones, whom that slobbering schoolmaster, James I., set writing upon these wonders, runs quite astray: he calls it a Roman-Tuscan temple, built about the time of Vespasian, who conquered the Belgic tribes of Wiltshire, and threw up enormous ramparts and earth-works—those huge rude hills, overgrown with grass, at Amesbury and Yarnbury adjoining. But he falls into all sorts of blunders (all the worse for being learned); calls the inner circle a hexagon, falsely describes the entrances as three, and missupposes that the ring is built on higher ground than the neighbouring down. A few years later Mr. Charleton, a physician, refutes Inigo's theory, and plunges himself ten times deeper into the ink-pot. He attributes it to the Danes during Alfred's retirement in the Somersetshire marshes. The next champion of never very clear writers is Mr. Sammes (1676), who hands it over scot and lot to the Phœnicians. He is followed by Mr. Keysler, a Hanoverian, who equally resolutely hands it over to the Anglo-Saxons. In 1754, however, arose Mr. Wood, a Bath architect, who finally all but ended the contest by agreeing with the eloquent and erudite Dr. Dummel that the whole work was palpably Druidic and British, and probably erected about a hundred years before the Christian era. Since that the Welsh, fierce in their charge upon Celtic remains, have laid violent hands on these ruins, and have spun all sorts of astronomical theories about these stone circles. It is certain that the Welsh triads do allude to whole tribes toiling at piling up mounts, lifting stones, and building works; and the Egyptian antiquities prove to us, that at a very early time, by means of earth-propping, rollers, and the use of the lever, the carriage of such stones was not impossible. As for the Druids' doctrines, I am not going to bewilder my readers

with telling them how the old logans are types of the ark, or how their night sacrifices were telegraphed across the country by waved torches and fiery signals.

So I will get back to Stonehenge, with its circles of grey gateways gapped out here and there, and especially levelled on the Wiley side, as if destruction had come specially from that corner. As for the great outer circle and rampart, single entrance, and walled avenue, all that the purblind unantiquarian eye can see now is but an irregular rising and falling of the ground till you come to the *Friar's Heel*, a single leaning stone, sixteen feet high, grey like the rest, except where hollowed out by the rain-drops of centuries, or scooped in notched ladders for the shepherd boys to watch their flocks from. No flowers have ever grown from their chinks.

The stones are not as might be imagined, Colt Hoare says, of the same strata and character. The fallen "slaughtering stone," the outer circle, and the five trilithons of the grand oval, are *Sarsen* stones, that is, silicious sandstone, drawn from the quarry in their rude state; probably from near Abury, where three such stones perhaps dropped *in transitu*, two in the fields and one in a river. The modern geological theory is, that in some great water change the strata of sand containing these stones was washed away, leaving them stranded on the lower chalk, now tufted over with downs. The altar-stone is fifteen feet, of a micaceous fine-grained sandstone. Others are of horn stone, or silicious schist,—"most probably from Cornwall or Devon," says one antiquarian.

And now to turn surveyor for distances. I was told that the inside diameter of the circle is one hundred feet; the width of the entrance into the inner cell from the trilithons, forty-three feet. Industrious men, digging for treasure have at various times found in the grassy area,—where uninvestigating, but still antiquarian-looking, thoughtful sheep, track about—heads of oxen, pieces of our British and Roman pottery, charred wood, and an iron arrow-head. They say that in the old ox-road and Roman bridle-paths and waggon-roads round Stonehenge you still find chippings of the temple stones.

So much for the blind leaders of the blind, whom we can only follow, as we do moles, by the heaps of dirt they throw up from their sunless subterranean workings and dull books. There are the great stones bearded with moss, still clinging together, doing their long, patient, juggling tricks, and supporting each other in derision of poor weak mortals, and for the untiring amusement of the sun and moon. Here is that great disjointed stone puzzle that no man can again put together, but only stares, eats his sandwiches round, makes notes on, and rides away from, wondering.

Is that an old British MS. blowing about in and out the stone doorways, where the white-robed Druids, crowned with oak, once paced? No; it is only a *Times* supplement, the relic of a yesterday's pic-nic—for we, poor mortals, are here to-day and gone to-morrow; but these stones are like the sure-set mountains, and remain. Is that a war-car of the ancient Britons, with scythes tied to the wheels? No; that is a yellow postchaise, with a party of wandering German travellers from the "White Hart" at Salisbury. Is that Boadicea? No; that is Mrs. Alderman Rogers, of Portsoken Within, with her pretty daughter sketching. Is that one of the ancient Belgæ turning up the soil yonder? No; Lord bless ye! that is John Giles, who works for Farmer Smith of the Down Farm, with his master's new patent plough—Mechi's patent—very good, only it won't work quite well at first, and that's why it creaks so, and why Giles uses so many loud adjectives, wishing Mechi would stick to his brown-paper tea-caddies.

So I bow to the great stone ring, and the Egyptian doorways, the fallen altars and blood cups, and the little stone posts, and the circles that want so much humouring in ground-plans before—even to an imaginative antiquarian eye—they assume any reasonable and harmonious shape; and I take a last look at the German travellers and the ladies in the blue "uglies," and the watchful, cackling hen of a mamma, who wonders why the ancient Britons painted themselves with Prussian blue, in patterns like the corazza fancy shirts, dig my spurs into Red Nancy, and am off.

AMY ROBSART AND JANET FORSTER.

By FRANK WYBURD.

THIS is Mr. Wyburd's realisation of the well-known scene in Scott's novel of *Kenilworth*, where the beautiful petted bride of the Earl of Leicester, after receiving the letter from her husband that announced his early arrival, sat herself down to be decorated by fair Janet's hands, in order that he at least might see—for he alone was permitted to see—how beautiful she was. Pretty, demure Janet, took down the long tresses of her hair, and spread them, like a golden veil, over her shoulders, keeping up a quiet stream of chat—the charming Abigail!—as she decked out her mistress with unusual care. Meanwhile the Lady Amy listened with ill-concealed impatience to the talking, and but sustained her portion of it with monosyllables or brief replies, for her heart was full of expectation and hope; and, woman though she was, she could hardly brook the ceremony of dressing, even although that served to pass the time until her lord's arrival, and the result was his pleasure in her own beauty. How bitter was her disappointment when the hour brought only a messenger to announce his delay on court business!

Will the reader forgive us if we break with rude truth upon the pretty dream which the imagination of the Scottish wizard conjured up? Will he forgive us for destroying the charm with a few dry dates? We hope indeed he will, for truth is more priceless than even beauty. The union between Amy and Leicester was no stolen marriage, performed in dread secrecy, of which the amorous Queen was ignorant, but had taken place in the presence of her brother and predecessor, King Edward VI., on the 4th of June, 1550. Another fact is worse and worse for the fair hues of the romance. Amy was no baby-doll of a wife, but a staid matron, married, alas! ten years at the time of her death, Sunday, 8th September, 1560. Harleian Manuscript, No. 807, is her funeral certificate. There it is catalogued, with thousands of others, in the British Museum. Moreover, in the Augmentation Office is the marriage-settlement of the immortal Countess, executed by her father, Sir John Robsart, in which he, May 15th, of the fourth Edward VI., settles the magnificent sum of twenty pounds per annum upon his daughter. The Pepysian Library, at Cambridge, contains letters—(lent to worthy Samuel Pepys by John Evelyn, and never returned—to the Secretary's shame be it spoken)—between the Earl of Leicester and Thomas Blount, on the subject of her death, in which the former conjures his "cosin" to make strict inquiry into the case, and speaks of obtaining an honest jury, "the discretest and substancial men." There is also the reply of the "cosin," relating the result of his inquiries, the minutest circumstances of the case.



AMY ROBSART AND JANET FORSTER. BY FRANK WYBURD.

WHICH IS WHICH?

OR, MILES CASSIDY'S CONTRACT.

A Picture Story.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.—HOME AGAIN.

How many volumes have been written, and will yet be written, on the simple text, "Extremes meet,"—on the approximations of the remote, on the likenesses of the unlike! Be under no apprehensions, reader: *I* have no intention of being voluminous on the fascinating paradox. I shall only touch upon it briefly, and in fact would not have noticed it at all, but that—— I will tell you the reason presently. What startling points of resemblance may be discovered between the summits and the abysses of the social system; nay, between man and the very lowest tribes of the brute creation! For instance, I am on intimate terms with a half-bred poodle,—a quadruped of sluggish intellect and impenetrable affections, who is wonderfully like the portraits of Shakspere, and who has been named after the immortal bard for that reason. We have our vegetables and fire-wood from a living likeness of Julius Cæsar, who can scarcely calculate the change of a shilling accurately, and whose wife beats him cruelly. Liston, the celebrated actor, whose ugliness was half his fortune, was at the same time renowned for his resemblance to the undeniably handsome King George the Fourth. An illustrious neighbour and ally of ours—for the rest, a much better-looking man than his caricaturists would lead you to believe—can by no device of imperial splendour, martial pomp, or faultless Parisian tailoring, divest himself of the outward aspect of a London betting-house keeper. I remember seeing a pretty, effeminate little dandy at a picture exhibition, whom I heard make some sensible remarks on the paintings. He turned out to be an eminent prize-fighter. A few days ago, I was shown a brawny, ill-dressed, ill-tempered-looking man, who might have been a dog-stealer, but who proved to be one of the most refined and accomplished poets of the day.

I remember—— but I will return to the subject by-and-bye, and, in the meantime, get on with my story.

Our act-drop last fell upon a London interior. It rises again to disclose the familiar street in A——, with Miles Cassidy's abode in the foreground. Time, afternoon. A lapse of one month is supposed to have occurred between the acts.

A low whistle is heard. Enter a dirty, ill-dressed, bullet-headed young man, who comes shambling stealthily along by the wall, as far as the angle of the courtyard, into which he peeps hurriedly, shrinking back again as if to avoid observation from within.

You will find the young man's portrait over-leaf. (I don't think much of the artist's powers of execution; but he is at any rate laborious, and a certain readiness with which he usually seizes my conception of a character induces me to go on employing him.) While you are looking at the picture, I may as well take the opportunity of putting you out of suspense as to the application of my abruptly-terminated remarks on the "like and unlike" question.

The last figure I had occasion to sketch was that of the elegant, the accomplished, the faultlessly-attired Sir Paul Evershed—"Handsome Evershed," as he had been flatteringly christened from his twentieth year, or "Gentleman Evershed," as he was sometimes called by a certain class of his admirers. By the way, whenever you hear of a man being *nicknamed* for the possession of a grace or a virtue, as a rule, you may make up your mind that it doesn't belong to him: the graces and the virtues are symmetrical, unobtrusive, retiring; it is only their coarse, overloaded counterfeits that attract notice. If I hear of Handsome So-and-so, I generally expect to meet an ill-looking fellow, with merely some glaring ornament of eyes, whiskers, teeth, or complexion, that attracts the admiration of the tasteless; and am seldom disappointed. The notoriously charitable Mr. What's-his-name will usually prove to be a man who cannot give a sixpence till he has first collected a large crowd about him; and then, having handed the coin round for inspection, will spin it up high in the air, that it may fall on the pavement with the loudest possible ring. I have heard of a man in a country town who was actually called *Honest* Such-a-one; if I had ever come in contact with that man, I should have looked pretty sharply after my pockets. But to the question. As I am fond of contrast, I thought my next full-length should be a character of the most opposite description, and, having the bullet-headed young man in reserve, I conceived it a favourable opportunity for bringing him forward with effect. Judge of my astonishment, after a few preliminary sittings from my new model, to find that the two personages brought into juxtaposition did not contrast at all; but that the shambling, ill-favoured, uncleanly, area-sneak-looking proprietor of the bullet-head, and the elegant, white-handed, *spirituel* baronet, were in reality, when you came to compare them closely, very much like one another.

You do not recognise the likeness at present? When you know a little more of the young man's antecedents and principles, and see a little more of the baronet's doings, it may begin to dawn upon you.

The young man's signal is not answered at first. He repeats it a little louder, after an interval not very patiently borne, to judge by the increasing scowl of his hang-dog countenance. Still the whistle is unanswered. He exchanges his mode of signal for the peculiar gurgling cry, technically known to street populations as the "Chy-ike!" This also has to be repeated two or three times, and the young man begins to look very angry indeed at the liberty somebody is taking in not attending to him.

At length, a wan, haggard, prematurely-old woman, shabbily attired, but with some attempts at neatness and gentility, in a painful state of alarm and trepidation, comes out of Miles Cassidy's parlour, glances round her like a frightened hare, drags the young man into the shadow of the courtyard, covers his villanous countenance with affectionate kisses, and addresses him as "My own Sammy."

"Well, that 'll do," her own Sammy observes, putting her aside with great loftiness of manner. "You 've



MR. SAMUEL QUELCH, LATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S GAOL, OXFORD.

been a precious while coming! Didn't you hear me?"

"I did, my darling; but I couldn't slip out earlier. Mr. Pyebush is taking his Greek lesson."

"Well, he ain't a taking it from you, I 'spose."

"Samuel, you know the terms of my engagement with our revered benefactor."

"Revered benefactor be blowed!" interposes Samuel wrathfully. "Let 's have no more of that cant. What 's he ever done for ME?"

(*Now* do you begin to see a glimmer of resemblance between Mr. Samuel Quelch of Oxford and Sir Paul Evershed? Not yet? It will be more perceptible presently.)

"Oh, Samuel! after the many, many times he has tried ——"

"Well, he couldn't have tried very hard; or, if he 's such a precious clever fellow as you make him out, he 'd have done it at last. What did I ever get from him but hard words, and hard living, and hard *work?*"

The tones of Samuel became very bitter indeed, as he mentioned the last outrageous imposition.

"I 've been obliged to work hard all my life, Samuel."

"Oh, indeed! That 's news, that is. I thought you was brought up a lady. I thought, 'cos you was a delicate child, you had everything as was wanted to make you grow up strong—eggs and chicking broth, and calves-foot jelly and stout, and oranges cut in half with powdered white sugar on, and port and sherry wine, and I don't know what! Much of that *I* ever see'd in my delicate childhood, and I wanted it as bad as you, by your own showing."

"You had what I could give you, Samuel. You know, I have never been so well off as poor father and mother."

"And whose fault is that? If you 'd only ——"

"Not a word on that subject, Samuel."

"Gammon! It 's been a sore one to me. Why didn't you make old Cassidy marry you?"

"Samuel, I will not hear ——"

"Wasn't you always dinning into my ears how fond he was of you, and you of him? And wasn't you a born lady and him a born rough? Wouldn't he have jumped at the chance, if you 'd only encouraged him? You said so often enough. Didn't you edicate his sons for college? And wasn't it his turn to do something for *your* son? Do for me! I believe you. He just have! Slightly!"

"Samuel, you will kill me. It was not Mr. Cassidy who sent you to ——-"

"Jail 's the word—out with it; I 'm used to it now. And perhaps it wasn't him as could have got me out of it? A pitiful three pound would have squared it, for you know I always meant to return the things. And perhaps it wasn't him as took a mean advantage of my being in—in trouble, to get you to give up the shop, so as when I came out there 's no home for me, no character, and no chance of nothing. Cuss sich friends, say I!"

Our poor friend, the ex-schoolmistress! By the feeble milk-and-watery romance of her constitution, she had nurtured this hopeful cub (her only son for many years past) into a perfect monster of selfishness and ingratitude; by petting and foolish indulgence, she had first eradicated every possible germ of self-reliance in his never very promising nature. With a tendency to exaggerate everything, she had impressed him with

an exorbitant sense of his delicacy, his superiority, his unfitness for arduous occupations, and natural claims to a refined and untroubled existence. Seeking solace for her own actual hardships in dreams of an imaginary past, she had fed his greedy ears with glowing stories of how sumptuously her own youth had past. She had told him of charms she had never possessed, of luxuries she had never enjoyed, believing implicitly she had enjoyed and possessed both. Master Samuel, whose reasoning powers, though circumscribed, were remarkably direct as far as they extended, argued as follows, from the facts and assertions before him :—

1. He, Samuel, was the most important person in the world.

2. His mother was a very superior woman, who had enjoyed vast opportunities and advantages, and the main business of whose life was, confessedly, to make him comfortable.

3. He had no recollection of having been made at any time as comfortable as he could wish, and had been led to believe it his right to expect he should be.

INFERENCE. His mother had not made the best of her opportunities, and consequently had failed in her duty towards Samuel ; so Samuel had no intention of forgiving her.

The upshot and success of Mrs. Quelch's educational system, as applied to her darling son, will have been ascertained from the foregoing dialogue, of which let us hear the sequel.

"And have you not been able to obtain any work, my poor boy ?"

"Work !—oh, lots, o' course. My last place was sich a good 'un ; it's a fight with the employers who shall have me ! Ha ! ha ! And the door where my own mother lives being shut in my face to begin with. That's what I call a powerful recommendation, that is."

"I wish my sainted benef—— I wish Mr. Cassidy was not so hard and unforgiving. But how do you contrive to live, my poor darling ?"

"Live ! Hooray ! That's what *I* should like to know !" exclaims Samuel, in a shout of withering irony.

The widow wrung her hands piteously.

"What *can* I do ?"

"What can *I* do ? That's more like it. You have got a home, and vittles, and wages, at any rate. Allow that, mother. *Be* fair."

"You have had my last farthing. I have not a decent gown to my back."

("Look at me !" interposes Samuel, appealing to his threadbare jacket.)

"If Mr. Cassidy even sees me speaking to you, he has told me he will discharge me."

"Nice man, very ! But you needn't be afraid : he's out for the day. *I* know that."

"But Mr. Edward is at home."

"It ain't long since, then. I know where Mr. Edward was last night. I could soon put a spoke in *his* wheel."

"You are clever enough to do anything, if you would only apply yourself. And if we had not been so unfortunate —— "

"Well, never mind that ; fetch us some vittles."

"I dare not."

"Then some money."

The widow wrung her hands afresh.

"I have told you, I have not a farthing."

Mr. Samuel knew she was speaking the truth. His manner suddenly changed. He became circumspect —conciliating.

"Look here, mother," he said. "I know times is hard, and we *have* been very unlucky. I don't want to be hard on you ; but as nobody will employ a poor outcast wretch like me" (Samuel whimpered) : "if you *had* had a shilling to spare, I couldn't have refused it ; or a crust of bread, for that matter."

"My p-p-p-poor b-b-bo-oy !"

"Well ; never mind. You can put me in the way of earning a couple of shillings—on the quiet—if you really ain't turned agin me. Look here."

Samuel produced a letter.

"I'm to have two bob if I deliver this to Miss Biddy without anybody knowing. Now, *you're* nobody ; and if you'd only slip it into her hand——"

"I won't touch it," said the widow, recoiling.

"Why not ?"

"Who is it from ?"

"A strange party, as I know no more than you do. But he seen me hanging here about the place, and asked me to give it. Quite the gentleman, I assure you. He's waiting for me in the churchyard."

"In my benefactor's house ! Never !"

"Why ? What's the harm in giving a letter ? We don't know what's in it—do we ?"

Mrs. Quelch thought she did. Since her engagement in the capacity of duenna to Biddy—who, by the way, stood in no sort of need of any such attendant—the widow had been haunted by visions of libertine collegians, the main business of whose lives was the undermining of female virtue in humble life. She kept a very sharp eye even upon the Honourable Cymon Pyebush (now regularly installed as Biddy's pupil in the Greek language), who was as honourable as his title, and who treated Biddy as respectfully as if she had been a duchess and his own sister. Besides, whatever the widow may have tried to think of her idolised son, the fact of his being the chosen bearer of the epistle under notice was the reverse of a guarantee of its harmless character.

"I will not look at it," she said. "I will rather beg or steal. Stay here and I will bring you some food. But do not show me that letter again. Hide yourself while I am gone."

Hiding seemed to suit Mr. Samuel's books admirably. He had, in fact, from the very commencement of their *tête-à-tête*, instinctively ensconced himself within the shadow of an extempore tent-like erection of heavy planks, piled hastily together in the courtyard. On his mother's departure he plunged still more deeply into the recesses of this friendly shelter, and soliloquised :

"She'll borrow something from somebody, I'll bet. Whatever it is, it will be all to the good. I've got five bob out of the swell already—there was no need to tell *her* the exact figure. If I can see Miss Biddy herself, and get an answer, it's another five. I suppose they are up to some sly game together ; and perhaps *she'll* tip me something, too, for keeping dark. Anyhow I'm glad nobody sees me, they are such an infernally strong set of fellows here."

By the way, I have translated Mr. Quelch's diction into something approaching the vernacular. But he really spoke in the Oxonian modification of the English language—I mean the one employed by the lower orders of the classic city, not that in vogue among the members of the University—a *patois* which it would be impossible for a Londoner to write or read phonetically and with fluency. And yet it is founded on a principle of extreme simplicity. A learned friend of mine has explained it thus. The natives of Oxford contract for all the H's that are dropped in London, and have, consequently, a great many more on hand than they know what to do with. In order to keep down the surplus, they stick one on to every unprotected vowel they meet with. Thus, if I had made Mr. Samuel Quelch talk in pure back-street Oxonian, instead of in ordinarily corrupt English, I should have made him say "Hi" for "I," "hand" for "and," and should have been compelled to make him use the indefinite article "hay," to the employment of which we are not accustomed.

Mr. Quelch was in error as to the security of his position. Somebody besides his mother had seen and watched him narrowly. Scarcely had he concluded his soliloquy, when the terrible figure of Soft Jimmy presented itself at the entrance of his chosen refuge.

Jimmy looked truculent and dangerous; Sam Quelch turned pale, and trembled.

"How do, Jimmy?" he said, with ill-assumed composure.

Jimmy showed no disposition to parley, but deliberately seized Sam Quelch's neckcloth, by the aid of which he proceeded to lift him out of his hiding-place. Sam, who had no idea of being strangled illegally or before his time, resented this treatment with much kicking and as great an amount of screaming as the tightening grip of the irresponsible giant would permit. Jimmy, whose *idée fixe* seemed to be the forcible ejectment of Sam, proceeded to punish this display of contumacy by banging the head of his captive against the planks that sheltered him. Sam struggled to the best of his ability. The frail edifice gave way, and fell with a terrific crash, burying the combatants in its ruins.

The bellowing of the idiot and of his unlucky victim brought out the entire household to the scene of the catastrophe. Ted appeared from the boat-house in his shirt-sleeves. Four or five workmen scampered down the step-ladder from the workshop. Biddy, Mrs. Quelch, and our old friend, the Honourable Cymon Pyebush—the latter exclaiming "By Jove!" at rapid intervals—rushed from the parlour.

The fallen planks and balks, of which the number and weight were formidable, were soon lifted. Jimmy started to his feet, his face streaming with blood, looking particularly savage and horrible.

Sam Quelch remained motionless, groaning inarticulately. The widow threw herself upon his body, which she began kissing and undressing, with much incoherent lamentation.

Jimmy seemed bent on a fresh attack, and was with difficulty held back by the united forces of Ted, Pyebush, and the workmen.

"Jimmy, what is the meaning of this?" Biddy asked, authoritatively.

"Mas'r said,—if he come—annoy mother—was to pitch him out. Wouldn't go—planks fall down," Jimmy answered, evidently very angry at being balked of his prey.

"He has killed him, my poor ill-used, angel boy!" said the widow. "Speak to me, my darling!"

"I'm murdered," said Sam, faintly, "by your friend, who set a madman on to attack me. You heard him confess."

"Hold your tongue, you gallow's-bird, since you're well enough to use it!" said Edward Cassidy, angrily. "Is he hurt, Mr. Pyebush?"

Cymon, reverting to old cockpit experiences, had passed his hands rapidly over the wounded man's frame.

"I think his leg is broken," said Cymon.

"Then let us get him in-doors. There's no help for it; though it's tempting a curse upon any roof to bring him under it."

"You hear your friends?" said the wounded man, appealing scornfully to his mother.

"Silence, you hound, or I shall be tempted to drop you."

"Very kind of you, Master Edward, I 'm sure, and I shan't forget it," said Sam, wincing with pain, and looking very much like Sir Paul Evershed, as the baronet had appeared when he made that pretty little observation to his son about the young gentleman's mother, towards the close of the last chapter.

In the meantime Samuel's unknown employer was leisurely sauntering up and down the old churchyard of the town, awaiting the return of his messenger with great satisfaction and serenity. He was not much impressed by the solemn *genius loci* of the old Gothic building, with its quaint parasites of school and almshouse, but he enjoyed immensely the pleasure of sunning himself in the brilliant autumnal evening, and in the bright eyes of numerous fair passengers—for you must know that the churchyard walk is the Champs Elysées, the Prado, the Nevskoi Perspective, the Unter den Linden, the Via Appia, the Rotten Row, in fact, of the good town of A——. At the same time he derived more active amusement from the exercise of beheading, with an elegant riding-cane, the late wild flowers that beset his path in rank luxuriance.

It is no wonder that Sam Quelch should have been impressed with a high sense of this stranger's superiority, and should have spoken of him reverentially as "quite the gentleman." Nor is it any more surprising that the stranger should have instinctively selected Sam as a very intelligent and serviceable rascal—the very man, in fact, for his purpose (the letter addressed to Biddy being exactly what Mrs. Quelch had suspected it to be). There was a natural chord of sympathy between the employer and the employed; for the stranger was no other than Sir Paul Evershed himself.

"My greasy friend is not faithful to his appointment," the baronet mused, smiting a tall foxglove and (as he fondly imagined) a passing butcher's daughter at the same moment. "Failed in his mission, perhaps, and is ashamed to show up. Well, the loss will be his. Perhaps I was too liberal in advance. I don't know:

generosity to a messenger is always good policy; it gets your trumpet blown for you, and is a virtue in itself that makes a remarkable impression on the lower orders. Perhaps my charmer of the boat-house is not at home. Perhaps she can't write — but I forgot, she is a sign-paintress — piquant that, very! Quite a novelty. Perhaps she is coquetting, or really offended. Hardly that, I think. The letter-writing business may have been premature. I couldn't help it. Time hung so confoundedly on my hands last night, and the *cacoëthes scribendi* seized me. I really had not the heart to waste so elegant and elaborate a composition. *Quand le vin est tiré il faut en boire.* And after all, it is only to ask for an assignation, which she may grant or not as she chooses, — and I think my experience in such matters leads me to believe she will hardly refuse it. Yes, I do think I know when I have made an impression. Heigho! a little affair of the kind would help to pass the time agreeably in this abominable desert. But I shan't wait to-day. The evenings are getting chilly, and I have a good eight miles' ride before me. The *salmi* of woodcocks I have ordered for dinner will not keep, and the other game will." Sir Paul smiled gaily at his pleasant conceit. "My friend in the fur cap must earn his second crown on a future occasion."

Sir Paul Evershed sauntered radiantly out of the churchyard, feeling five-and-twenty, and really looking very little more than that age, as the twilight deepened. There is no cosmetic like good downright selfishness. It stands to reason, that if you bestow all your cares and attentions upon one person — namely, your own — you will be able to keep it in much better condition than those of weak-minded beings who are so foolish as to wrinkle their foreheads and bend their backs with the weight of other peoples' troubles.

The baronet proceeded towards his inn, his reflections agreeably occupied alternately by the charming image of Biddy Cassidy and the anticipatory flavour of the *salmi*, having no more doubt that the former would become his easy prey than that the latter would be served up for his especial consumption at Lady Harriett Brayle's dinner-table, punctually at seven o'clock, as he had commanded.

Now, by what right did this shallow *roué* dare to look upon beautiful, gifted, and spotless Biddy Cassidy as the possible victim to *his* powers of fascination? He had spoken to her two or three times only, on occasion of hiring one of her uncle's boats, as a means of destroying some of those mortal enemies of his, the hours, which he could never kill off fast enough. He had talked a good deal of inflated nonsense to Biddy on these occasions; so preposterous and exaggerated that Biddy had taken it all for fun, and had answered it all in a corresponding spirit, like a brave, honest, light-hearted, bright-souled Irish girl, as she was. But Sir Paul Evershed, Baronet, was not a funny man. He had some wit of the slenderest calibre, to be sure, but the sense of humour was entirely wanting in his composition. Such people — I mean, rascals and coxcombs — are usually deficient in this faculty. Sir Paul was never conscious of his own absurdities. You could no more have persuaded him that the honied common-places of his conversation were over-charged, bombastic, ridiculous, than that his whiskers were over-curled, his linen over-perfumed, his smile forced and unnatural, or his celebrated bow a caricature of grace and courtesy. He fondly believed he had made a conquest of Biddy Cassidy, who thought him a pleasant middle-aged gentleman, with an agreeable turn for burlesque; laughed at his sighs, ogles, and compliments, while he was present; and forgot his very existence as soon as he had paid her his money for boat-hire.

It would seem, then, that Sir Paul, in spite of the reputation for cleverness he had contrived to establish, was something very like a fool?

All so-called deep rogues are, to begin with. That is an incontrovertible axiom. And how the mere desire and aptitude to do evil became originally identified in the popular belief — as it unquestionably has been from time immemorial — with intellectual power, I have never been able to discover. It is much easier to steal a gold watch than to make a wooden salt-box; to forge a signature for a thousand pounds than to learn the fiddle well enough to earn a pound a-week by playing it; to seduce a weak, foolish woman by ready-coined lies and purchased presents, than to win the love of a wise and honest one by merit and devotion. Sir Paul Evershed, with all his surface accomplishments, was as dull a rogue as ever lived.

His vanity, if possible, exceeded his wickedness. He piqued himself, among a thousand more imaginary qualities, on his knowledge of human nature. He knew as much of it as a man afflicted with colour blindness, to whom all external nature must appear like a print or a photograph, knows of the beauties of a landscape, a flower, or a face. HE COULD NOT SEE VIRTUE! Among good people he was like a born deaf man taken for the first time into an orchestra, wondering what senseless occupation his neighbours can be engaged in. His calculations were based on the lowest cunning. His reasoning was coarse induction from ascertained facts. Thus — he had a title, and people bowed down to it: he found it a passport to credit, and impunity for social offences. He had sinned and not suffered for it; *ergo*, he could go on sinning. He had successfully duped, victimised, or tyrannised in some way or other, over most people he had been brought in contact with; *ergo*, he was their superior. The world had supported him in idleness and luxury for the greater part of his life; *ergo*, it was the world's business to do so. If he incurred a debt, Somebody had always paid it for him. If he got into a difficulty, Somebody had always got him out of it. It was clearly Somebody's business to look after Sir Paul Evershed's welfare, and a very watchful, attentive sort of providence, Somebody appeared to be.

Sir Paul was very like Sam Quelch, to be sure!

He lived like a spider in a filthy, moral web of his own creation. The human race, seen through its meshes, appeared to him so many flies; beautiful Biddy Cassidy included. Wretched Spider!

Sir Paul reached his inn, and ordered his horse to the door. He paid his reckoning and mounted, having charmed the ostler by the munificence of his parting gratuity, and the ugly barmaid by the elegant *tournure* of a marvellously trite compliment.

Sir Paul was in funds and in spirits. Shillings

and smiles were of no object to him for the moment. It is astonishing how stingy and how sulky such men can become in times of hardship and depression!

"It is a lovely evening," he mused, urging his steed to a quiet amble. "It is earlier than I thought. I shall take a turn round by my friend the boat-builder's. I may meet with my messenger; or, perhaps, catch a glimpse of the charmer herself."

Sir Paul laughed merrily as he turned his horse into Miles Cassidy's quiet street.

"Yes," he continued; "I think matters seem inclined to go smoothly with me at present. Some fools allow circumstances to control them; wise men contrive to control circumstances. The ladies of the Manor House yonder appear to have come round to a proper sense of what is due to my consequence. My evil genius appears to have lost scent of me, though I am not going to let Charley know *that*. The darling boy is of such a lukewarm disposition, that unless he thinks his father in positive danger he is in the habit of leaving that venerable parent to his own resources, which at the old gentleman's time of life is positively cruel. Dear Charley! How I should like to have my lease of youth, energy, and personal attractions extended, until such time as he shall have succeeded in setting the Thames on fire. Ha! ha! The devil!"

Sir Paul, at an angle of the street, reined in his horse so violently that the animal almost fell back upon him. The colour forsook his radiant cheeks. He wheeled his charger round, and galloped away in an opposite direction to that he had been leisurely pursuing — really as if he had been startled from his course by the father of evil himself — and with an expression of countenance wonderfully like that Sam Quelch had assumed on finding himself seized in the powerful grip of Soft Jimmy.

What had he seen?

Merely a quiet-looking elderly little man, who, enveloped in many coats and wrappers, was seated on a doorstep, his hands resting on a walking-stick, and his chin on his hands, gazing at the last rays of the declining sun — a harmless occupation, which he continued, wholly unconscious of the sensation he had excited in the bosom of a British baronet, as long as the sun was in sight. When it had finally disappeared behind the roofs, the little man rose painfully from his seat, gathered his wrappings about him, and walked slowly, and with difficulty, in the direction of Miles Cassidy's courtyard, which he entered as one used to the locality.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

Who was the little elderly gentleman whose appearance we have seen operate so painfully on the feelings of Sir Paul Evershed, putting the agreeable reflections of that patrician, and indeed that patrician himself, so ignominiously to the rout?

Who, indeed? That is a question that has been agitating the public mind of A—— most painfully for the last fortnight, and the community at large would be very much obliged to you if you could answer it.

It is very easy to say that the little elderly gentleman is a cripple and an invalid — anybody can see that; or that he is a foreigner — you can tell that by his defective pronunciation of the English language; or that he is named Giovanni (the natives pronounce it Jivarney), for he says so himself; or that he is Miles Cassidy's lodger, for each half of the little world of A—— knows at least where, if not absolutely how, the other half lives. But what part of the world he comes from, who he is, what he is up to, what business he has in England, and in that part of it especially, how long he intends to stop, what connection he can have with the Cassidy family, and why on earth he should have taken up his abode in their notoriously inconvenient and (latterly) parsimonious establishment,—in short, "*qui diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" generally, is a most exasperating and baffling problem to the inhabitants, who hate Mr. Jivarney and his abettors for not coming forward spontaneously and manfully with its solution.

Giovanni has been discovered to be an Italian name, but is believed to have been unwarrantably assumed by the unknown. Miss Bokes, the attorney's daughter, who, having been educated in Brussels, is of course an Italian scholar, has tackled him in what she believes to be the purest Tuscan, and declares that he does not understand her. This is, at least, suspicious. A Frenchman he certainly is not, for he endures serenely the most scorching ordeal of street-boy sarcasm on the subjects of frogs, snuff-taking, and the famous discomfiture of Waterloo, with which the rising generation of A—— are already tired of assailing him. Nor is he a German; *teste* Mr. Grosshünd, the Calvinistic clock-dealer from the Hartz Mountains, who unhesitatingly pronounces him a Jewish refugee from a village on the Polish frontier; notorious, as Grosshünd asserts, for the dishonesty of its inhabitants. A rival tradesman, Mr. Lazarus Brodie, the pawnbroker and general dealer — himself avowedly a member of the ancient religion, and native of the district referred to, whom Grosshünd finds it impossible to undersell in the matter of wooden clocks — scouts this as a ridiculous calumny on his race and place of nativity; which, attributing it to the lowest professional jealousy, he bears in the spirit of a philosopher. Lazarus has his own theory about the mysterious stranger. He more than hints that the unknown is nothing more or less than a native of Ireland — possibly Miles Cassidy's brother or uncle — who has shot his landlord and is endeavouring to keep out of the way, concealing his identity by the assumption of a foreign accent. But since the establishment in the town of one Jeremiah Mullins, who has succeeded in undermining Mr. Brodie's once solid connection in the matter of left off-wearing apparel, Lazarus is known to have acquired an illiberal prejudice against the Irish nation. So his theory is abandoned with the rest.

Next to the infamous, because unfathomable, Mr. Jivarney himself, the most unpopular person in connection with his unhallowed mystery is Edward Cassidy. Even by his warmest partisans Ted is admitted to have acted inconsistently with the duties of a good citizen in the matter. He evidently knows all about it, and won't tell (as for expecting *Miles* Cassidy to tell you about anybody else's business that does not immediately concern you, you might as well expect him to

let you into the innermost secrets of his own). Was it not too obviously part of a concerted scheme, that Ted should be standing at the inn-door in his shirt sleeves when the stranger descended from the roof of the Oxford coach, and threw himself, gesticulating and jabbering an unknown tongue, into young Cassidy's arms? Edward's astonishment was very well feigned, it is true—the Cassidys are a clever family—but it was too soon over to have been genuine. The way in which he pretended to recognise the stranger suddenly, and marched him off—*without a word of explanation to anybody*—to the paternal roof, was a perfect insult to the collective wisdom of the town. It is true that Ted, on that very evening, had almost anticipated cross-examination by a voluntary statement that he did not know the stranger from Adam, except as a man whom his father and himself had been so fortunate as to help out of a street row in London; that he might be a Dutchman, a Portugee, or a Lily-prooshan, for anything he (Edward) had taken the liberty to inquire. The young man had gone on to state that the meeting at the coach-office was the result of pure accident; that he had merely taken the stranger round home to see the governor; that the said stranger and the said governor had "hit it wonderfully;" had hit it so hard in fact, and clenched it so rapidly, that the former, who it appeared had private business in the neighbourhood of A——, had been at once nailed by the latter (Miles's eye to the main chance having been of late notoriously more awake than ever) as a lodger, upon advantageous terms to the establishment. He had paid a month's rent in advance; appeared very much delighted with everything and everybody—and there you were!

All this was very plausible, but nobody believed a single word of it; principally, it may be, because it was the plain straightforward truth; and Edward Cassidy lost caste immensely for its attempted imposition.

The idea of Mr. Jivarney having any *business* in the neighbourhood was absolutely preposterous. Since his arrival he had done nothing publicly but sit in the sun, which luminary he appeared to dun for light and warmth, like a remorseless creditor. If they had ever heard of vampires in A——, the natives might have derived some pardonable satisfaction from comparing the bloodless, shivering, scarce earthly-looking form of the stranger, to a solar variety of that fabulous race, approaching the end of his lease, and anxiously awaiting a favourable access of the revivifying principle.

Whatever the connection between Mr. Jivarney and the sunlight, it was clearly suspended for the day. The sun had set. The bank was closed. No further gold payments till morrow. Mr. Jivarney raised the siege, and, as we have seen, hobbled home.

He entered Miles Cassidy's kitchen (the family sitting-room of late; Miles, in his new phase of economy, would not have the parlour chairs sat upon), and found himself in the midst of an excited family council.

Miles Cassidy, just arrived from a journey, was seated at a covered table devouring cold meat and swallowing tea in large quantities. An open letter was before him. Our old friend's brow was clouded with anger and perplexity; but he was not angry with the cold mutton, or perplexed as to his duty towards bread, butter and tea. Miles never neglected the commissariat. His first principle in warfare was to keep the forces well victualled on all occasions.

Ned Cassidy, in his shirt-sleeves, with his hair and dress disordered, leaned with his elbow on the mantelpiece, his back half turned on the other personages, and looking a most unamiable picture of discontent and truculency. A few blood-stains on his hands and linen by no means enhanced the graces of his appearance.

Biddy, with a flushed face, and the Honourable Cymon Pyebush, resplendent in a voluminous pair of what we wear and ridicule as "peg-tops," but what our fathers and uncles wore and honoured as "Cossack trousers," completed the party.

The entrance of the foreigner interrupted a conversation. Miles Cassidy rose briskly from his seat, and welcomed the new-comer, who advanced towards him with a radiant smile and both hands extended, with obsequious, not to say slavish, politeness.

"And how are you, Misther Jivarney?—a nice asy chair there—quick! but I needn't ask, for ye're looking prime. There's no air like ours, depind upon it. Your own place—here by the snug fire. And a thrifle o' coal, boy—but it's not so chilly to-day: you needn't, p'raps. Ye'll excuse my going on ating, sir—Misther Pyebush is good enough to allow me, being pressed for time—thank ye, sir; and maybe ye'll pick a bit yourself. But it's not your time, I forgot: ye're right, there, sir, for a man of wake health there's nothing like regularity in males."

An angry "Pish!" from Edward expressed the son's opinion of the father's cheap lip-hospitality. Mr. Cassidy discreetly ignored the criticism.

"You've come in to find us in a peck o' throuble, sir," he resumed, avenging his wrongs on the mutton with increased ferocity.

The Italian had drawn his chair to the hearth, and was apathetically extending his shrivelled hands over the not very exhilarating glow of a scanty fire. But at the word "trouble," his torpid frame seemed suddenly animated. He turned round in his seat with true meridional excitement. His large sunken eyes dilated, his wrinkled face quivered all over as he darted round the room an unmistakable glance of affectionate alarm and anxiety.

"*La malore!*" he exclaimed. "There is no one hurt? Yourself—mia Brigitta—Eduardo—ah, *sangue!*—there is blood! What! you have rescue somebody again—like me, and you are wounded?"

"No fear of that, Mr. Giovanni," said Ted. "This is no blood of mine—a man's been hurt by the fall of some timber in the yard. That's all."

"Ah!"

Mr. Giovanni appeared immensely relieved by this gratifying explanation.

"Then you have receive bad news?" he asked, pointing to the open letter on the table, which Miles kept before him—certainly not for the satisfaction of reading it, for he couldn't, but apparently for that of digging spiteful blows at it at intervals with his knife and fork. "You have not lose money, eh?"

Mr. Giovanni made an instinctive and sympathetic movement of his hand in the direction of his breeches-pocket, an action that was not lost on Miles Cassidy.

"Thank ye, sir," said Miles. "I've a friend in you, I know; and the same to you, Mr. Pyebush, sir, with my sarvice to you, however I be off nearer home for that matter. But with the Lord's blessing I'll not come upon you yet, sir. There's money loss at the bottom of it, no doubt—bedad there is in everything these times." ("Pish!" number two from the discontented member at the mantelpiece.) "The cost of that letther, sir—bad 'cess to the pin and ink that was father and mother to it!—may be lashings o' money out of my pocket—holy mother! and with a broken leg to pay for! Bad luck to Jimmy for not killing the dhurty scoundthrel outright!" (Mr. Giovanni received this mysterious parenthesis in mute astonishment.) "But the raal throuble is, sir, that it might be all bridged over and hushed up, but for *some folks* that can never make smooth when they've a chance to make rough. There's blind men, Misther Jivarney, as mislikes helping their own lame dogs over a stile, sir."

This allegorical peroration was pointed by a fierce glance round in the direction of the mantelpiece. Having delivered himself of it, Mr. Cassidy re-applied himself to the last remaining bone of the cold neck of mutton, which he reduced to a high state of polish in a few seconds.

The Italian, believing he had intruded upon a family quarrel which did not concern him, discreetly turned his attention to the fire.

"Well, father," said Ted, after a sullen pause, "what do you mean to do?"

"Nothing, alanna," Miles answered, with a *naïve* slyness, "if you'll help me, for wanst. What do you?"

"Nothing, also," said Ted, sulkily. "What is Biddy to me? Why not one make love to her as well as another, since you are so ready to encourage all comers? Only be prepared to have your house full of them soon. It's term time in Oxford."

Biddy's face and neck flushed to an angry crimson. Cymon Pyebush made one stride forwards, but checked himself at a deprecating gesture from Miles.

"Don't notice him, sir," said Miles, hurriedly. "He was drunk last night; he is mad now. He would ruin us all. He'd drive away all my friends. He sides with the town, that calls me a skinflint and a miser."

"True," said Edward.

"You're a liar!" thundered Miles, "and a blind, God-deserted fool! Misther Pyebush—Misther Jivarney—gintlemen both—I want every friend and every penny I can scrape together. You don't know how much. Biddy, what have I been to you?"

Biddy flew to his side, and answered him with a caress more eloquent than words.

"Would I see you come to harm? Would ye all have been what ye are but for me? Look at the tools I've had to do my work with, and what I've done with 'em; but ye'll never know, none of you—especially *him*, there, that's the bad egg in the crate. Biddy, alanna! wasn't it a bright day for you when you found you could help the poor ould man in his heart's dhraine—by turning the honest penny with the scholarship he'd scraped together for you?"

Biddy sobbed her answer on her uncle's bosom.

"Have I brought you up sugar or salt, that you're in danger of being melted by *that* wish-washy stuff?"

Miles pointed with withering scorn to the letter.

"Don't you know the want and the fear that makes me a miser and a skinflint, Biddy, alanna?"

"All—all about it."

"If by offending the poor sinseless coxcomb that penned them lines I should lose what's the heart's blood to me—you know why—MONEY! would you have me quarrel with him, merely to do him no harm, but to send him abroad spaking ill of us?"

"No, no."

"Isn't he cousin, or uncle, or nephew of the ould woman I'm doing up the house for? Should I challenge him to fight a jewel, or send Misther Ted there to break his delicate bones for him? Faix, I'd like to do it myself well enough, but I'm a poor man, and can't afford them luxuries for myself. Mightn't you have loveletthers in any walk of life? Can't me and Jimmy take care of the house—mind the presarves agin all poachers? Ask the broken-legged blackguard up-stairs there."

The Honourable Cymon Pyebush here broke silence with obvious difficulty, and after much coughing.

Mr. Cassidy, Miss Cassidy, gentlemen,—I am no dab at a speech, and however I may get on at the Schools, I shall never cut what you may call a figure at the Union. Your son has insinuated that I am the cause of certain people presuming to insult Miss Cassidy with impertinent addresses. I am not offended with him; perhaps he is right. I am getting on with my Greek; and if I ever get the living, I shall owe it to Miss Cassidy. But I am aware that thoughtless University-men may ascribe my intimacy with this gifted family—I never thought of it before—to a motive which is, in short—not Greek. I would rather die—in point of fact, give up the living—than compromise Miss Cassidy for a moment. I begin to think I *am* compromising her; and if you think I can at all rectify matters by renouncing, as one might say, the past and future—in short, by giving up all thoughts of a degree, and throwing my grandfather finally overboard—by picking an independent quarrel with this impudent scoundrel, who has no more right to lift his eyes to Miss Cassidy than I should have had to dream of the family living without the advantages of this young lady's instructions—why, having letters of introduction to Brayle Manor, and knowing a few circumstances that would justify me in insulting this Sir Thingumy Evershed——"

A wild shriek from the vicinity of the fireplace interrupted the proposal.

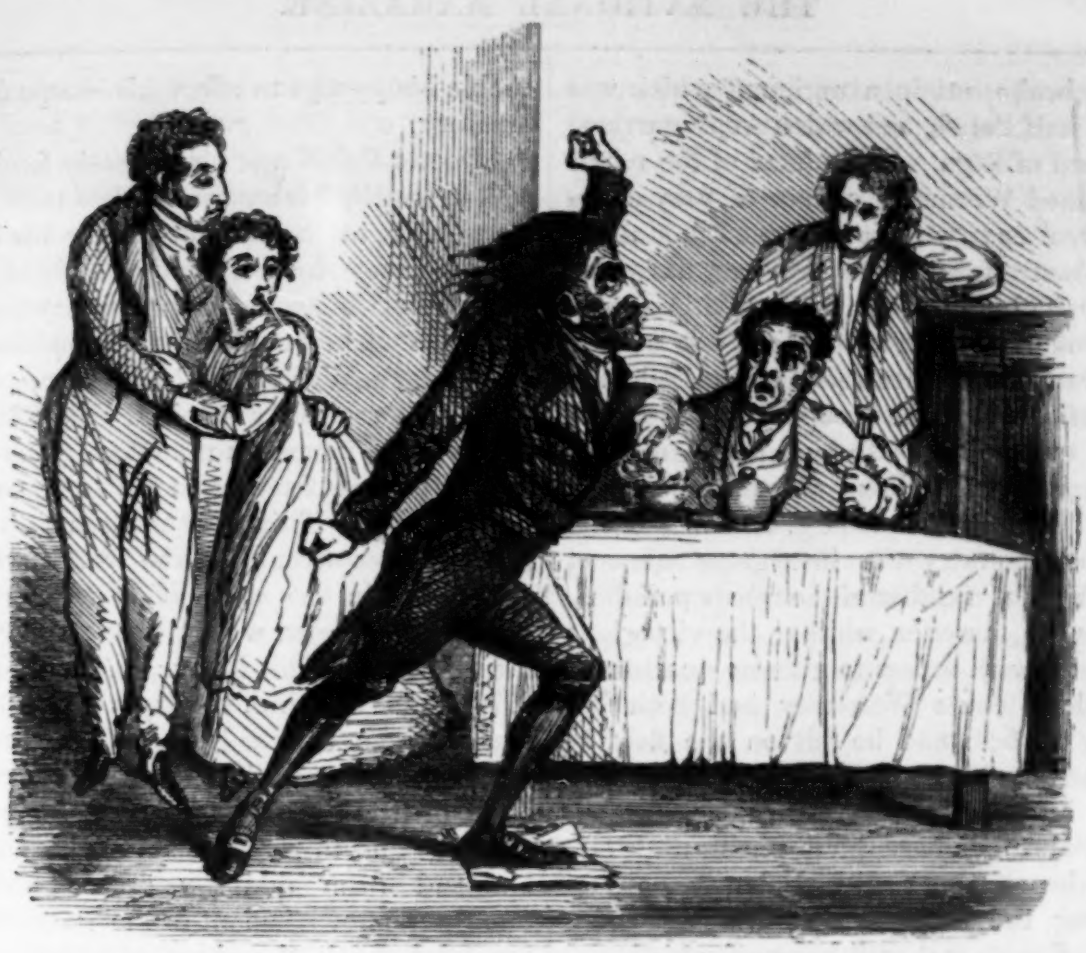
Mr. Giovanni, looking more like a vampire than ever, but like a vampire whose lease of life has been suddenly and unexpectedly renewed, sprang to his feet, and, with the rapidity of a darting serpent, threaded himself through the intervening chairs and tables till he found himself face to face with the Honourable Cymon Pyebush, into whose eyes his own glared horribly.

Pyebush, the giant, was frightened. Your very little men can look so terrible at times!—especially if they happen to be also cripples!

"Say again—that name," Mr. Giovanni hissed between his clenched teeth.

"Evershed."

"Paul?"



ECCENTRIC BEHAVIOUR OF MR. JIVARNEY.

"That is his name, now you mention it." Pyebush had recovered his soldier-like courage, and was ready for death or the devil.

The Italian pounced upon the open letter, which, having rapidly glanced at, he first brandished in the air, then threw down and stamped upon.

"I should have known!" he exclaimed. (I will not attempt to give the mixture of English and Italian *patois* of which his passionate oratory was composed.) "I should have smelt the paper, and the ink, and the wax! I have a dozen of the same — here — burning, like hot irons, upon my bosom. I cannot read the English; but I know the turn of his letters — I know his seal. The fool! — the ass! — the idiot! He has come into the lion's den. He has come to shed his venom again where I am. He has not wronged me enough! He must burn my new home, too, as well as my old one. You strong men! you fighters! you fathers, brothers and friends, leave him to poor, weak me! I shall crush him — tread on him as I tread on and crush *that*."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Honourable Cymon Pyebush, catching the frightened Biddy in his arms, a proceeding at which Mr. Edward Cassidy looked very much offended indeed.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

Robert Houdin, the great French conjurer, has retired from the public practice of his profession to enjoy his ease with dignity. One of his latest exploits was the acceptance of a Government mission to Algeria, whose object was simply to astonish the natives. His marvels were so infinitely superior to the false miracles of the Marabouts, or Arab holy men, that the faith of Mussulmen in their fanatic leaders received a serious and salutary shock. The necromancer's last important work has been the composition of his own memoirs, which have just been published in Paris.* It is well known that Houdin executed his most startling tricks by the aid of clever mechanical contrivances, and by the unsuspected application of the ordinary powers of nature, such as chemistry, magnetism, and electricity. His search after recondite mechanism for the pursuit of his vocation several times placed within his reach articles which have now attained the rank of historical curiosities. For instance, in the clock-room of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris there stands, clad in silks and satins, a female mandolin-player, an automaton attributed to the famous Vaucanson (who made amongst other things a duck, which digested as well as ate its food), and repaired, in 1850, by Robert Houdin. Another lucky chance procured him the opportunity of inspecting a still more celebrated automaton, the Chess-player. This was in 1844, at the house of a mechanician named Cronier, who lived at Belville. Respecting the means by which this masterpiece was made to work, Robert Houdin obtained information which, although not differing in principle from explanations already given to the world, is yet so original and so supplemental as to deserve extracting.

It will appear strange that an episode of European history should have to be dragged in to illustrate the construction of an automaton. However, for the reader's comfort, there is no need to enter upon a long and learned discussion touching the balance of power between diverse states. A few words will suffice to introduce the hero of the tale.

The scene lies in Russia. The first partition of Poland, in 1772, left many elements of discord which, several years afterwards, were the cause of numerous insurrections. About the year 1776 a revolt of con-

* *Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur, &c.* Paris: Bourdilliat.

siderable gravity broke out in a regiment which was half Russian and half Polish, and which kept garrison in the fortified town of Riga. At the head of the rebels was an officer named Worousky, a man of very superior ability and great energy. He was short in stature, but well made; his strongly-marked features, like scars of the fatigues he had undergone, gave to his manly countenance the complete expression of a tough trooper hardened to the wars. This insurrection acquired such formidable proportions, that the troops who were sent to repress it were twice obliged to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Meanwhile, reinforcements arrived from St. Petersburg, and in a battle fought in the open country the insurgents were at length subdued. A great number of the rebels perished, the rest fled across the marches, whither the victorious troops pursued them, with orders to give no quarter.

In this disorderly route Worousky had both his thighs broken by a shot, and he fell on the field of battle. Nevertheless, he escaped the massacre by throwing himself into a ditch overgrown by a hedge, where he contrived to conceal himself till nightfall, when, dragging himself along with difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the neighbouring dwelling of a doctor named Osloff, who was well known for his benevolence and humanity. The doctor, pitying his wretched plight, gave him medical treatment, and consented to harbour him in his house. Worousky's wounds were serious, in spite of which the good doctor had great hopes of effecting a cure; but gangrene suddenly came on, and the case assumed so threatening a character that, in order to save his life, it was necessary to sacrifice one-half of his body to the other. The amputation of the two thighs was successfully performed, and Worousky was saved, to survive the wreck and the ruin of a man. Meanwhile, a clever Viennese mechanician, named Von Kempelen, came to Russia to visit Doctor Osloff, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. This learned personage was at that time travelling for the purpose of familiarising himself with foreign languages, the study of which assisted him at a later period in the composition of his work on the mechanism of speech, which was published at Vienna in 1791. Previous to Von Kempelen's visit, the doctor for some time had felt uneasy respecting the consequences of the charitable action he had the imprudence to commit; should it come to be known, it might compromise him seriously: his perplexity was extreme; because, living alone with an old housekeeper, he had no one at hand with whom to take counsel, or from whom he could expect the slightest assistance. Von Kempelen's arrival was, therefore, a most fortunate event for the doctor, who reckoned upon his friend's fertile imagination to help him out of the difficulty. Von Kempelen was at first not a little alarmed at having to share so dangerous a secret; he was aware that a price had been set upon the outlaw's head, and that the act of humanity in which he was about to become an accomplice was a crime which the Muscovite laws punished with the utmost rigour. But when he beheld poor Worousky's mutilated person he yielded to the impulse which so sad a misfortune could not help inspiring, and he set his wits to work to invent some plan which should enable his *protégé* to effect his escape from the Russian territory.

Doctor Osloff was passionately fond of chess, and as well to gratify his own individual taste as to afford some amusement to the sufferer during his long and tedious convalescence, he frequently indulged in a game with him. But Worousky's superiority was incontestable, and even when Von Kempelen combined his skill with the doctor's, Worousky always won. His decided and constant superiority inspired Von Kempelen with the idea of the famous automaton chess-player. In an instant he had fixed upon his plan, and he set to work immediately. This master-piece of ingenuity, whose performances astonished the world, was entirely completed within the space of three months.

Von Kempelen wished that the doctor should enjoy the first-fruits of his labour, and on the 10th of October, 1776, he invited him to play a game. The automaton represented a Turk as large as life, wearing the national costume, and seated behind a box of the form of a chest of drawers, or side-board, about four feet long, and two-and-thirty inches broad. On the top of the box, and in the middle, was placed a chess-board. Before the commencement of the game the artist opened several doors in the chest of drawers, by looking into which M. Osloff could see a great quantity of wheel-work, levers, cylinders, springs, and dial-plates, which occupied the greater portion of the space. At the same time Von Kempelen opened a long drawer, from which he took the chess-men, and the cushion on which the Turk rested his arm. When this examination was finished the robe of the automaton was raised, so as to permit the inspection of the inside of its body. The doors being then closed, Von Kempelen arranged several portions of the machinery, and wound up the wheel-work with a key which he put into a hole in the box. Then the Turk, after slightly nodding his head by way of a salute, placed his hand over one of the chess-men standing on the chess-board, seized it with the tips of his fingers, placed it on a different square, and then laid his arm on the cushion by his side. The inventor had already announced, that as his automaton could not speak it would give three signs with the head for check to the king, and two for check to the queen. The doctor played in turn, and waited patiently till his adversary (whose movements had all the gravity of the sultan whom he represented) should have played another piece. Although conducted slowly at the outset, the game soon became complicated. Shortly, Osloff made the discovery that he was pitted against a formidable adversary; for, in spite of all his efforts, his game was almost in a hopeless condition. True, the doctor had fallen into an absent fit. Some strange idea seemed to occupy his mind, but he hesitated to communicate his reflections to his friend, when suddenly the automaton made three signs with its head. Check to the king!

"By heavens!" exclaimed the loser, with a trifle of impatience, which, however, was soon dissipated by the sight of his friend's delighted countenance, "if I were not sure that Worousky is at this moment in bed, I should be ready to swear that I had been playing with him. There is not another head in Russia capable of conceiving the move which has caused me to lose the

game. And besides," added the doctor, looking at Von Kempelen fixedly, "will you have the goodness to explain why your automaton plays with its left hand instead of its right, exactly as Worousky does?"

People who subsequently witnessed its public performances thought that the automaton's left-handed play was simply a piece of inadvertence and carelessness on the part of the constructor. It was no such thing.

The Viennese mechanician began to smile, and not thinking it worth while to prolong a mystification which was to be the prelude and the rehearsal of so many others, he confessed to his friend that, in fact, it was with Worousky he had been playing.

"But where the deuce have you put him?" asked the doctor, looking around him, in the endeavour to discover his antagonist. The inventor laughed aloud most heartily.

"Well! don't you know me?" cried the Turk, offering the doctor his left hand in sign of reconciliation, while Von Kempelen lifted the robe, and showed the poor mutilated soldier to be lodged in the body of the automaton.

Doctor Osloff could no longer retain his gravity, and he laughed in chorus with his two mystificators. But he was the first to check himself; he wanted an explanation. "How have you contrived," he asked, "to conjure away Worousky, and to render him invisible?"

"Just look," replied Von Kempelen, opening the sideboard. "All these wheels, and levers, and pullies are nothing but the pretence of an organised machine. The framework which supports them hangs on hinges, and when doubled up and folded on one side, they leave sufficient room for the player to crouch in while you were examining the inside of the automaton. As soon as this first search was over, and when the figure's dress was properly arranged, Worousky got into the body of the Turk, and while I was showing you the chest and the wheelwork it contained, he took the opportunity of introducing his arms and fingers into those of the automaton. You also understand, that in consequence of the thickness of the neck, which is hidden by the beard and the enormous collar, by placing his head behind the mask he could easily see the chessboard and play his game. I ought to add that, when I pretend to wind up the machinery, it is simply to cover and draw off attention from the movements that Worousky is obliged to make."

"And so," said the doctor, anxious to prove that he perfectly understood the explanation, "while I was examining the chest, that imp Worousky had crept inside the Turk's body; and when the Turk's robe was raised, Worousky had crept into the chest! I frankly own," added M. Osloff, "that I was the dupe of this ingenious contrivance, but I am consoled by thinking that more cunning folks than myself will be taken in by the same manœuvre."

The three friends were mutually delighted at the success of this first private exhibition; for the instrument afforded a marvellous means of escape for the outlawed officer, besides placing him out of the reach of absolute want. Before separating, they agreed about the route advisable to follow in order to reach the frontier speedily, and arranged the precautionary measures which so hazardous a journey demanded. They also decided that, to avoid suspicion, it would be prudent to give a performance in all the towns which lay on their road, beginning with Toula, Kalouga, and Smolensk. A month afterwards Worousky, completely recovered from his wounds, gave in the presence of a numerous public the first proof of his astonishing skill. The bill, written in the Russian language (which is still in the possession of Robert Houdin, who had it from M. Hessler, Dr. Osloff's nephew, who communicated the details of this narrative), ran as follows:—

Toula, Nov. 6, 1777.

IN THE CONCERT-ROOM WILL TAKE PLACE
THE EXHIBITION OF

AN AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER,

INVENTED AND CONSTRUCTED BY M. VON KEMPELEN.

N.B. *The mechanical combinations of this piece of machinery are so marvellous and complete that the Inventor does not hesitate to challenge the ablest Chess-players of the town.*

It may be readily conceived what an excitement was caused amongst the inhabitants of Toula by the above announcement; not only did the chess-players try hard who should get his name entered first on the list, but heavy bets were offered and taken for and against the antagonists. Worousky was victorious, and, encouraged by his success, he begged Von Kempelen to propose a match the next day, to be played against all the best players in concert. Needless to say that the second defiance was accepted even more eagerly than the first, and that the whole town thronged to be spectators of this novel and interesting tournament. This time the victory remained for a while uncertain, and Von Kempelen began to tremble for the infallibility of his automaton's reputation, when an unexpected and masterly move decided the match in favour of Worousky. The whole of the audience, including the losers, hailed this glorious victory with rounds of applause. The columns of the newspapers were filled with praises and congratulations addressed to the automaton and its ingenious inventor.

Von Kempelen and his unseen companion, reassured about the future by the success of their *début*, now took their leave of the benevolent doctor. After presenting him with a token of their gratitude for his kind hospitality, they directed their course towards the frontier. Prudence required that, even while travelling, Worousky should be hidden from every prying eye; consequently, he was literally packed up, exactly like a valuable and brittle piece of furniture. He was "FRAGILE;" he was "GLASS, THIS SIDE UPWARDS." Under the pretence of the delicacy of the automaton's clock-work, the enormous case in which it was inclosed was carried with the utmost precaution from place to place; the real intention was to insure the safety of the cunning chess-player imprisoned within. Sundry breathing-holes were contrived in unsuspected corners to effect the ventilation of this singular post-chaise. Worousky bore his confinement with patience, for he was supported by the hope of soon being out of the reach of the Muscovite police; and his fatigue and annoyance were in some degree compensated by the large sums of money which they pocketed along the road.

In this fashion, and steadily making for the Prussian frontier, our travellers had got as far as Vitebsk, when

one morning Von Kempelen abruptly entered the chamber wherein Worousky was constantly sequestered.

"We are threatened by a terrible misfortune," exclaimed the mechanician, in great alarm, as he displayed a letter from St. Petersburg. "Heaven knows whether we shall be able to avert the evil! The Empress Catherine II., having been informed by the journals of the marvellous skill of the automaton chess-player, desires to play a game with it, and orders me to transport it to her palace immediately. What we have now to do, is to lay our heads together to find the means of avoiding this dangerous honour."

To Von Kempelen's great astonishment, Worousky heard the news without manifesting the least uneasiness; on the contrary, he appeared delighted at the prospect. "We will take good care not to neglect paying such a visit as that!" he said. "The Czarina's wishes are commands which cannot be disobeyed with impunity; we have, therefore, no other course to follow than to comply with her request as soon as possible. Your readiness to oblige her will have the double advantage of prepossessing her mind in your favour, as well as of diverting any suspicions which your wonderful automaton might raise in her mind. Moreover," added the intrepid soldier, with a certain degree of pride, "I own that I shall not be sorry to meet the great Catherine face to face, and show her that the head which she undervalues to the degree of putting on it the price of a few roubles only is a match for her own; and may perhaps prove itself, in certain cases, superior in intelligence."

"Madman!" exclaimed Von Kempelen, frightened at the excitement of the fiery outlaw. "Recollect that we may be discovered; which will cost you your life, and will convert me into a Siberian exile."

"Impossible!" calmly answered Worousky. "Your ingenious machine has already deceived so many people, who were no fools either, that I am certain we shall soon have one dupe more; and this time it will be a dupe whom it will be glorious for us to mystify. What a delightful remembrance! what an honour for us both, my dear friend, will it be to have to say one day that the Empress Catherine II.—the haughty Czarina—whom her courtiers vaunt as the owner of the ablest head in her whole empire, was tricked by your genius and beaten by mine!"

Although Von Kempelen could not share Worousky's enthusiasm, he was obliged to bend before circumstances, and the well-known inflexibility of his comrade's character. Besides, the soldier had such a surprising mastery of chess, that the Viennese mechanician thought it prudent to make concessions, in the interest of his own proper reputation. They started, therefore, without delay; for the journey was long and difficult, in consequence of the innumerable precautions with which the transport of Worousky's case was attended. On the road Von Kempelen never left his travelling-companion an instant alone, and did all that lay in his power to soften the rigour of so painful a mode of locomotion. After a series of long and fatiguing days' journeys, they arrived at last at the end of their travels. But whatever promptitude the travellers had displayed, the Czarina, when she accosted Von Kempelen, appeared to manifest a touch of ill-humour.

"Are the roads so bad, sir," she inquired, "that it takes a fortnight to come from Vitebsk to St. Petersburg?"

"May it please your majesty," replied the wily mechanician, "to permit me to make a confession which will serve in some sort as an excuse for the delay."

"Make it," answered Catherine, "provided it be not an avowal of the incapability of your marvellous machine."

"Quite the contrary. I wish to own to your majesty that, in consequence of your majesty's great ability at chess, I was anxious to present you with a worthy adversary. Before setting out I therefore added some additional mechanism, which was indispensable for the playing of so important a match."

"Ah, that is it!" said the Empress, restored to good humour by this flattering explanation. "And in consequence of this supplemental clockwork I suppose you expect to beat me with your automaton?"

"I shall be greatly surprised if such is not the result," replied Von Kempelen, with the utmost respect.

"We shall see about that, sir," retorted the Empress, tossing her head with an air of doubt and of irony. "But," she continued, in the same tone, "when will you introduce me to the presence of my terrible adversary?"

"Whenever it may please your majesty."

"In that case, I am so impatient to measure my strength with the vanquisher of the ablest players in Russia, that this very evening I will meet him in my library. Instal your machinery there. At eight o'clock I will come and see you. Be punctual."

Von Kempelen retired from the presence, and hastened to make his arrangements for the evening. Worousky treated the matter lightly, and thought only of the delight he should feel at mystifying Catherine. But if Von Kempelen had also summoned courage to go through with the adventure, he was anxious, nevertheless, to take every possible precaution to prevent the secret from being discovered, and to provide a way of escape in case of danger. At all risks, he caused the automaton to be transported to the Imperial palace in the same case in which it was kept when on a journey.

The clock struck eight as the Empress, followed by a numerous suite, entered the library, and took her place before the chess-board. It ought to be mentioned that Von Kempelen never allowed any one to go behind the automaton, and that he would not consent to begin the game till all the spectators were ranged in front of his machine. The court took their places behind the Empress, and prophesied with one voice the impending defeat of the automaton. At the mechanician's invitation, an examination was made of the sideboard and the body of the Turk; and when every one was perfectly convinced that it contained nothing but the clockwork previously mentioned, they took the usual steps to begin the game.

Favoured by chance, Catherine enjoyed the advantage of playing the first pawn. The automaton made a move in return, and the game went on in the midst of the most solemn silence. For a time no very decisive move was made; but it soon became apparent, from the Czarina's angry and knitted brows, that the

automaton was showing a great want of gallantry, and that he was worthy of the reputation he had gained. A knight and a bishop were taken, one after the other, in the clutch of the skilful Mussulman. From that time the game took a turn unfavourable to the Imperial player, when suddenly the Turk, forgetting his impassible gravity, violently struck his cushion with his arm, and replaced a chessman that had been advanced by his adversary.

Catherine II. had been guilty of cheating. Was it to test the automaton's intelligence, or from any other motive? We cannot tell. Nevertheless, the haughty Empress, not choosing to avow her peccadillo, replaced the piece on the square to which she had fraudulently pushed it, and stared at the automaton with an air of imperious authority.

The result soon followed. The Turk, with a single blow of his arm, upset every piece on the chess-board; and immediately the sound of clock-work, which was constantly going on during the game, ceased to be heard. The machine stopped, as if some spring inside it had been unexpectedly broken.

Von Kempelen, pale and trembling, recognising Worousky's fiery temper, awaited in alarm the issue of this conflict between the outlaw and his sovereign.

"Aha, Monsieur l'Automate!" said the Empress gaily, glad to see thus concluded a game in which her chance of success was but small; "your manners are somewhat inclined to be abrupt. You are a capital player, I must allow; but you were afraid of losing, and so you put the chess-board into an inextricable mess. That will do. I am now enlightened in respect to your talents, and especially as to your nervous temperament."

Von Kempelen began to breathe again; and, taking courage, he endeavoured to efface entirely the unfavourable impression produced by his machine's want of respect,—a fault of which he was naturally obliged to take the whole responsibility upon his own shoulders.

"Will your majesty," he humbly said, "permit me to offer an explanation of what has just taken place?"

"By no means, Monsieur Von Kempelen," interrupted the Empress, with great vivacity. "There is no occasion for anything of the kind. On the contrary, I have been highly entertained. I will even say that I am so delighted with your automaton that I wish to purchase it. I shall then always have at hand a chess-player whose temper is perhaps a little warm, but whose skill makes him a respectable adversary. Leave him, therefore, in this apartment, and come and see me to-morrow, and we will conclude the bargain."

So saying, and without waiting for Von Kempelen's answer, the Czarina left the room. In expressing her desire that the automaton should remain in the palace till the next day, had Catherine any intention of committing an indiscretion? It is more than probable; she was quite capable of any unusual conduct. Happily, the cunning artist baffled her female curiosity by smuggling Worousky away in the case he had brought. The automaton remained in the library, but Worousky was gone. Next day Catherine renewed her proposition to buy the automaton of Von Kempelen. He replied, that as his presence was necessary for the working of the machinery, he could not by any possibility sell it. The Empress acknowledged the force of his reasoning, and at the same time that she complimented him on his mechanical skill, presented him with a proof of her liberality.

Three months afterwards the automaton was in England, under the direction of a Mr. Anthon, or Antony, to whom Von Kempelen had made it over. Did Worousky continue to make part of the machine? It is not known exactly; but we may conclude that it was so, from the immense success which the chess-player had at the time, as may be seen in the contemporary journals. Anthon travelled all over Europe, attended by the same invariable success; but at his death the celebrated automaton was bought by the mechanician Maëlzel, who embarked it for New York. It was doubtless then that Worousky took leave of his hospitable Turk, for the chess-player was far from exhibiting the same prowess in America as he had in the Old World. After having travelled about for a considerable time, showing his mechanical trumpet and the chess-player, Maëlzel set sail for France, which he was destined never to see again. He died on the passage from indigestion, brought on by over-eating. Maëlzel's heirs sold his instruments, and that was the way in which Cronier obtained his precious relic.

The automata which Robert Houdin fabricated himself were far superior to the chess-player, both in mechanical merit and in boldness, though not in impudence of design. Setting aside his early essays, which were wonderful for a juvenile artist, several of his second-rate performances became favourites with all civilised Europe, and were repeated in numerous duplicates, under a variety of different but analogous forms. There was the tight-rope dancer, male and female; birds that sang, accompanying their melody with characteristic movements of their head and wings; and the juggler playing with the cups and balls. There was what was styled the mysterious clock, which, although transparent, indicated and struck the hour with the greatest exactness, and that without any apparent mechanism whatsoever to keep it going. More difficult to construct was the nightingale (ordered by a rich merchant of St. Petersburg), which imitated not merely the actions, but also the musical phrases of its prototype, giving by means of artificial windpipes a tolerable copy of the notes which bird-fanciers are wont to express in written characters, by something like "Tiou-tiou-tiou. Ut, ut, ut, ut. Tchitchou, tchitchou, rrrrorrrouit," &c. Of a still higher order was the Secretary-Draughtsman, l'Ecrivain-Dessinateur, a figure who wrote or drew, at word of command, anything reasonable that was requested of him.

The automata prepared for public exhibition, to serve as interludes between their author's feats of legerdemain, were really wonderful. One of them, styled the Diavolo Antonio, after a famous acrobat of the day, was first exhibited at Robert Houdin's theatre on the 1st of October, 1849. The original was a full-grown man; the copy had only the stature and the features of a child. He took in the wooden artist in his arms, he tells us, exactly as he would have carried a living being; placed him upon the stick of a swing, and then put to him several questions, to which he replied by signs of the head. "Are you not afraid of falling?" "No."

"Are you ready to go through with your exercises?" "Yes." Then, at the first strains of the orchestra, he gracefully saluted the spectators, turning himself towards the different parts of the house; then he suspended himself by the arms, and following the measures of the music (or the measures of the music following him), he began swinging backwards and forwards with extraordinary vigour. This great exertion required an interval of repose, during which he smoked his pipe; after which he performed feats of strength on the swing, such as raising himself by the arms, and remaining heels upwards, whilst he executed telegraphic evolutions with his legs. To prove that the little Diavolo's mechanical existence lay within himself, he suspended himself by his feet, and afterwards completely quitted the swing.

Robert Houdin, naturally very proud of his automata, was excessively susceptible that even their *utility* should be put in question. Although his own native good sense showed him the justice of such criticisms, they touched him to the quick at the time, as appears from the following confession, written in his honourable retirement near Blois:

"After having acquired a position of material welfare by means of labours which have been wrongly treated as futile, I have determined to devote my attention to serious researches, as I was once advised to do by a member of the Institute. The circumstance to which I allude occurred during the Exposition of 1844, where I exhibited my automata and other mechanical curiosities. The jury deputed to examine the machines and instruments of precision visited my collection, and I gave in their presence a little performance, similar to that which had taken place a few days previously before Louis Philippe. After having listened with interest to my account of the numerous difficulties which I had to overcome in the construction of my automata, one of the members of the jury remarked,—

"'It is a great pity, Monsieur Robert Houdin, that you have not applied to serious undertakings the same efforts of imagination which you have employed in the construction of fancy articles.'

"This criticism wounded me the more, because at that epoch I saw nothing superior to my own pieces of workmanship; in my brightest dreams respecting the future, I had no higher ambition than to rival the glory of the learned author of the automaton duck. I therefore replied, with considerable pique, 'Monsieur, I know no more serious undertaking than that of furnishing a livelihood to an honest man. Nevertheless, I am quite ready to change the direction of my studies if, after having heard what I have to say, you will favour me with your advice. All the while that I employed myself with chronometer making I could scarcely contrive to live. At present I maintain four workmen, who help me to complete my automata; the least skilful of the four earns six francs a-day: you may guess by that what I earn myself. I ask you now, Monsieur, whether I ought to return to my former profession?'

"My critic was silent; but another member of the jury approached me, and said in a low voice, 'Go on, Monsieur Robert Houdin, go on; I feel an assurance that your ingenious labours, after having conducted you to prosperity, will lead you straight to make useful discoveries.'

"'Monsieur le Baron Séguier,' I replied, 'I thank you for your encouraging prognostic; I will use every endeavour to justify it.'"

With the advantages of ease and leisure to help him, the worthy ex-conjurer has already done much to fulfil his promise, and probably will do more. A remnant of affection for his old trade of watchmaking induced him to select chronometro-electric instruments as the object of his labours. He has adopted as the programme to be carried out, *The Popularisation of Electric Clocks, by making them as simple and as accurate as possible.* And as the exercise of any art always supposes an ideal which the artist strives to realise, he already fancies that the day will arrive when a network of electric wires, starting from one sole regulator, will radiate over the whole of France, and will so give the exact time in the most modest villages as well as in the most important cities. Meanwhile, considerable results in advance of the former state of things have been already attained, a few amongst which are, an Electric Regulator, without any wheelwork, secure from the influence of variations in the electric currents; a popular Electric Clock, capable of carrying, without any further expense of electricity, a dial-plate of more than six feet in diameter; an Electric striking Apparatus, without any wheelwork, capable of being carried to any distance whatsoever by the above-mentioned electric clock; and, finally, a *Répartiteur électrique*, by means of which a magnetic attraction may be increased a hundredfold. This, in a mechanical point of view, is an entirely novel agent, which promises to be serviceable in a thousand different unexpected ways. Be it not forgotten, that Robert Houdin has presented his native town with an electric clock, which adorns the façade of the Hôtel de Ville, and has gone for two years with the greatest regularity. E. S. D.

SEA-WEEDS.

BY HENRY TIDEY.

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves wist).
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear."

THESE are the gambols of the sea-children, babes of the shore, who rejoice to foot it among the salt ooze, the golden sands, the green-haired and ragged rocks that mark the margin of the sea and land. While the shallow pools fill with the advancing tide, and the silver foamy crests showed the lapse and fall of the coming waters, these living flowers of the land and sea came down to dance in the wildest glee. A glorious morning had tempted them forth from the fisher's hut and the field-labourer's cottage; down the steep paths over the cliff, which the unaccustomed head turns faint to look upon, these little "sea-weeds" found a road, and clambering, clasping with hand and foot, to chalky ridge or flinty boulder, down they came a jovial troop, while the first glories of the day shone in pure silver light over the mists on the far-off horizon, and lighted up the thin pearly line of foam when the waves break, making it gleam like a silver necklace, or a glittering fringe shaken by a soft breeze that crept softly along its undulations. Down on the shore they follow each his bent of wayward fancy and childish sport. One tore along the beach "like mad;" one commenced an earnest search for shells and curious weeds, not without a hope of finding a treasure cast up by the ocean, after some storm in far-off climes—treasure captured with resistless passion and indomitable force, borne for years in its secret bosom, the most reticent spot of all the earth, and at length hurled forth as a worthless toy for the first finder; and another set herself on a rock to watch the sport of the more daring ones, who, venturing on the margin, seemed to defy with merry shouts the sleeping wrath of the ocean.



SEA-WEEDS. BY HENRY TIDEY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

No. III.—THE TWO WIDOWS.

The quiet enjoyment with my wife and children of Christmas-day, 1835, was broken in upon by Inspector Thomas, with a message from Colonel Rowan, the then Chief Commissioner, requiring me to first make myself thoroughly master of the papers sent to me by Thomas, and that done, forthwith place myself in confidential communication with two ladies; one, a Mrs. Hughes, whom I should find at the Clarendon, Bond Street; the other, Mrs. Lister, who was staying at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi. Mrs. Lister would see me at any time, but it was requisite that I should wait upon Mrs. Hughes before her dinner-hour, seven o'clock. Above all, I was to be scrupulously careful that neither of the ladies should for a moment suspect that I was in correspondence with the other.

"It's a tangled skein to unravel," remarked Thomas, after delivering the Commissioner's message. "There are, it seems, two widows of one gentleman, one son of both, and lots of 'tin' depending upon the result."

"Two widows of one gentleman! one son of two widows! You are jesting, of course."

"Not a bit of it. There are two sets of lawyers, too, in the case. Here are their names and addresses. Smith and Smith, of Gray's Inn, Mrs. Hughes's attorneys; and Messrs. Jones and Son, of Bedford Row, who are acting for Mrs. Lister. And mind, you must be as careful," continued the Inspector, "to keep Jones and Son in the dark as to your being in consultation with Smith and Smith, and *vice versâ*, as you will be with respect to the widows. You'll find, I fancy," Thomas went on to say, "that you are expected to be a sort of second Solomon; with this difference, however, that instead of ordering the boy, when you've got him, to be divided between the two mothers, you, after arriving at a settled conviction upon the case, are at once to go in, back and edge, against the party in the wrong, in conjunction naturally with the right party's attorneys. You must, however, the Commissioner insists, be dead sure of your game before showing your hand to the lawyers."

Thomas, who seemed to enjoy, in a mild way, the vexation which his errand at such a time caused me, added the compliments of the season, and left me to the enjoyment of the bundle of papers he had placed before me. Indulgence in ill-temper would avail nothing, so, resolutely buckling to at the task assigned me, I had, by nine in the evening, fully possessed myself of the details of the affair as set forth in the papers, and by the *viva voce* additions and corrections supplied by the two widows, whom I duly visited at their temporary abodes.

In order to render the perplexing maze of circumstance, conjecture, and suspicion at all plain to the reader, I must begin at the beginning of the complicated involvement—about ten years, that is to say, previous to the Christmas-day when the agency of the Detective Police was simultaneously invoked by both parties.

Sir William Hughes was a rich north-country manufacturer who had been knighted by the Prince Regent, and who, soon after that accession of dignity, took up his abode at Stone Hall, in the hunting-county of Leicester. The old families fought shy, as might have been expected, of the "cotton-fellow," notwithstanding the costliness of his establishment. To overcome that repugnance, Sir William set up as a sportsman; purchased a rare pack of hounds, and spared no outlay or pains to afford sport to his aristocratic neighbours. His own appearance and exploits in the field seem to have been decidedly successful in that particular, and the end was, that having one day ventured upon the back of a high-spirited hunter, which cost him the trifle of two hundred guineas, he was pitched with great violence over the high-spirited animal's head upon his own. This was the last of his fields, and though, after lying for several weeks between life and death, he recovered his physical health, his mind remained permanently affected; but not to such a degree as to convince a jury summoned under a writ of *de lunatico*, issued at the instance of his only son, that he, Sir William Hughes, was incapable of managing his own affairs.

Sir William had been long a widower, and this, his only surviving son, Edmund, had been sowing a seemingly interminable crop of "wild oats" in Paris, London, and other prolific soils, for about the same length of time; and not yet thirty, had already reaped the harvest of such husbandry—broken health, cankered weariness of spirit, and no end of debts. His attempt to obtain a judicial declaration of his father's insanity deeply offended Sir William, and it was many months before the afflicted gentleman could bear the briefest chance-sight of his son, without peril to his own life, from the excitement of angry rage.

Under such circumstances it was natural that Sir William, influenced, it might be, by a consciousness of deeper-seated mental infirmity than the commission *de lunatico* had been able to detect, should have been anxious to secure the kindly services and society of Mrs. Warner, a distant relative, then residing at a seaport in the West of England. This lady was a widow, her age the shady side of fifty, and her circumstances by no means over-prosperous. Of course marriage was out of the question; and after a brief negociation Mrs. Warner and Caroline Sherwood, her orphan niece, took up their abode at Stone Hall as housekeepers, nurses, and companions to the aged, fast-failing knight.

This arrangement, which worked very well, was suddenly thrown out of gear by the death of Mrs. Warner, about four months only after her domiciliation in Leicestershire. Those four months had, however, enabled Caroline Sherwood to obtain a lasting hold upon Sir William's regard, who looked upon and always spoke of her as his adopted daughter; and she, nothing loth, remained to minister to the old gentleman's needs, and direct his household.

Caroline Sherwood, when that onerous task devolved upon her, was in her twenty-first year, and remarkable both for intelligence and personal attractions. Her character, I judged, from the papers placed in my hands and the long conference I held with her—(she was the Mrs. Lister I was directed to meet at Osborne's Hotel)—to have been, like most others, a mingled yarn of good and evil, of excellences and defects. One main defect, or I wronged her, was an inordinate craving

after riches; or more correctly, perhaps, the social distinction that usually accompanies wealth.

Notwithstanding that strong latent Plutonian passion, Caroline Sherwood had, some twelve months before she removed to Stone Hall, surrendered her heart and promised her hand to Mr. Charles Lister, second lieutenant of the "Blonde" frigate, whose only worldly wealth, actual and prospective, was his pay. The engagement had been strongly disapproved of by Mrs. Warner, and during her aunt's life the correspondence of the lovers had been carried on by clandestine means. After that lady's death, Lieutenant Lister's letters were openly directed to Stone Hall, Sir William having by that time become incapable of exercising the slightest supervision over Miss Sherwood's doings. He had no wish to do so. As his shaken intellect dwindled into utter childishness, his regard increased for the handsome young woman, whose sweet voice and soft hand were so gentle and caressing; and he was perpetually promising himself aloud to make her his sole heiress, to the exclusion of his scoundrel son.

Now, Caroline Sherwood, as she herself told me in after days, did not for a moment suffer herself to be deluded into a belief that any will which Sir William could in his then state of mind make in her favour would be worth the paper or parchment it was written upon. It is right to state this, because it seems to show that her kindness to the sinking invalid was not prompted by selfish, unworthy motives. Very certain it is, however, that Miss Sherwood must have kept her opinion of Sir William's testamentary incapacity strictly to herself, and have been, moreover, especially careful not to give a hint to that effect to or in the hearing of the son and heir. An assurance of the kind would have been deemed invaluable by Mr. Edmund Hughes, who, though forbidden to present himself at Stone Hall, was kept pretty well *au courant* of his father's demonstrations and promises in favour of Miss Sherwood by the servants. These greatly disquieted him, fully believing as he did that Sir William could make a valid will; the verdict of the jury establishing Sir William's competency to manage his own affairs appeared to him conclusive on that point.

Deeply impressed with that conviction, Mr. Edmund Hughes deemed it a grand stroke of policy to privately solicit Miss Sherwood in marriage. As her husband he would be safe, however matters turned out. She was a fine, clever girl, too, and he almost felt, and quite successfully feigned, a real passion for her. Ay, and the dazzled, facile fair one, yielded to his suit, and became by a strictly private marriage Mrs. Edmund Hughes.

Whilst photographing by such feeble light as I possess the actual features, mental or moral, of real people whom I have chanced to meet with in the highways and byways of work-a-day life, I quite agree, in a transcendental sense, with the creative writers who draw fancy portraits of heroic, angelic, superhuman beings. No question that Caroline Sherwood *ought* to have indignantly spurned the overtures of Mr. Edmund Hughes, and remained inflexibly faithful to Mr. Charles Lister. I am very far from disputing that; still it is but fair to consider for a moment the exact position in which the young lady found herself at that crisis and turning-point in her life. A kind of coolness had of late arisen between her and Lieutenant Lister—to what owing I was not informed, but I suppose to the cold shade inevitably cast by lordly proximate wealth between her and her lover. Then, the "Blonde" was about to be paid off. In those piping times of peace it was very doubtful whether the unfriended lieutenant would be again employed in active service, and his half-pay, to support a lady-wife and a possibly large family, would have been considerably less than two pounds per week. Such was the chilling prospect of her future which presented itself from one point of view. A glance in the opposite direction showed a husband, still a young man, of prepossessing exterior and address, whom she knew to be the undoubted heir of more than eight thousand per annum in real estate, of Stone Hall and park, and a heap of personals; and who, moreover, professed unbounded admiration of her own sweet self. Positively I am not sure that I have ever known one young damsel who, constrained by the like circumstances, would have decided differently from Caroline Sherwood. My acquaintance with the better sex is, however, a limited one.

The state of affairs which I have thus broadly sketched was not, of course, stated to me in so many words by Mrs. Lister; but the essential facts it was necessary to inform me of; and these told the story so plainly, that, "We were married privately at Leicester," seemed to be that story's quite natural sequel.

The marriage was scarcely a month old when a paralytic fit extinguished all of mental or physical vitality remaining to Sir William Hughes, and the fourth day from the attack he was a corpse. No will, valid or invalid, had been executed, and Edmund Hughes succeeded, by unquestionable right, to his father's large possessions. There had been no necessity, then, that he should hamper himself with a wife! He had been the merest idiot to do so; and his folly was the more exasperating, inasmuch as the honey-month sufficed to convince him that he had felt no real, or at least no abiding, love for the pretty beggar whom he, in evil hour, had made the partner of his splendid fortunes. Mr. Hughes did not, to be sure, make any *speech* of this kind to his wife, but that he felt towards her in that kind she, with woman's keen discernment in such matters, was certain as of her own existence, before Sir William had been borne to his grave.

Another week had scarcely passed, when her impression as to the cause of the contemptuous coldness exhibited by her husband in his constrained intercourse with, and the morbid irritation he displayed towards her, underwent important modifications.

Mrs. Hughes entered the library one morning, not knowing her husband was there. He had just received his post-letters. Upon seeing her he manifested extreme confusion; and as he crumpled up his letters and thrust them into his writing-desk, which he immediately locked, angrily demanded why she had sought him there. The astonished wife replied, she did not know he was there; then left the room.

What meant that sudden confusion,—that crumpling up of letters, and hastily placing them under lock and key? The letters Mrs. Hughes had noticed upon a table in the hall, and she, in looking to see if any were for her, had observed that two, sealed with black, were

directed in an elegant female hand,—by *one* female hand, though the letters had arrived by the same post. A glance at the post-marks showed they had been forwarded on two successive days—a frequent occurrence in the cross-post deliveries at Stone Hall. Doubtless they were letters from some distant female relative: the first sent, a missive of condolence; the other a solicitation, possibly, of some kind of gift or favour. So concluded the young wife as she observed the letters. But that reasoning would not hold good after the scene in the library. Her newer surmise was that they were missives from a favourite mistress, despatched with peremptory impatience to the new owner of Stone Hall.

A wife need not have an extravagant regard for her husband to be violently jealous of him. Indignant resentment of marital infidelity is as fiercely excited, I have noticed, by outraged self-love as by wounded affection. At all events, Mrs. Hughes, who never affected any violent passion for her husband, determined to satisfy herself, at any hazard, by any expedient, as to the mystery of those hurriedly-hidden letters. Mr. Hughes would soon take his morning ride; she knew where the key of his escritoire was kept; and should she, the key being concealed, have to break open the desk, she would, whatever the consequence, know who the woman-correspondent of her husband was, and what were her pretensions.

The wife's purpose proved easy enough of fulfilment: her husband was gone; had left the key of his desk in the usual place. She held the letters in her hand, read them, and drank poison as she read. They were from Hughes's *wife*, not mistress; and in somewhat querulous tones insisted that he should, being now his own master, come at once to London for the purpose of conducting her and their child to Stone Hall. The second letter was to the same tune, with the addition that little Emily was in delicate health, which her speedy removal to the country, a physician had declared, could alone invigorate. Both letters were subscribed, "Your affectionate wife, Emily Hughes."

The strong will of Caroline Sherwood, as we must now again call the unhappy young woman, enabled her to go through the terrible letters, sentence by sentence, word by word, till their genuine, truthful character was firmly impressed upon her mind; then hope and strength alike forsook her, and she fell down in a swoon, with such helpless heaviness that the noise was heard by the servants below, by whose efforts she was restored to consciousness and despair. The letters were still tightly clutched in her grasp; and the moment she had fully realised the position into which she had been entrapped by Hughes's villany, she resolved to invoke the vengeance of the law upon his guilty head.

She had not had time to leave Stone Hall when Hughes returned. A terrible scene ensued, which nevertheless ended in her sullen acquiescence in his advice to sleep upon the matter before committing herself to a step which, whatever the consequences as regarded himself,—consequences which he was fully prepared to meet and defy,—would irretrievably compromise her in the eyes of the world, and condemn her to a life of hopeless poverty and cankering discontent.

The substance of the man's specious harangue may be briefly given: He *had* married a young lady about two years previously, by whom he had one child, a girl; but where—the all-important point in a legal point of view—that marriage was solemnised he would defy Miss Sherwood and all the lawyers in Leicestershire and London to discover. The first wife had married him for himself alone, *not because she knew him to be the undoubted heir of a vast property;* and upon the slightest hint that he was in jeopardy for an act committed under the pressure of an overwhelming apprehension of beggary—from which one candid word of Miss Sherwood's would have relieved him—would at once vanish from the scene, if only for their child's sake. The letters, Miss Sherwood had, no doubt, observed, were simply dated from London; a wide place to seek a Mrs. Hughes in. All, in fact, that Miss Sherwood had really ascertained by her violation of his private correspondence was that she was certainly not his wife. Thus it would happen that, incapable of obtaining legal proof of the first marriage (the letters, even Miss Sherwood must know, were, as evidence, mere waste paper), she would be unable to successfully prosecute him; still less, he was quite aware, could she, with her knowledge of the real facts, consent to live with him as his pretended wife. The upshot, then, of the very unpleasant affair must infallibly be, that Miss Sherwood would herself incur the pains and penalties of the exposure, without being able to inflict the slightest injury upon him. He should, when the hubbub—which, after all, he cared very little for—had subsided, live in splendour abroad with his true wife, whilst Miss Sherwood would have been deprived of an honourable alliance or *settlement* by her own senseless outcry.

It must be admitted that there was a good deal of brazen ingenuity in the specious scoundrel's way of putting the case, and one cannot feel astonished that Miss Sherwood, distracted by terror and surprise, left him with the tacit understanding that she would pause before invoking the law to avenge the cruel wrong it had no power to redress.

Night, in contradiction to the proverb, brought no counsel to the frenzied young lady. Fiery indignation still spurred her on, pale-hearted fear still held her back from attempting to wreak vengeance upon the wrong-doer, when a post-letter, directed to Miss Sherwood, was brought to her. It was from her old and still devoted lover, Charles Lister. He wrote to appoint an immediate interview at Leicester, adding that a most unexpected legacy enabled him to offer her a comfortable home.

Miss Sherwood's resolution would appear to have been at once taken. She would see Lister, reveal to him all that had passed, and be guided implicitly by his advice. Whilst hastily preparing to depart, a note was brought to her from Mr. Hughes. It contained an offer, very guardedly expressed, of making Miss Sherwood a present of ten thousand pounds; which sum would at any time after the lapse of a month, should no irritating occurrence intervene, be payable to her order. Mr. Hughes was himself waiting below, just within the door of the library, as Miss Sherwood swept by, no doubt with the hope of ascertaining if his large money-offer had mollified her rage, but she passed him without a word.

In her long explanatory interview with me, Mrs. Lister passed rapidly, and with a heightened colour, over her meeting with Lister. The memories it recalled were too painful. Besides, the papers confided to my discretion sufficiently supplied, she knew, every essential fact and inference relative thereto.

Lieutenant Lister, though much shocked and very savage at first, gradually calmed down; solemnly declared that his beloved Caroline, being entirely innocent in intent, of stainless moral purity as ever, he would still joyfully take her to wife. Miss Sherwood, after long hesitation, consented. It was mutually agreed to avoid in the future any mention of even Hughes's name; and shortly afterwards Charles Lister, bachelor, and Caroline Sherwood, spinster, were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

Whether Lister was disinterestedly sincere at the time of his marriage it is impossible for me to affirm or deny. A strong suspicion is, however, cast upon the purity of his apparent Quixotism by the undoubted fact that Caroline Sherwood *did* at that first interview incidentally mention the offer of ten thousand pounds hush-money by Mr. Hughes; and that she was empowered to draw for that magnificent sum, after a short interval, at pleasure. Still it may be that the notion of making a market of Mr. Hughes did not occur to Lister till after the birth of a son, between seven and eight months after the marriage, by which time, through imprudent shipping speculations, he had fallen into pecuniary embarrassment. Certain it is that the Lieutenant and his wife lived most unhappily together after but a few months of wedded cohabitation; that he became intemperate in his habits, and personally brutal towards her. The hush-money which he compelled her to draw upon Hughes for was confiscated to further and uphold fresh speculations; and when, after a few years, that was compromised, he worked upon the bigamist's morbid dread of exposure to fleece him to a large extent. Lister had by some means obtained legal proof of the marriage between Emily Kerton and Edmund Hughes, armed with which weapon he left the nervous master of Stone Hall no rest or respite from extortion. He also, actuated by some hazy, but no doubt selfish motive, insisted that young Edmund Hughes Lister—he was so named by the Lieutenant's own command—should accompany him on his latter predatory visits to Stone Hall. A prime result of that seeming caprice was that Mr. Hughes became strongly attached to the handsome boy, in reality, though not in law, as matters stood, his own son.

Whatever castles in the air the Lieutenant might have built upon the basis of those demonstrations of natural affection, he did not live to see the fruition or frustration of his views. He died at Gloucester, where he since his marriage had resided, a few months before Hughes was called to his account;—of brain-fever, Mrs. Lister reported; the more exact designation would probably have been *delirium tremens*.

Thanks to Lister's persevering pulls at the purse of Edmund Hughes, Esquire, his affairs wound up much more prosperously than had been anticipated. Mrs. Lister found herself in the possession of a sufficient sum to purchase a comfortable life-annuity for herself, with remainder to her son; a safe if obscure haven from the bitter storms of life, in which she had barely escaped from utter wreck.

Edmund Hughes, Esq. of Stone Hall, did not long survive Charles Lister, ex-lieutenant of the "Blonde." Reckless spendthrift of health, as of less precious blessings, he had wasted in the heyday of life the sources of a vigorous maturity, dying an old man at less than forty. The final warning came so suddenly that the lawyer, summoned in hot haste, and cautioned by the physician in attendance that not one moment should be lost, had only time to pen a will of some twenty lines, by which the dying man bequeathed to "my beloved wife" the whole of his real and personal estate; constituted her his sole executrix, and guardian of "my children," to whom he doubted not she would be both kind and just. Probate was decreed upon this will, and Mrs. Hughes became one of the richest widows in Leicestershire.

The word "children," inserted in the will at the testator's express dictation, referred of course to his daughter and Edmund Hughes Lister. As, however, the mother's natural right could not be superseded by the appointment of Mrs. Hughes to be his guardian, a friendly arrangement took place between the two widows, the substantial covenants of which were, that three hundred pounds per annum should be paid to Mrs. Lister for his maintenance and education, and that on the day he became of age the sum of five thousand pounds should be paid over to his use.

So far the affair, though sufficiently complicated, was intelligible; but now came a phase therein at the interpretation of which I could only make the wildest guesses.

Mrs. Hughes, accompanied by her daughter, mother, and father-in-law, Captain Burt, a grim Indian sun-bronzed veteran, of some fifty years of age, paid Paris a visit about six months after the death of Mr. Hughes, and did not return to England—at all events, not to Stone Hall—till after an absence of eight weeks. A fortnight after their arrival Captain Burt went to Gloucester, and informed Mrs. Lister that his daughter-in-law, being anxious to more effectually carry out her husband's dying wishes with respect to the boy, Edmund Hughes Lister, so called, proposed that he should be forthwith domiciled at Stone Hall, and be there in all respects educated and regarded as befitted his recognised co-heirship with Emily Hughes to the large property bequeathed by his and her father to Mrs. Hughes, in trust—a moral, and therefore equally obligatory on her as a legal trust—for their future mutual benefit. Mrs. Lister, after taking time to consider the proposal, declined it; influenced, she told me, by a vague presentiment of peril to her boy should she agree to what upon the face of it was an unaccountably munificent offer. Captain Burt, finding he could not shake her resolve, took leave with the outrageously absurd threat of an appeal to the Court of Chancery, with a view to transfer the custody of the boy to Mrs. Hughes, there being no equitable doubt of his true paternity.

The boy at the time of Captain Burt's abortive visit to Mrs. Lister, was at school in a large establishment in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Ten days afterwards a well-dressed man called there with a note, purporting

to have been written at the instance of Mrs. Lister, who, it was stated was dying, and anxious that her son should be sent to her immediately in the care of the bearer of the note. No suspicion of foul play being entertained, the boy was forthwith despatched in charge of the stranger-gentleman, who travelled post. It was several weeks before the audacious abduction of the boy was discovered; precisely how, I do not remember. The grief and distraction of the mother may be imagined. Her fixed conviction from the moment she could calmly reason upon the occurrence was, that her son had been carried off at the instigation of Mrs. Hughes, in order to compel her, Mrs. Lister, at no distant day, to consent to the strange proposal of which Captain Burt had been the bearer. The Hughes family, on the other hand, indignantly asserted that Mrs. Lister herself had caused her son to be secretly spirited away, partly for the purpose of annoying Mrs. Hughes, but principally in order to extort from that lady a heavy sum, as payment for the privilege of carrying out the dying wishes of her deceased husband,—a pious purpose which, Mrs. Lister knew, lay near her heart.

Meanwhile, anxious search was made for the missing boy—by the Hughes family, with suspicious ostentation; advertisements offering large rewards for his recovery or tidings of him were inserted in the principal papers, but utterly without avail. The stranger-gentleman, who had given the name of Marsden, or Marston, to the principal of the Bristol school, seemed to have vanished with his prey from off the face of the earth after leaving Swindon, at which place the post-chaise had been hired.

I have now brought the narrative down to the time when I, in pursuance of the Commissioner's orders, waited upon Mrs. Hughes at the Clarendon, and on Mrs. Lister at Osborne's Hotel.

I shall dismiss these interviews very briefly. Mrs. Lister's sincerity of grief was painfully real. The accusation, therefore, of the Hughes family, that she was privy to the disappearance of her son, was, I could not for a moment doubt, an unmitigated calumny. The conversation with Mrs. Hughes and her relative, Captain Burt, left an impression on my mind that though the lady might not be personally implicated in the abduction of young Lister, there was some mystery or dread in connection with that occurrence which greatly agitated and alarmed her. If, thought I, as I confronted the stern, cold, slightly-squinting stare, the curled, tightly compressed lips, and massive iron jaw of Captain Burt, "If I could imagine any sufficient motive *you* could have, prompting to such a deed as the carrying off young Lister, ay, or to the taking away of his life,—it is you whose steps I should dog, your doings and associates for the last two or three months with respect to which I should make keenest inquisition." Still a hard, vulpine phiz, and a rusty nutmeg-grater voice, proved nothing, suggestive, under certain conditions, as they might be.

On coolly reviewing the affair on the following day, I could not for the life of me discover any means of *setting about* the task I was expected to successfully carry out. The only scrap of possibly valuable information afforded me was, that the fellow who carried off the boy "was a tall, well-set-up military-looking man, with a prominent nose, hare-lip, and a white, bloodless face." That was something, to be sure; much, if one could fish out that he was an acquaintance of Captain Burt. It was in that direction I instinctively felt the only chance lay. "Well-set-up, military-looking man!" I would call at the Clarendon forthwith, and take stock of the grim Captain more minutely than on the previous evening. There could be no harm, if no good, in that.

The family had left, I found, for Leicestershire; whither after much cogitation, and a conference with the Commissioner, I determined to follow.

The post-village was, I knew, about three miles distant from Stone Hall, and upon arriving there, I, as good fortune would have it, obtained the use of a furnished bed-room at a general grocery shop, kept by a widow, who was also the post-mistress.

The family at Stone Hall, and notably Captain Burt, were not, I found, in good odour with the post-mistress or the village folk generally; and I found no difficulty in inducing the widow to permit me to inspect the addresses of the letters brought by a servant from Stone Hall, and the post-marks of those which were addressed to the inmates of that residence.

Three days had passed when a foreign-post letter arrived, addressed in an English hand to Captain Burt, the post-mark of which I with some difficulty made out to be Châteauroux, France, a considerable post-town north of Paris. I had not to wait long for the Captain's reply. It came the next day: "Lieut. James, Châteauroux, France: *Poste Restante.*"

I reached Châteauroux before the letter, and having of course provided myself with proper credentials, placed myself at once in communication with a Commissaire de Police. The arrangement I suggested was that I myself should remain *perdu* within the post-office during the hours of delivery; and if a gentleman answering the description of the individual who carried off the boy from Bristol called for the letter, I could sally forth, whilst the post-master held him in parley, seize and hand the culprit over to the French authorities. This, I was told, could not be allowed. All that the French police in such a case could permit was that Lieutenant James should be followed to his domicile, and if his explanation of the suspicions attaching to him were not deemed satisfactory, he would then be required to appear the next day before a magistrate, who would do what justice required.

"It is an affair between foreigners, and therefore quite exceptional," remarked the very civil and even more snuffy Commissaire, in reply, as it were, to a movement of irritation which I could not repress. "But, *soyez tranquille;* our system of passports, so admirably organised, will enable us to lay our hands upon M. James at any time, should he for a moment slip through our fingers."

Well, Lieut. James of the bloodless face, hare lip, &c. rode up the very next day to the post-office, on horseback, asked for the letter, and, so clumsily was the whole affair managed, received it, and was again in the saddle before I could get into the street. I was so angry and excited, seeing he was about to ride off, that I stupidly cried out—in English too—to some gendarmes who happened to be coming towards us,

"Stop him! Stop that scoundrel!" The officers stared, so did Lieut. James, and, instantly suspecting something of the truth, put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in no time.

I must do my friend the French Commissary of Police the justice to admit, that he discovered the very day that a Lieutenant James had been residing for a considerable time at a farmer's house situate at about three leagues from Châteauroux; and that said Lieut. James, who had borrowed the farmer's mare the previous day, had returned at a break-neck pace, paid his bill, packed his portmanteau, and departed without delay for Paris—the farmer-family supposed. Clever detectives we were, certainly! I was half mad with vexation.

To Paris in search of a man with a hare-lip, &c. A charming hunt that, which, though aided by the Paris police, I, after four days and nights of exasperating and almost unremitting labour, finally abandoned.

And now I am about to state a circumstance, or rather to relate an experience, the true explanation of which I am myself even now somewhat doubtful about.

I retired to my lodgings late in the afternoon, utterly knocked up in body, and soured, wearied in spirit. Of dinner I ate little, but of wine I consumed a bottle; at least I was charged with one. Whilst sipping it, my thoughts still ran upon the incidents, the complications and vexations of the business in which I was engaged. Those thoughts slid, as it were, into dreams; a sleep, from which I awoke with a start, surprised me. I retired to bed, still continuing to think and dream, the ideas or notions becoming gradually more distinct, intelligible, coherent. Finally, I awoke, and believed I had dreamt that Edmund Hughes, during the many years he had resided at Paris, had married a French lady, who was still alive, and that, consequently, neither the lady calling herself Mrs. Hughes, nor Mrs. Lister, was the true widow of the deceased owner of Stone Hall. Captain Burt and his daughter-in-law must, during their last visit to Paris, have discovered the truth, and, though I could not but admit the inference to be a very lame one indeed, had carried off young Lister in order to compel his mother to make common cause with them in resisting the claims of the rightful widow, and, in all likelihood, of the living heirs. I now believe that such an interpretation of the *imbroglio*, utterly absurd as it is in parts, must have suggested itself, in its chief feature, the previous French marriage, to my waking imagination, which had been so long striving to work out the confounding contradictions, improbabilities, possibilities of the case, to an intelligible issue; and that my dream had but reproduced, distortedly, those waking guesses.

Nonsense or sense, folly or fact, I would at all events search the archives of the British Embassy, where alone I had understood such a marriage could have been legally solemnised. Leave to do so was granted, as a matter of course, upon payment of a heavy fee, and less than a quarter-of-an-hour's search was rewarded by the discovery of the record of the espousals of Edmund Hughes, son of Sir William Hughes, Knight, of Stone Hall, Leicestershire, England, with Julie Adrienne Delville, daughter of Hubert and Julie Delville, of Versailles, France. The date was nearly eighteen months previous to that of Edmund Hughes' marriage with Emily Kerton, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, first discovered to have taken place there by Lieutenant Lister, and afterwards verified by Messrs. Jones and Son, of Bedford Row, who had at one time entertained strong doubts as to whether the alleged marriage with Emily Kerton might not have been a device on the part of Hughes to rid himself of a partner for whom he had conceived a strong aversion.

To ascertain if the French wife were dead, and where, I at once hurried off to Versailles. M. Delville, who was well known and highly respected there,—I did not see his wife,—frankly answered my questions. Their daughter, only child, and wife of that *scélérat* Hughes, had died, I found, without issue, very nearly six months *after* the marriage at St. Andrew's, Holborn, and eighteen months, consequently, or thereabout, before Edmund Hughes privately espoused Caroline Sherwood, who was, therefore, incontestably, the wife to whom, by the atrocious bigamist's will, all his estates, real and personal, had been devised. M. Delville added, that several months previously an English military gentleman had called, and asked similar questions to mine.

There could be no doubt now as to the motives which had prompted the carrying off of young Lister, otherwise Hughes. Should his father's will be set aside for ambiguity, he was the undoubted heir-at-law; and the audacious project had been concocted of wringing, at a fitting season, from the mother's love for her son, a compromise that would save Captain Burt, Emily Kerton, and her daughter, from beggary. The proposal, certain to be rejected, made to Mrs. Lister at Gloucester, was, no doubt, a mere pretence, to be afterwards appealed to as a proof of Mrs. Hughes's tender regard for the boy, and the impossibility, therefore, that *she*, of all persons, could have entertained the idea of kidnapping him.

Their nefarious tricks will be utterly defeated now, I exulted to think, as I, with all possible speed, returned to England. A great error that, on my part. In less than two hours after I reached London I was closeted with Jones, senior, attorney-at-law. That benign gentleman listened to my account of the important discoveries I had made, and received the documents I had brought from France, with a condescending, patronising smile, and bushy eyebrows complacently raised in compliment to "my really very creditable exertions in the case, which at the fitting time should, I might entirely depend, be handsomely recompensed." He then civilly showed me out of the office.

What afterwards occurred *in re* Hughes and Hughes I know nothing positively, except from, in some particulars, contradictory newspaper reports. Mrs. Lister was recognised to be the rightful Mrs. Hughes, and her son, who had been adroitly smuggled off to France, but well-cared for there, was restored to her, upon conditions; namely, that two thousand—one report said, three thousand—per annum should be secured to Emily Kerton, with succession to her daughter,—which was, perhaps, just enough,—and that Captain Burt's share in the abduction from the school near Bristol be quietly ignored. These were, I believe, the main points of the compromise arranged by Messrs. Jones and Son and Messrs. Smith and Smith.



WILD BOAR AND DOG. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

THE hunting of the boar has been described as pre-eminent among all the sports of the field for adventurous daring and arduous exercise — the most perilous of all branches of the "noble art of venery," as the ancient writers on field-sports have delighted to style it. Some districts of France have plumed themselves for centuries on the attractions they offered to the sportsman in this respect; but it is in Germany and Russia that the game is to be found in its ancient size and primeval ferocity. In France, the boars are said to be small, and indeed little more than wild pigs, which, escaping from the domestic sty, get by long freedom into a semi-wild state, as cats do in our English woods, but are no more to be compared with the great old monster of the forest than are our stray cats with the tigers of India. In India, also, there is a sport called "pig-hunting," which, it appears, should have a grander name, for the game are dangerous brutes, who do not understand trifling, and will receive any wound short of perfect quietus as both an insult and an injury, ripping their pursuers up with but little compunction or recognition of the law which made them sport for men. Boars are mostly, and of right, hunted with short lances, or spears, shaped like a broad leaf, sharp and strong, and fixed in an ash handle. Rifles are not forbidden; but it is thought a little derogatory to the courage of a hunter if he use fire-arms, except in the last extremity, when he must either lose his game or his life.

William Twici, "Grand Huntsman to King Edward II." wrote a book on hunting, entitled *Art de Vénérie le quel Maistre Guillame Twici, venour le Roy dangleterre, fist en son temp par eprandre Autres*, in which he ranks the wild boar amongst the first-class of beasts of chase, properly called "beasts for hunting." These were four — the hare, the hart, the wolf, and the wild boar. The last was allowed to be hunted "from the Nativity to the Purification of Our Lady" only. FitzStephen, a writer of the time of Henry II. to whom we are indebted for many a light upon the manners and customs of our ancestors at a most interesting period, says it was a practice of the prentices of London to hunt boars, this being a favourite holiday sport with them. Fancy a modern apprentice turning out with such an object!

BLAISE PASCAL.

PERHAPS the greatest barrier to the intellectual and social improvement of the masses of society is, that great men are the property only of the great. Philosophers are, as a rule, known to philosophers; mathematicians to mathematicians; political economists to political economists; metaphysicians to metaphysicians; and so on through all the departments of human investigation and discovery. This at first sight might seem to indicate a kind of exclusive classification in the human mind, analogous to that which subsists in the human frame, as physically distinguished by conformation and colour. But does any such distinction really exist? We think not. The untutored mind, which could not realise the abstract truths of astronomy, can derive a vast amount of knowledge from the inspection of an orrery; the two grand and mutually modifying forces which keep the planets within orbits may be intelligibly exemplified to a clown by the twirl of a ball fastened to a string; and many of the deepest secrets of nature, the composition of light, and the resolution of a ray into the prismatic colours, magnetic attraction, and the method by which ships are steered across the pathless ocean, may be made intelligible to the most uninitiated by help of our children's toys.

Nay, more than this; we are convinced that the most abstract principles of philosophy may be made appreciable by all men of ordinary understanding, if conveyed in language familiar to them. Technicality is indeed necessary in the schools of discoverers, but nomenclature is the barrier which makes philosophers an aristocracy and truth an arcanum.

To popularise the more recondite walks of knowledge, and to introduce to the acquaintance of multitudes men heretofore known but to the few, is one of the most appropriate functions of periodical literature; and there are not many men whose claim on the attention and interest of mankind is greater than that of Blaise Pascal. His meteoric career lasted but thirty-nine years. He was born at Claremont, in Auvergne, in 1623, and his early education was conducted with devoted assiduity by his father, who held office under the French government, and was a man of considerable attainments, especially in mathematical science. His first object was to cultivate in his son the faculty of memory, which one of his French critics curiously designates as "the providence of the mind, charged with the collection and preservation of materials." This he prosecuted by instruction in general grammar; but Blaise did not commence his acquaintance with Latin till he was twelve years old. In consequence of his exhibiting at the age of eleven what threatened to become an absorbing interest in the physical and exact sciences, his father prohibited the study of them until he had acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, promising that at that time he should learn geometry. But his ardour for the investigation of exact science was unquenchable, and was doubtless even augmented by the care with which he was withheld from the pursuit. It was a favourite amusement in his hours of recreation to shut himself up in his room, draw on the floor triangles, parallelograms, and circles — figures the names of which he did not know; calling, for example, a circle a round, a line a bar, &c. — and examine the different positions and mutual relations of their lines. He thus by degrees arrived at the conclusion that the sum of the three angles of every triangle must be measured by a semicircumference, or, in other words, are equal to two right angles, which is the 32d proposition of the First Book of Euclid. At this stage of the young student's pursuit of knowledge under difficulties he was caught by his father *in flagrante delicto.* The judge yielded, and the culprit set forth in triumph on his brilliant career of mathematical discovery.

His first boyish essay at physical science was occasioned by his noticing that the ringing of a plate at table, when struck by a knife, ceased on the application of the hand; and the investigation of this simple phenomenon led to the production, at eleven years of age, of a treatise on sound, which gave the first omen of his future greatness. At the age of sixteen he wrote a work on Conic Sections, which Descartes, on reading it, confidently attributed to Monsieur Pascal the father. In this work four hundred corollaries are deduced from one single theorem.

In 1641, Stephen Pascal was appointed Intendant of Rouen; and Blaise assisted his father in the arithmetical work which formed part of his duties. To abbreviate, if possible, the numerical calculations with which he was occupied, he constructed a machine by which such calculations could be made with certainty, even by persons unacquainted with arithmetic. This remarkable invention was subsequently studied and improved upon by Liebnitz, and still further in the present day by our own distinguished philosopher, Mr. Babbage. About the age of twenty-three he became acquainted with the experiment of Torricelli, by which he proved that the cause of the ascent of water in fountains and pumps, and of mercury in the barometer, was the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, and not Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, which had been the dogma of the schools. This new theory he set himself to verify; and by a series of experiments conducted on lofty buildings, and subsequently on mountains, especially on the Puy-de-Dome, by his brother-in-law, M. Perier, he obtained an absolute demonstration.

The manner in which he proposes this experiment to his relative is characteristic. "If it happen," he says, "that the mercury shall stand lower at the top than at the bottom of the mountain (as I have many reasons for thinking, although all those who have studied the subject are of the contrary opinion), it will necessarily follow that the weight and pressure of the air are the sole cause of this suspension of the mercury, and not the *horror of a vacuum;* since it is very certain that there is much more air to press at the base than on the summit of the mountain: while, on the other hand, we surely cannot say that nature abhors a vacuum more at the bottom of a mountain than at the top of it!" On the 19th of September, 1648, Perier, with a few scientific friends, repaired to the garden of a monastery in the lowest part of Clermont, bringing with him a quantity of quicksilver and two tubes sealed hermetically at the top. These he filled and inverted, and found the mercury to stand in both at the same height, viz. 28 inches. Having left one of the tubes at the monastery, he proceeded with the other to the summit of the mountain, an elevation of 3565 feet, and there repeated the experiment, when his party were delighted and astonished to find that the mercury sank more than three inches below the former mark, remaining at the height of 24·7 inches. In his descent he observed, at two several stations, the altitude of the mercurial column proportionally to increase; and on his return to the monastery it was found to stand at 28 inches, as at first. This was the crucial experiment which established the fundamental principle of pneumatical science.

The results of Pascal's experiments were published posthumously in two treatises; the one on the equilibrium of fluids, and the other on the weight of the air. The chief of his discoveries in pure mathematics were what he denominated the "arithmetical triangle," from which he deduced the doctrine of chances, and the elements of the curve, since called the cycloid, which is formed by the motion of any one point in the circumference of a wheel running on the ground. The solution of the various problems connected with the cycloid, which will ever be regarded as one of the sublimest efforts of the human mind, was the employment of sleepless hours at night, when the martyr-philosopher was undergoing the most terrible tortures from neuralgia affecting the teeth. "From these discoveries," says one of his biographers, "to the differential and integral cal-

culus there was only a step; and there is good reason for believing, that had Pascal been able to devote more time to his scientific inquiries, he would have deprived Leibnitz and Newton of the glory of their inventions." Before publishing his discoveries on the cycloid he offered pecuniary prizes to any who should solve the problems involved, to the satisfaction of some eminent judges who undertook the duty of umpires, and among the competitors we find the name of Sir Christopher Wren. But no one was successful, and the publication of Pascal's solutions at once established his name in the highest rank of mathematical discoverers.

But Pascal's scientific investigations were destined now to give place to pursuits of a very different character. He had been educated in the Romish Church, and had never suffered himself to dispute the dogma that the objects of faith cannot by possibility be the subjects of reason. But the vast development and expansion of his mathematical genius soon overlaid this formula of the cloister, and led him to desiderate a kind of certainty in the matter of religion of which no moral subject admits. That the exclusive pursuit of mathematical science is unfavourable to the investigation of that class of truths which depend on moral evidence has been freely admitted, even by the highest mathematicians. "Mathematics," says Professor Klumpp, "only cultivate the mind on a single phasis. Their object is merely form and quantity. Thus they remain, as it were, only on the surface of things, without reaching their essential qualities, or their internal and far more important relations—to the feelings, namely, and the will—and consequently without determining the higher faculties to activity. So, likewise, on the other hand, the memory and imagination remain in a great measure unemployed; so that, strictly speaking, the understanding alone remains to them, and even this is cultivated and perverted only in one special direction." Goethe says, "The cultivation afforded by the mathematics is in the highest degree one-sided and contracted." Voltaire observes, "J'ai toujours remarqué que la géometrie laisse l'esprit on elle la trouve." And even that great mathematician, D'Alembert, remarks, that "if mathematics (as is asserted with sufficient reason) only make straight the minds which are without a bias, so they only dry up and chill the minds already prepared for this operation by nature." Indeed, the modes of reasoning in the exact sciences and in philosophy are essentially diverse. The deductions in the former are purely and absolutely demonstrative; while in the latter this kind of proof is necessarily unattainable, and the nearest approach to it is "probable certainty." Hence the two mental processes would seem to be rather antagonistic than mutually helpful. "It is a great mistake," says Coleridge, "to suppose geometry any substitute for logic;" and Scaliger, that prodigy of learning, goes so far as to say, "A dull and patient intellect, such should be your geometer; a great genius cannot be a great mathematician." Warburton expresses the same idea more fully and clearly. He says, "It may seem perhaps too much a paradox to say, that long habit in this science (mathematics) *incapacitates* the mind for reasoning at large, and especially in the search of moral truth; and yet, I believe, nothing is more certain."

Hence it has been repeatedly observed, that great mathematicians are disposed to one of the opposite extremes—credulity or scepticism. When straying beyond the bounds of exact science, they are apt either to accept on mere authority that which is incapable of demonstration, or else on that account to repudiate it altogether. "In the course of my own experience," says Dugald Stewart, "I have never known a mere mathematician who was not credulous to a fault—credulous not only with respect to human testimony, but credulous also in matters of opinion, and prone on all subjects which he had not carefully studied to repose too much faith in illustrious and consecrated names. The atheism and materialism professed by some late mathematicians on the Continent is, I suspect, in many cases to be ascribed to the very same cause; a credulity yielding itself up blindly to the fashionable disbelief of the day."

Now, under the disadvantages thus indicated Pascal evidently lay, and the greatest proof of his intellectual greatness is, that he rose above them. This observation, however, chiefly applies to his combination of the highest literary excellence with pre-eminent mathematical genius, for it is impossible to deny that in early life he sought uneasily for the fulcrum of satisfactory evidence; while in his later years, the tendency of his mind was to exclude reason from the domains of religious truth.

In estimating the character of Pascal it is impossible to omit from consideration the state of his health, which from the age of eighteen was deplorable. This was doubtless owing to the intolerable burdens he imposed upon his mind, which, stimulated to unexampled efforts, thus early "o'er-informed its tenement of clay;" and at the early age of twenty-three he was smitten with paralysis. Probably the prevailing state of his mind is best seen in those passages in which the two extremes of scepticism and dogmatism, with relation to religious truth, are treated of together; as for example, "There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition;" or again, in his own words, "Il faut avoir ces trois qualités: Pyrrhonien, géomètre, Chrétien soumis; et elles s'accordent, et se tempérent en doutant où il faut, en assurant où il faut, et en soumettant où il faut;" or still more in that bold and luminous aphorism, "Nature confounds the sceptics and Reason the dogmatists." Yet, in opposition to this, it is only fair to adduce another passage which reveals at once the truthfulness of his nature and his profound perception of truth (two very different things): "I know not whether it is more surprising that any man should believe in the Messiah, or that all men should not believe in Him."

An accidental circumstance appears to have determined the mind of Pascal to an almost exclusive devotion to religion in its most ascetical form. While attending a party of pleasure, and riding in a carriage-and-four, the horses took fright and ran away, the coachman losing all command. At an unguarded part of the Seine the horses plunged into the river; but the carriage having been arrested by some obstacle, the traces broke, and it was left in safety at the edge of the precipice. This narrow escape from destruction pro-

duced the most marked effect alike upon the shattered nervous system and the earnest spiritual tendencies of Pascal. Voltaire, whose admiration of his genius was in perpetual antagonism with hatred of his religious sentiments, addressing one of the eulogists of Pascal said, "Pray do not take the trouble to convince us that his brain was injured by this accident." But Voltaire was, by the law of his moral nature, incapable of comprehending Pascal. He had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep.

Pascal's second and unmarried daughter, Jacqueline, had entered that religious society of recluses at Port Royal, in the neighbourhood of Paris, which is perhaps the most famous of all such establishments that have flourished in the Romish Church, whether we regard the learning, the genius, or the zeal of its inmates. In this seclusion Pascal found all that was most closely adapted to the instincts and the habits of his mind: the pursuits of learning and of science, the perpetual observance of devotional exercises, and the practices of a rigid asceticism. That these conjointly brought this valued life to so premature a termination can hardly be doubted. Under the favouring *régime* of Port Royal the constitutional diseases of Pascal ran riot. He lived upon the scantiest fare which could preserve the life of man. Not a single appliance of ease did he permit to alleviate his intense sufferings; and these (strange as it may seem in the history of so prodigious an intellect) he further increased by wearing round his waist an iron girdle, armed within with sharp spikes, which by a motion of the elbow he forced into his sides whenever a thought occurred to his mind which he deemed inconsistent with his ideal of perfect spirituality. At length his spiritual and perhaps, too, his moral emaciation induced his physicians to insist upon the self-denial of mingling with society, and of eating and drinking like a man who has not resolved upon a gradual suicide. He succumbed to the demand; submitted to the admiration of the *salons* of Paris; was the "observed of all observers;" and even, as it is said, fell in love with the sister of his friend the Duke de Roannes, but was recalled from his hopes by the ascetical exhortations of his sister at Port Royal.

Pascal now became an almost constant associate of this celebrated society, spending frequently several months at a time within their walls. It was at this time that the most violent efforts were being made by the Jesuits for the authoritative condemnation of the writings of Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Yprès, which were intended to reduce to a system the principles contained in the works of Saint Augustin. The recluses of Port Royal openly sided with the bishop, though confronted by the formidable power of Cardinal Richelieu, who, in the case of one of the friends and advocates of Jansen, the Abbé de St. Cyran, cut the knot of the controversy by committing him to a cell in the fortress of Vincennes. Pascal has immortalised the controversy and the names of the disputants in his celebrated *Provincial Letters*. The first letter of this controversy against the Jesuits, which lasted three years, appeared in January 1656, under the assumed name of "Louis Montalte," and produced an unexampled sensation; and the entire series constitute a work which can scarcely be paralleled in literature. Indeed, the prodigious power it evinces extorted even from Voltaire, the bitterest of his admirers, the criticism, that it combines the wit of Molière with the sublimity of Bossuet. "Examples," he says, "of all the various species of eloquence are to be found in it. Though it has now been written almost a hundred years, yet not a single word occurs in it savouring of that vicissitude to which living languages are so subject. Here, then, we are to fix the epoch when our language may be said to have assumed a settled form. The Bishop of Lucan, son of the celebrated Bussy, told me that, asking one day the Bishop of Meaux what work he would covet most to be the author of, supposing his own performances set aside, Bossu replied, '*The Provincial Letters.*'" Yet this same Voltaire afterwards, in jealousy of the adaptation of the *Thoughts of Pascal* to promote the religion he detested, stooped to the baseness of publishing a spurious and garbled edition of that work, with notes. He deranged the order of passages; he interpolated observations of his own; and in many instances so altered the author's phraseology as to make what he wrote either unintelligible or ridiculous. Perhaps in the annals of imposture there is not one which indicates a more utter and despicable worthlessness of character.

"In the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern," says Sir James Stephen, "there is probably nothing in the same style which would bear a comparison with the *Provincial Letters*. Their peculiar excellence can be illustrated only by the force of contrast; and in that sense the *Letters of Junius* may supply the illustration." Sir James then enters upon a most disparaging analysis of the characteristics of Junius, observing, that no writer ever earned so much fame with so little claim to the respect or gratitude of his readers; and that there is no book so universally read which might become extinct with so little loss to the world as the *Letters of Junius*. "Reverse all this," says this accomplished critic, "and you have the characteristics of the *Provincial Letters*."

"Their language," he continues, "is but the transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought. It moves with such quiet gracefulness as entirely to escape attention until the matchless perspicacity of discussions, so incomprehensible under any management but his, forces on the mind an inquiry into the causes of so welcome a phenomenon. Pascal's wit, even when most formidable, is so tempered by kindness as to show that the infliction of pain, however salutary, was a reluctant tribute to his supreme love of truth. His playfulness is like the laugh of childhood,—the buoyancy of a heart which has no burden to throw off, and is gay without an effort. His indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious; it is but philanthropy kindling into righteous anger and generous resentment, and imparting to them a tone of awful majesty. The unostentatious master of all learning, he finds recreation in toils which would paralyse an ordinary understanding; yet so sublimated is that learning with the spirit of philosophy as to make him heedless of whatever is trivial, transient, and minute, except as it suggests or leads to what is comprehensive and eternal."

Some writers on Pascal have with an indiscriminate eulogy spoken in high terms of his imagination. We think that the verdict of posterity will be against them. Some of the dependant graces of that noble faculty, as wit, taste, and refinement, he unquestionably possessed

in a high degree of perfection; but the grand substantial faculty itself occupied no commanding position in his mental structure. Amidst all the mathematical subtleties, the metaphysical niceties, and the sparkling controversial points, which glitter through his pages, we never see a genuine flash of imagination. It would seem as if nature had imposed upon his intellect an ascetic law, analogous to that which his moral theories imposed upon his practice. His rigid spirit turned away from all that was æsthetical, not only in the domain of literature, but even in nature itself, as if abashed by its naked charms. It is even said that he would not allow the slightest mention of personal beauty to be made in his presence. The only exception to this was the playful wit with which he flavoured his polemical writings. Of this the instances are innumerable, and no single example can convey any idea of its variety. Take, for example, the playfulness combined with conscious power with which he tosses about, as if in sport, the dogmatism of the Jesuits. "It is in vain that you have procured against Galileo a decree from Rome, condemning the doctrine of the earth's motion. Assuredly that will never prove it to be at rest; and if we have unerring observations to prove that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it." So strong, indeed, was his repugnance to the ordinary sources of happiness, that amidst all his sufferings, and even to the last, he repudiated every testimony of personal affection to himself. His sister and biographer, Madame Perier, makes an affecting allusion to his strange peculiarity. "I was," she says, "wholly a stranger to his sentiments on this point, and was quite surprised and discouraged at the rebuffs he would give me upon certain occasions. I told my sister of it, and not without complaining that my brother was unkind and did not love me, and that it looked to me as if I put him in pain, even at the very moment I was studying to please him, and striving to perform the most affectionate offices for him in his illness."

But it was during the last three or four years of his life that, in the seclusion of Port Royal or of his equally solitary home, racked with disease and emaciated with abstinence and study, he composed those wondrous fragments which, under the title of the *Thoughts of Pascal*, will be cherished to the end of time, as the germs of great systems of morals, metaphysics, and theology. "Amid the sands of Egypt," says Monsieur Villemain, "have been discovered stately porticoes once leading to palaces, which the lapse of ages has destroyed; mighty ruins, the vestiges only of gigantic cities; capitals covered with fair designs, whose brilliant hues retain all their early freshness and aspire to a fragile immortality in the midst of age and desolation. Such may be deemed some of those *Thoughts of Pascal*, the mutilated rudiment and wreck of this stupendous undertaking." These *Thoughts*, which constituted the skeleton of a grand organised system of abstract truth, were either written by himself on the backs of letters, or not unfrequently dictated as a solace and diversion from his sufferings to a comparatively illiterate amanuensis. They have been collected and classified with infinite pains and ingenuity, and have been the worthy theme of the most exalted eulogies, bestowed by the most eminent writers of our own and of other countries. Hallam, in his *History of Literature*, observes:—

"The leading principle which pervades the *Thoughts of Pascal*, and from which he deduces the necessary truth of revelation, is the fallen nature and ruined grandeur of man — his greatness and his misery. Hence such expressions as these: 'Man is so great, that his greatness is manifest even in the knowledge of his own misery; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king dispossessed of his own. Man is the feeblest reed in nature; but he is a reed that *thinks*. He requires not the universe to crush him. He may be killed by a vapour or by a drop of water. But if the whole universe were to crush him, he would be nobler than that which causes his death, because he knows that he is dying, and the universe would not know its power over him.' This dominant idea," says Mr. Hallam, "recurs in almost every page of Pascal. His melancholy genius plays in wild and rapid flashes, like lightning round the scathed oak, about the fallen greatness of man. He perceives every characteristic quality of his nature under those conditions. They are the solution of every problem. 'Man,' says Pascal, 'has a secret instinct, that leads him to seek diversion and employment from without, which springs from the sense of his continual misery. And he has another secret instinct remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if, by struggling yet a little longer, he can open a door to rest.'"

M. Vinet thus sums up the character of this singular production:—

"In him, as in Montaigne the author, the writer never appears; but, unlike Montaigne, if he conceals the writer, it is not in order to display more conspicuously the individual — the myself. In Pascal there is no self. The hero, or shall I rather say, the patient, of his book, is man; and when Pascal speaks in the first person it is that he substitutes himself by procuration for the whole human race. This bold personification invests his book with a dramatic character that is very rare in a work of this description. The book, though seemingly didactic, is by turns, according to the subject, a drama, a trenchant satire, a philippic, an elegy, a hymn. Pascal despised poetry. Did he know that he was himself a great poet? Many of his paragraphs and many of the stanzas of Byron seem to have been cast in the same mould. We may read Pascal as we read *Childe Harold*."

Posterity will look back upon this colossal genius with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. His brilliant discoveries and his almost unequalled writings will long outlive the eulogies of every critic, and probably, so far as they are concerned, he will descend to immortality alone. The zeal of his panegyrists will be lost in the lustre of his fame. The moral beauty of his character will shine for ever, undimmed by those spots upon its disk which exhaled from the vicious systems of thought, from which, like the bound Prometheus, he struggled in vain to get free. It is indeed charming to see that mighty intellect chastened down by affliction to the tenderness of childhood; but it is no less humiliating to observe a morbid asceticism infusing its bitter into those sweet "uses of adversity" under which the highest order of minds, gentle in their greatness, gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.

NEARLY thirty years have elapsed since Southey wrote in his famous *Colloquies* some remarks on the poetry of the coming age that time has only confirmed. The topic between the Laureate and his Spiritual Visitant was the increase of poets in every generation, and which increase Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had noticed in her own. "Poets," said this strong-minded woman in 1723, "increase and multiply to that tremendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch." Poets, it was prophesied by the shadowy interlocutor of the Bard of Kendal, would increase faster than the population, and as their number augmented, so must the proportion of those who will be remembered necessarily diminish. But this was a consideration which his host readily enough perceived would not be likely to diminish their number; for though it were manifest to all men that not one poet in an age—in a century—a millennium—could establish his claim to be for ever known, every aspirant would persuade himself that he is the happy person for whom the inheritance of fame is preserved: and even when the dream of immortality is dispersed, motives enough remain for reasonable ambition. And in this state of matters the good-natured author of *Thalaba* saw more good than evil.

"It is no trifling good," wrote he, "to provide means of innocent and intellectual enjoyment for so many thousands in a state like ours; an enjoyment heightened, as in every instance it is within some little circle, by personal considerations, raising it to a degree which may deserve to be called happiness. It is no trifling good to win the ear of children with verses which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety, awaken their fancy, and exercise pleasurably and wholesomely their imaginative and meditative powers. It is no trifling benefit to provide a ready mirror for the young, in which they may see their own best feelings reflected, and wherein 'whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,' are presented to them in the most attractive form. It is no trifling benefit to send abroad strains which may assist in preparing the heart for its trials, and in supporting it under them. But there is a greater good than this, a further benefit. Although it is in verse that the most consummate skill in composition is to be looked for, and all the artifice of language displayed, yet it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are, as it were, privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry, in this respect, may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it, sentiments for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been, in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative? Even much of that poetry, which is in its composition worthless, or absolutely bad, contributes to this good."

Such are the feelings with which we have been animated in regard to so much of the verse that vainly aims at circulation in these days. The religious enthusiasm which it expresses, and to which Southey alludes, has deepened since his time, and the mystic and obscure spiritualisms of the age have had many minstrels. The self-educated have also preferred this mode of utterance; the labourer and mechanic, though with imperfect organ, have syllabled their sorrows and aspirations in metrical essays, which appeal as much to the charity of taste as to that of sentiment. One of this class now makes such an appeal, in the shape of a few *Lyrics*, by J. S., a Coal-Miner.* This "working-man," as he denominates himself, and may proudly do so, tells us that his "little book is his first flight in the fields of poetry," and calls upon those who are better educated to support his "timid and uncertain" efforts. As might have been expected, patriotic topics claim the first place. Our Miner writes like a true Englishman, in favour of suffering nationalities like Poland and Hungary, and in detestation of mighty tyrannies like Russia and Austria. He thinks that the safety of England is identified with her protection of the former, and that she must forfeit her privileges if she

"Suffer the weak to be gorged by the strong."

He would, therefore, that our standard should be unfurled against "the harpy-bred hordes of the North." There is not much refinement in such well-intended addresses, but they are in the right spirit, and demonstrate how sound is the heart of England in the body of the people. The major portion, however, of these lyrics is devoted to the subject of love; and these may bear, perhaps, comparison with those of Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant. But there is sometimes a satiric vein in these amorous ditties, which shows that our stern Miner is not likely to be fooled by the caprices of rustic beauty. Other of these poems betray the secret aspirations of the poet for fame, and his dread lest death should intercept the crown for which he is willing to labour. Here, though an imperfect poet, is decidedly a man gifted with energy and fortitude.

We have before us, also, the second edition of the work † of a very young man, containing a poem written at the age of sixteen, addressed "To the Eternal." This gentleman has a large gift of language, and has lectured upon "The Beautiful," and upon "Knowledge," with some success, as well as written and translated a great number of verses. His style is remarkably florid and vehement. It teems with imagery—it glows with rapidity and force—but it is verbose. He has studied expression more than thought. He is wanting in depth; his flowers are strewn over a shallow surface, and though some of them are beautiful, we wish they were well rooted.

The next *brochure* on our table is one entitled *Lyrics*, by Temperley Grey.‡ The writer has much fluency, but is not careful to be accurate, or solicitous to sustain his flight to any distance. The Muses' scholar must work hard; easy writing will not qualify the candidate for her crowning garland. Mr. Grey has

* Published at Durham, and "printed by George Procter, Market-Place. 1858."

† *Hours of Sun and Shade; Musings in Prose and Verse.* With Translations from Sixty Languages. By Vernon de Montgomery. London: Partridge & Co.

‡ Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed by Thomas and James Figg, Clayton Street, for Private Distribution.

illuminated his pages with coloured initials to the different pieces, and otherwise shown that he places a value on his offerings.

More ambition is shown in the next production on our list—*The Maid of Norway*.* The subject is taken from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Chronicle*, and relates to the story of the two brother-monarchs, Belinus and Brennius—the latter of whom entered into league with Elsing, the king of Norway, and undertook to marry his daughter, whereupon Belinus dispossessed him of the North of Britain, and Brennius with a Norwegian fleet invaded his native country. When the two armies were ready to meet each other in battle, the queen-mother threw herself between them and reconciled the royal brethren. Meantime, also, the Maid of Norway had strayed into the camp of Belinus, and by her presence had much conciliated the offended monarch. This drama, indeed, takes up the narrative of the *Monmouth Chronicle*, where it was left by Mr. Heraud's tragedy of *Videna;* the manner of which is obviously imitated by Mr. Waddie. The plot is steadily and cleverly worked out, but the dialogue lacks fire and brilliancy. The writer is evidently an intellectual man; but his verses, though sensible enough, are deficient in elasticity.

We now recall attention to a poet of whom our readers already know something. We refer to the Rev. William Tidd Matson, who has collected his poems in a handsome volume, and now claims recognition as somebody.† Mr. Matson is evidently possessed of a lyrical genius, and has a fine flow of picturesque language. The little lyric of "Little Mary" places him in the category of Wordsworth's most successful imitators. Mr. Matson's vein is pure, pious, and yet impassioned. He is, indeed, full of human emotion, and some of his verses in relation to love are quite as "sensuous" as they are "simple,"—to allude to two out of the three qualities which are characteristic of true poetry. Mr. Matson need not be afraid of this; he writes like a man and like a genuine poet, not losing thereby, but rather advancing the effect of his religious enthusiasm.

We cannot do better than conclude our critical series by notice of a work, conceived in a high poetic spirit, and partly in the poetic form—that is, partly in verse, the rest being in highly imaginative and rhythmical prose. The author is one whom we have hitherto known as a poet only. Mr. George MacDonald, by his exquisite drama of *Within and Without*, and his excellent volume of poems subsequently published, has won for himself a reputation evidently destined to grow. The title of his present venture is *Phantastes: a Faerie Romance for Men and Women*,‡ with this significant epigraph superadded: "In good sooth, my masters, this is no door. Yet is it a little window, that looketh upon a great world." The intimation contained in this motto sufficiently imports the significance that the work holds in the writer's mind. Evident it is that it means something. Here is a dream of which the reader is expected to give the interpretation. To conciliate him, the "Dream," too, is set to exquisite music, invested with spiritual beauty, and conversant with beings that "are not what they seem," and yet demand to be recognised for what they are. Mr. MacDonald has, in fact, written an allegory; and in it has had a high aim, which he has conscientiously endeavoured to realise.

There is much of a German spirit in the manner in which Mr. MacDonald has elected to elaborate his design, and the grotesque and graceful enter into the working of the story. The preliminary difficulties are adroitly enough surmounted. The hero is a young man who has just attained maturity; to whom his guardians, accordingly, give up his property, and the keys of the family mansion, one of which unlocks an old secretary. The dark oak cabinet forthwith becomes to him an object of mystery, and the opening of it is like an introduction to the dream-world. In the recesses of its pigeon-holes there were suggestions of secret receptacles, entrance to which was at length obtained. A projecting point of steel on one side being pressed with the point of an old tool, a slide, no longer able to resist the meeting of two points, yielded to the solicitation they implied, and flying upwards discovered—an empty chamber? No—not quite empty; for in one corner lay a little heap of withered rose-leaves, and in another a small packet tied with a faded ribbon. Afraid to touch them, they witnessed so mutely to the law of oblivion, the young man leaned back in his arm-chair, when behold a tiny woman-form stood on the threshold of the small compartment, and addressed him by the name of Anodos. From her he learns that he has faery blood in his veins, and, like his ancestry, must wander for a certain term in Faery Land. And so it turns out. For next morning, on first waking, he finds the daisies on the carpet, the foliage on his dressing-table, and the leaves on his bed-curtains, changed into the things that they resembled. He is no longer in his room, but already a mile or two on his way in Faery Land. Dressing himself in all haste, he was surprised to discover that he was completing his toilet under the boughs of a great tree, and had to wash, not in his basin, but in the clear stream. The tree appeared one of the advanced guard of a dense forest, and on the right bank of the rivulet there were faint traces of a footpath. Following these he was led into a wood, where, of course, he met a mysterious maiden, who warns him, in mysterious terms, of advening perils. "Trust the Oak," said she; "trust the Oak, and the Elm, and the great Beech. Take care of the Birch; for though she is honest, she is too young not to be changeable. But shun the Ash and the Alder; for the Ash is an ogre—you will know him by his thick fingers; and the Alder will smother you with her web of hair, if you let her near you at night." There now could not be any doubt that Anodos was in Faery Land.

If we could, it would be unfair to the author to explain these emblems; and we have not space to reproduce all the adventures of Anodos in Faery Land. We meet on our way, however, with some exceedingly beautiful symbols, which we shall endeavour to reproduce, premising that there is a prophecy in these enchanted woods that all the trees and flowers shall become men and women, and that in some sort they

* *The Maid of Norway: a Romantic Comedy.* In Five Acts. By John Waddie. London: R. Marlborough & Co. 1858.

† *Poems.* By William Tidd Matson. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1858.

‡ *Phantastes: a Faerie Romance for Men and Women.* By George MacDonald. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

should be already regarded as such, and will be readily enough by those who have capacity to see in all things the reflexes of humanity with which they uniformly abound. The flowers are faery children, fond of fun, and talk in rhyme. The faery of the daisy, for instance, is a "little, chubby, round-eyed child, with such innocent trust in his look. Even the most mischievous of the faeries would not tease him, although he did not belong to their set at all, but was quite a little country bumpkin. He wandered about alone, and looked at everything, with his hands in his little pockets, and a white nightcap on,—the darling! He was not so beautiful as many other wild flowers I saw afterwards, but so dear and loving in his looks and little confident ways."

The finest episode in the book, and certainly the finest poem, is that relating to the White Lady, which, as we divine, adumbrates a subtle truth only manifested to finely imaginative natures. The former we must abridge, that the reader may have a taste of the quality of this faerie romance.

Anodos enters an opening in a rock. He finds a shady cell, "all the angles rounded away with rich moss, and every ledge and projection crowded with lovely ferns, the variety of whose forms, and groupings, and shades wrought in lines like a poem." From a well in a corner he drank what seemed to him the elixir of life, and then indulged in a delicious reverie. At length, his eyes fixed on a strange, time-worn bas-relief on the opposite rock. It represented Pygmalion awaiting the quickening of his statue. Closer inspection showed him that the rock itself was marble; again, it yielded to his knife,—it was alabaster, polished and transparent. In its depths he beheld, too, the dimly-visible form of a lovely woman, reposing in her "ante-natal tomb." How to awaken and deliver her from her trance and her imprisonment? Anodos thought of the power of music, and apostrophised in song the "Sleeping Beauty." The song prevailed. "There arose a slightly-crashing sound. Like a sudden apparition that comes and is gone, a white form, veiled in a light robe of whiteness, burst upwards from the stone, stood, glided forth, and gleamed away towards the woods." No sooner was she found and freed than she was lost. Anodos followed her through the forest, but in vain. Many adventures occurred before he saw her again.

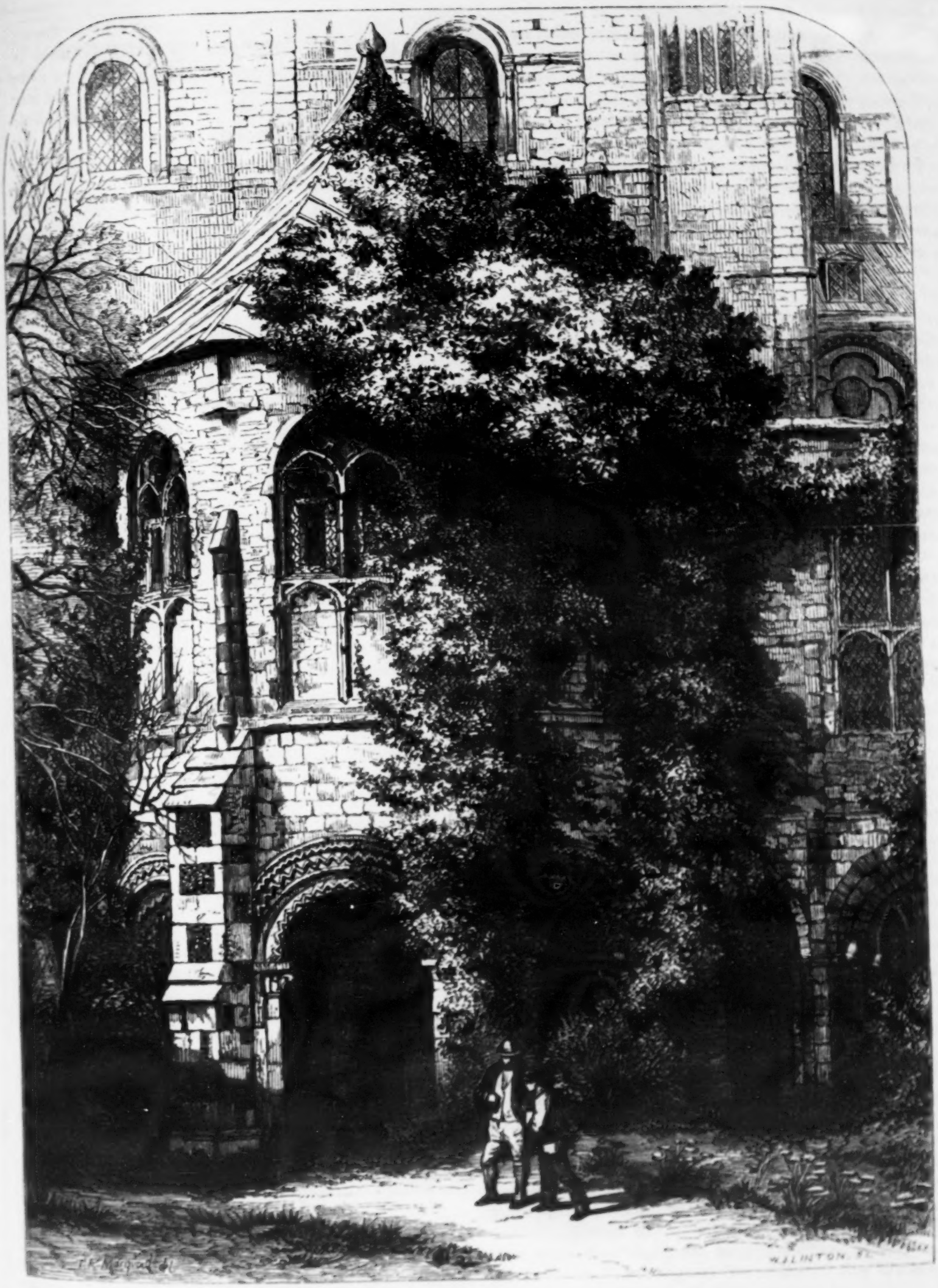
In the course of his wanderings, Anodos arrived at a palace of porphyry, wherein he found a chamber miraculously devoted to himself, the door of ebony bearing the inscription, *The Chamber of Sir Anodos.* This room when entered presented a copy of his own room at home. "There was the very carpet of grass, and moss, and daisies, which he had himself designed; the curtains of pale blue silk, that fell like a cataract over the windows; the old-fashioned bed, with the chintz furniture, on which he had slept from boyhood." Here he found all his wants ministered to by invisible hands. Wandering about this mysterious palace, he discovered majestic apartments filled with sculpture, which subsequently he found consisted of living figures, that occasionally descended from their pedestals and joined in mystic dance. In one of the most remote of these apartments was a vacant pedestal. But Anodos had a conviction that the White Lady was nigh. As he looked at it he thought he saw upon it, vaguely revealed, as if through overlapping folds of drapery, the indistinct outlines of white feet. Again he bethought him of the power of song; and taking a harp from one of the statues he struck its chords, and sang. As he sang the first four lines of his poem, the loveliest of feet became clear upon the black pedestal; and, as he continued to sing, the entire form of the White Lady was, so to speak, gradually built up. The poem in question is the gem of the volume, and we regret that we cannot afford space to cite it *in extenso.*

The whole of the allegory, as we have intimated, we should vainly endeavour to interpret. In fact, the author, in describing the library of the porphyry palace, gives us plainly to understand that every reader reads his own book, whatever may be the author's name, and finds his own life-story in it. We must leave Mr. McDonald's "Men and Women," who, after all, are but "children of a larger growth," to see themselves in the mirror which he has here provided, nothing doubting that the reflection will satisfy all "who have the beauty in their minds" which they are qualified to perceive in the harmonious universe, whose spirit they silently commune with in the night-watches. It is for poets, and those who are like-minded with them, that such books as *Phantastes* are written.

THE BAPTISTERY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Our engraving represents the so-called Baptistery at Canterbury Cathedral. We say "so-called," advisedly; for while few authorities agree as to its original purpose, the majority agree in asserting it *not* to be the baptistery, or that if it were ever put to such use it could only have been temporarily. Whatever its original purpose, it is unquestionably one of the most picturesque *morceaux* of architectural antiquity remaining to us in England. It is evidently part of the original design of that portion which remains the largest in the edifice—that is, the Norman of Lanfranc; for although the windows be now filled with mullions of Decorated design, yet this, in fact, only proves that the use of the building was important enough to lead to the alteration of the shape of the windows at least three hundred years after the first erection. This must have been done too for the sake of light within, and not through decay of any part of the windows themselves; for there is a large number of pure Norman windows throughout the Cathedral still remaining, and in far more exposed situations: the clerestory windows seen above the baptistery roof are examples of this. The lower portion of the little building, it will be observed, is good, though rather late, Norman work; the zig-zag mouldings, the broad abacus, the round arch, the bulky pier, all show this: the very form of the ground plan, being semi-circular, is thoroughly Norman. The angular buttress, with its triple set-offs, is of far later date; the original Norman buttress, with rounded reed-like form—a strong vertical moulding, in fact, rather than a buttress—thrusts itself through the head of the more recent erection, and indicates that the latter has been put to supply some strength needed when a part of the original foundation gave way. The arcade beneath gives access to the crypt, and has within itself a fine central circular pier. Up two of the exterior piers goes the massive and ancient ivy, that tops the roof, and in summer keeps up ever a rustling, sighing sound, that seems to whisper "Hush!" to all who speak loudly among the graves of the dead.

The photograph from which our engraving is taken was one of the several admirable contributions of Mr. Crutenden to the recent exhibition of the Photographic Society.



THE BAPTISTERY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

No. IX. Tea-Houses and Tea — Balls, Clubs, and Gipsy Companies.

In addition to the French, German, English, and Italian residents in Moscow, the city contains a number of inhabitants or visitors from the East, who all frequent the tea-houses. There are Tartars, who trade in the merchandise sent by their compatriots from Kazan and Astrakhan, Boukharia and Khiva; Persians who import shawls, and Armenians who engage in commerce of every kind. The Tartars, of whom the greater portion live in the same street — Tatarskya Oulitza — form a nation apart. "They eat horse-flesh," says a native writer, "perform their ablutions, go to the mosque, and shut up their wives. They wear dressing-gowns, and go about in *telegas*, or on foot, with parcels of goods, which they endeavour to sell to the proprietor or lodgers of any house they may think fit to enter, and which they will penetrate at any risk. * * * They must live very soberly, for none are ever seen drunk; and if by chance they give themselves up to the use of strong liquors, it is necessary for them to obtain an authorisation, and to have each bottle labelled 'Balsam.' They live very retired, and almost apart from the rest of the population; at all events, I have lived thirty years in Moscow, without either myself or any of my friends having formed a regular acquaintance with any of them.* They do business in a sufficiently honest manner; endeavouring, in the first instance, to impose upon the purchaser, but finally selling their goods at moderate prices: for the rest, profiting like all other tradespeople, by every advantage which presents itself. They are of gentle disposition, at least they are never seen fighting or quarrelling. Their cemetery is at the back of that of the Monastery of the Don. Every summer the Tartars may be seen on the shores of the Ostankina lake (at about four versts from Moscow), where they perform regularly their ablutions."

We may add that the Moscow Tartars seem to assume that every man they meet, especially if he be a foreigner, is in urgent want of a dressing-gown; and on the occasion of our visiting the traktir in the "Street of the Tartars," we had scarcely finished eating when we received a very pressing offer to supply us with some great bargains in the *robe de chambre* line. The dressing-gowns were at the Tartar's house opposite the traktir, and we accepted his invitation to accompany him there, "if only to look at them and admire their beauty." The houses are completely shut in by a high wall, which runs all down the street; and there is again a division in each house, one part being occupied by the women of the family, the other by the men. The little girls are allowed to run about the house as they please, but from the age of twelve or thirteen they are kept in the women's apartments. The Tartar women never go into the street without veiling their faces, and as a rule, never attend any places of entertainment. Our Tartar of the dressing-gowns, however, told us that he had occasionally taken his wife to public assemblies where no one knew her; but that he never took her to the houses of his friends, nor allowed them to see her when they visited him. He said that men could talk very well without women, and get on without them generally, together with other similar things horrible to relate. Occasionally, however, the wives of Tartars of humble means may be seen returning from the bath, walking slowly along wrapped up in their dressing-gowns, with which they cover the whole of their face except the eyes.

At the end of Tatarskya Oulitza is a mosque, to which, in acknowledgment of an absurd purchase we had made, our friend the Tartar consented to guide us, though he declared himself averse to entering the building in our company. It was Friday afternoon, and in half an hour the principal service of the weekly Mahometan Festival was to begin. Accordingly we returned to the traktir, had some more tea with the Tartar, and then went into the mosque by the entrance pointed out to us. It is built of a clear white stone, like marble. Like other mosques, it is entirely without ornament or furniture of any kind, if we except one magnificent lamp dependent from the ceiling, and a strip of rich carpet, on which five dressing-gown sellers — their heads enveloped in turbans — were performing their devotions. Some of the Russian churches (especially those of the convents) have interiors almost as simple and impressive as that of this mosque. There are neither chairs nor benches nor pulpits to disturb the harmony of the architectural lines, but the glittering iconostasis and the pictures, with their tinsel and jewellery, spoil everything. We need scarcely remind the reader that it is Religion, not Art, which places these paintings in the Russian churches.

The Persians have also the free exercise of their religion; and the Armenians, as members of a Christian church, have the same privileges as the Roman Catholics; and, in fact, are quite on an equality with the Greeks. The Jews, however, until lately, were not tolerated in Moscow, unless, being of German, French, or English origin, they wore the ordinary European costume. Jews from Judea, bearded and gaberdined, were allowed to enter the city if their business required it, but they were obliged to inhabit a house set apart for them in the Kitai gorod (Chinese town) and even then could only remain a certain number of days. Accordingly, Jews rarely appear in Moscow in their native Oriental dress, which consists of a black caftan with a girdle of the same colour, breeches, and long boots. Circassian Tchechnians and other natives of the Caucasus are also to be seen in Moscow, especially on what is called the Exchange, which is, in fact, the pavement in front of that building, or rather the traktir opposite to it. We have said, that in this traktir the most important bargains are made over tea, which is really the great beverage of the country. "Tea," says M. Gerebtzoff, "has become, for every one, an habitual article of consumption, and replaces, advantageously for morality, brandy and beer; for on all occasions when a bargain has to be concluded, or when a companion has to be entertained, or on receiving or taking leave of a friend, tea is given instead of wine or

* Nevertheless we have known persons who, travelling in the country, have stopped at Tartar huts. They found the inmates very hospitable, and exceedingly clean. In the country the Tartars have generally their own villages, in each of which there is a mosque. There, as in the towns, they live quite apart from the Russians.

brandy." Indeed, we not only observed that in the Moscow traktirs nearly every one drank tea, but that it was a favourite beverage with all classes on all occasions. The middle and upper classes take tea twice or three times a-day,—always in the morning, and generally twice in the evening. The isvostchik, who formerly had a reputation for drunkenness, which travellers of the present day continue to ascribe to him, appears to prefer tea to every other drink. Such, at least, was our experience; and his mode of asking for a *pour boire* seems to confirm it. Some years since travellers used to tell us of the isvostchik asking at the end of his drive for *votka* money ("*na votkou*"); at present the invariable request is for tea-money ("*na tchai*"). Even in road-side inns, where we have seen from twelve to twenty coachmen and postilions sitting down together, nothing but tea was being drunk. A well-known tourist has told us that every Russian peasant possesses a tea-urn or *samovar*, but this is not the case. The majority of the peasants are too poor to afford such a luxury as tea, except on rare occasions, but a tea-urn is one of the first objects that a peasant who has saved a little money buys; and it is true, that in some prosperous villages there is a samovar in every hut; and in all the post-houses and inns each visitor is supplied with a separate one.

The samovar, which, literally, means "self-boiler," is made of brass lined with tin, with a tube in the centre. In fact it resembles the English urn, except that in the centre-tube red-hot cinders are placed instead of the iron heater. Of course, the charcoal, or *braise*, has to be ignited in a back-kitchen or courtyard, for in a room the carbonic acid proceeding from it would prove injurious. It has no advantage, then, whatever, over the English urn, except that it can be heated with facility in the open air, with nothing but some charcoal, a few sticks of thin dry wood, and a lucifer; hence its value at picnics, where it is considered indispensable. In the woods of Sakolniky, in the gardens of Marina Roschia, and in the grounds adjoining the Petrovsky palace, all close to Moscow, large supplies of samovars are kept at the tea-houses, and each visitor or party of visitors is supplied with one. Indeed, the quantity of tea consumed at these suburban retreats in the spring and summer is prodigious. In Russia there is no interval between winter and spring; as soon as the frost breaks up the grass sprouts, the trees blossom, and all nature is alive. In that country of extremes there is as much difference between April and May as there is in England between January and June. The summer is celebrated by various promenades to the country, which take place at Easter, on the first of May, Ascension Day, Trinity Sunday, and other occasions. The great majority of these promenades have a festive character, but some, like that which is made on the 19th of May to the monastery and cemetery of the Don, have a penitential, or at least a mournful character. But the samovar is present even in the churchyard. It is true, we never joined in one of the pilgrimages to the Donskoi convent, but in other cemeteries outside Moscow and St. Petersburgh (intramural burial not being tolerated) we noticed that the custodians kept lodges for the benefit of visitors.

Between St. Petersburgh and Kovno there are upwards of fifty "stations," and some of the travellers in the Kovno diligence take a cup of tea at each, or nearly so,—for when the roads are bad it is impossible to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time during any portion of the period occupied by the journey to the Prussian frontier. Travellers whose route does not lie along the government post-roads take samovars with them in their carriages; and small samovars that can be packed into the narrowest compass are made for the benefit of officers starting on a campaign, and other persons likely to find themselves in places where it may be difficult to procure hot water. Small tea-caddies are also manufactured with a similar object. Each caddy contains one or more glasses—for men among themselves usually drink their tea not out of tea-cups, but out of tumblers. Not many years since it was the fashion to give cups to ladies and tumblers to men in the evening; but the tumbler is gradually being banished.

The Russians never take milk in their tea; they take either cream, a slice of lemon or preserved fruit, or simply sugar without the addition of anything else. They hold that milk spoils tea, and they are right. The tea with lemon or preserves (forming a kind of tea-punch, well worthy the attention of tea-totallers) is only taken in the evening. Sometimes rum is added. The superiority of the Russian overland tea to that which is received in the West of Europe from Canton has been often mentioned, and sometimes denied. Oddly enough, M. Tegoborsky, the late Russian senator, denies persistently that the tea from Kiakhta is at all better than the Canton tea. He declares in his work on the productive forces of Russia, that he has tasted flowery pekoe in London quite equal to the same description of tea (*tsvetochny*) sold in Moscow. Perhaps M. Tegoborsky's taste was inferior to his literary talent; or rather—as in his chapter on tea he endeavours to prove that Russia would be benefited immensely by having her ports thrown open to vessels from Canton, his taste may have been influenced by his wishes. For our own part we have no hesitation in saying, that no such tea can be found in London as that sold in Moscow, and throughout Russia, except in some parts near the Baltic shore, or the Prussian frontier, where smuggled Canton tea is sold. Sir John Davis, who has paid more attention to the tea question than M. Tegoborsky, says, "it would be absurd to pretend that the long sea voyage, in which the equator is twice crossed, and the water in which the ship crossed is often heated between eighty and ninety degrees, has no ill effect on tea cargoes. With an absolute and complete absence of all humidity, we know that heat has little or no decomposing effect; but such a state cannot be the ordinary characteristic of a ship's hold, as must be clear to all who have found the difficulty of preserving some articles from damage between this and India. Some of the Company's finest hyson teas were packed in double cases of wood besides the canisters. Black tea is better able to contend with the chances of injury to which a cargo may be disposed than green. It has generally been subjected in a much greater degree to the action of fire in drying, and has, besides, less delicacy of flavour than the other."

Sir John Davis goes on to observe, that there is no

difficulty in accounting for the superior condition in which "green tea especially" is found in Russia, the region it traverses being generally dry as well as cold; thanks to which, none of the original qualities of the tea are lost by evaporation or otherwise. The most delicate kind, however, that comes to Russia is the tsvetochny, or flowery tea, to which the nearest equivalent to be obtained in the West of Europe is flowery pekoe; the best specimens of the latter, either from the reasons mentioned by Sir John Davis, or from natural inferiority, are not to be compared to the finer specimens of the former. Probably, too, the enormous prices paid by the Russians for their tea have something to do with the question. There is but little sale in England for the very best qualities of tea that are imported now; and it is doubtful whether China ever sends us her choicest produce at all. It is known that the blossoms are plucked from the trees several times in the course of the season. The first gathering gives the rarest quality of tsvetochny; the second gives the ordinary tsvetochny; at last, instead of tsvetochny, common tea is obtained. The earliest gatherings of tea-blossoms or flowers are sent to Russia, but it is by no means certain that any are exported to England. Several of the St. Petersburg journals suggested, before the publication of the recent tariff, that the monopoly of tea so long enjoyed by the caravan trade should be at length abolished, and that Canton or other tea should be admitted by sea. These suggestions have not been adopted, and the Russians will still have to pay about two roubles (six and sixpence) a pound for ordinary congou, when, if the ports were open to tea-cargoes, it might be sold, after payment of a moderate duty, at a little more than half that price; and the annual consumption will continue to be limited to something more than nine millions of pounds, whereas, with the known predilection of the Russians for the beverage, a great diminution in price would have given it an almost indefinite increase.

The advocates for admitting tea through the ports maintain that the superiority of the caravan tea over any that could be introduced by sea is so marked, that the former would always command a sale at high prices from those rich amateurs who, in certain cases, will pay as much as thirty-five shillings a pound for particular growths. At present an excellent mixture of black tea and flowery pekoe is sold at ten shillings; and it is quite true that no such tea can be procured in any other country, except China itself. It is nevertheless highly probable that ninety-nine families out of a hundred would prefer a somewhat inferior mixture, at half the price; and in this case the Siberian trade, to protect which the government is so careful, would indeed be injured. The maintenance of the caravan trade through Siberia, to the injury of all the tea-drinking inhabitants of Russia, must, to be rightly judged, be viewed in connexion with the projected railway from Nigni-Novgorod to Irkutsk; and as long as any intention of forming so important a line is seriously entertained, it must be politic to encourage as much as possible the overland traffic between Russia and China.

By way of completing our information on the subject of tea in Russia, we have endeavoured to ascertain the date of its introduction, but without any positive result. It is certain, however, that the Russians had a considerable trade with the East before the Mongol invasion; and probably the Mongols who came from the plains bordering on China were themselves acquainted with the use of tea. It is known that Russia, after her subjugation, used to carry on a regular trade between Novgorod and the north of Europe on one side, and Persia, India, and China on the other. The Russians, after the expulsion of the Tartars and the conquest of Siberia, endeavoured to establish a commercial intercourse with China, and sent their first ambassador to Pekin in 1606, though he never arrived there, owing to some revolution in Mongolia. Several other embassies made fruitless attempts to enter the Chinese empire, and it was not until 1654 that Baikoff, with a suite of attachés, succeeded, after a journey of two years, in reaching Pekin. Baikoff, annoyed at the emperor declining to receive him personally, returned to Russia in 1657. No treaty of commerce had been concluded, but the ambassador had discovered several practicable roads between Siberia and Pekin, and since that time caravans of merchants have journeyed constantly between Russia and China. The English about this period did a considerable trade with Archangel, and it appears probable that the first Russian caravan from China brought tea, and that a certain amount was soon afterwards exported to England; for we read in Pepys' *Diary*, "Sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drunk before," under the date of 1661.

Let us now go on to the Moscow clubs, for which the Russians are indebted to the English, as the English appear to be indebted to the Russians for tea. The best club in Moscow in many respects is the English Club, originally founded by Englishmen, but composed at present almost exclusively of Russians—for the most part nobles. It is strange that in England, where the institution of family is so much respected, clubs should have been invented. In the English Club at Moscow the separatist principle is carried out to its fullest extent. Women are not admitted, in consequence of which neither balls, nor masquerades, nor concerts, nor fêtes of any kind take place, as they do at the other clubs. The English Club is kept open until midnight, after which all who remain are liable to a fine. There is a supper every evening, and house dinners twice a-week, but there is no dining *à la carte*. The house situated in the Tverskoy, the principal street in Moscow, is large and commodious. It contains an excellent reading-room, in which all the native and a large number of foreign journals are received (among others, the *Times*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Illustrated Times*, and two or three reviews). There are several billiard-rooms and card-rooms, but hazard and roulette are not permitted. The number of members is limited to six hundred, and candidates for admission have often to wait several years for their chance of the ballot. The affairs of the club are managed by six directors elected annually, to whom is entrusted the purchase of wine and the regulation of prices generally.

The Merchants' Club, according to the terms of its constitution, is composed of merchants, professors, doctors, and artists possessing diplomas from the

Academy of Arts. The club is open every day, and in winter balls and masquerades are given. On ordinary occasions the doors are closed at two in the morning, after which time the members who still remain are, as at the English Club, subjected to a fine, which is doubled from half-hour to half-hour. It has been calculated that a member staying all night in either of these clubs would, at seven in the morning, owe the committee the sum of 16,384 roubles. The society at the Merchants' Club is very superior to what is generally understood by merchants' society in Russia. Its ball-room is one of the best in Moscow, and will hold as many as fifteen hundred persons.

The only other club of importance in Moscow (for there is also a German club) is the club of the Nobility. Here, as at the other establishments of the same kind, the members dine together once or twice a-week. The dinner, which is partly Russian, partly French in style, is admirably cooked and served, and costs only a rouble, or a rouble and a half—exclusive, of course, of wine. Several English journals are also received at this club; indeed, the *Times* and the illustrated journals are taken in at all of them.

But the most remarkable place of réunion is the Assembly of the Nobility, where the nobles of the Moscow government—that is to say, the hereditary ones, in the possession of land—are suffered to meet for the discussion of their affairs, but owes its chief celebrity to its balls. "Assemblies," we may observe, were introduced into Russia by Peter the Great, previous to whose reign the boyards lived in great seclusion, and seldom allowed their wives to appear in public at all. "Assembly," says Peter, in a document preserved at St. Petersburgh, which was addressed to the members of his court and their acquaintances, "is a French term, which cannot be rendered in Russian in one word. It signifies a number of persons meeting together, either for diversion or to talk about their affairs. Friends may see each other on that occasion, to confer together on business or other subjects, to inquire after domestic and foreign news, and so to pass their time. After what manner we will have those assemblies kept may be learned from what follows:—

"1st. The person at whose house the assembly is to be in the evening is to hang out a bill or other sign, to give notice to all persons of either sex. 2. The assembly shall not begin sooner than four or five in the afternoon, nor continue later than ten at night. 3. The master of the house is not obliged to go and meet his guests, to conduct them out, or to entertain them; but though he himself is exempt from waiting on them, he ought to find chairs, candles, drink, and all the necessaries asked for, as also to provide for all sorts of gaming, and what belongs thereto. 4. No certain hour is fixed for anybody's coming or going; it is sufficient if one makes his appearance in the assembly. 5. It is left to every one's liberty to sit, walk, or play, just as he likes; nor shall anybody hinder him, or take exception at what he does, on pain of emptying the great eagle (a bowl filled with wine or brandy). As for the rest, it is enough to bow on entering, coming, and going away. 6. Persons of rank, as, for instance, noblemen and superior officers, likewise merchants of note, and head-masters (by which are understood ship-builders), persons employed in the Chancery, and their wives and children, shall have liberty of frequenting the assemblies. 7. A particular place shall be assigned for the footmen (those of the house excepted), that there may be sufficient room in the apartments designed for the assembly."

The Russians know very well what assemblies mean in the present day; and the Assembly-room of the Nobility at Moscow is the largest and handsomest in the world. It is also used as a concert-hall, and admirably constructed as regards sound. Like the Hall of St. George in the palace of the Kremlin, its walls and the pillars which support the roof are entirely of alabaster, relieved only by delicate gilt mouldings. It is entirely without drapery, and the same effect which we noticed in the Hall of St. George is produced by the reflection of the light from the large masses of white. The Assembly of the Nobility will contain between four and five thousand persons, and its capabilities were sufficiently tested on the occasion of the ball given to the Emperor after his coronation. Round the ball-room, and raised a few steps above it, is a spacious gallery for the accommodation of all who are not actually engaged in dancing. There is also an upper gallery for spectators, but this is chiefly used on the nights devoted to concerts. In the rooms at the side card-tables are arranged, and in the largest of these dancing sometimes takes place, when there is not a sufficient number of persons to fill the large hall. All the corridors, ante-chambers, and refreshment-rooms are magnificently furnished, and there is a special suite of apartments for the use of the Emperor, whom the Assembly has the honour to reckon among its members. Here it was that Alexander II. in his recent interview with the nobles of Moscow, rebuked them for their tardiness in carrying out the measures of reform projected by him, and refused to be present at the entertainment offered to him. Two years before we had seen his majesty at the coronation-ball given to him in this hall, on which occasion the nobles, who probably did not believe in the Emperor's reported intention to emancipate the peasants, were profuse in their manifestations of loyalty—at least in that part of it which consists in outward exhibitions of respect and shouts of hurra. Although only the hereditary or territorial nobles take part in the deliberations of the Assembly, all the personal nobles—that is to say, regimental officers not of noble descent, and civil functionaries of a certain grade—have a right to subscribe to the balls, which during the winter take place once a-week. At the carnival, masquerades are given; and in Lent, concerts. Lotteries, balls, and concerts, for the benefit of the poor, are also held occasionally at the Assembly.

Dancing in Russia is very much like dancing in any other European country, except that in the former the ball always ends with a mazurka, of which the rhythm and the step are known everywhere, but not the figures and general character. A kind of follow-my-leader aspect is given to the mazurka, by all the succeeding couples imitating the evolutions of the first. Another peculiarity of the dance consists in the ladies choosing their own partners, a process which is effected in a variety of ingenious ways more or less compli-



THE REVERIE. BY DE JONGHE.

This is a pleasant little picture by a German artist, who appears to have been educated in France, to judge from the style of his work, which has more elegance and free grace than we are accustomed to find in the German school *per se*. The damsel has been working at an embroidery-frame, and has leaned back in her chair tired of the monotonous occupation, or, maybe, in a more easy position to indulge her fancy, without the risk of pricking her fingers, spoiling her work, and wasting her worsted. Who shall scan those flying thoughts as the languid and nerveless fingers relaxed to let the thread fall, and the ever-busy mind roused itself in the body's inaction to leap over space and distance, to pursue the future, to recall the past, or to make the fancy omnipresent with the flying moments? Truly, to judge from the gentle smile on her face, these thoughts are no unpleasant ones, in whichever of the three great realms of time her fancy wanders.

The picture itself has considerable merit of execution; although a little hard in texture, it displays much power of handling, and not a little ease of design, as the reader may observe for himself, by noticing how entire is the *abandon* of the lady's attitude. There is a look of air and light about the whole which is not a little excellent, accustomed as we are to find pictures of interiors painted as if they were like coal-cellars, only lighted from the top. The work itself is at the Crystal Palace.

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mentary to the gentlemen selected. Sometimes as the men pass by in ignominious procession, the lady who wishes to make one of them her cavalier claps her hands as the fortunate individual passes. Or a lady holds a small looking-glass; the aspiring partners pass behind and look into the mirror, when the lady wipes off with her hand the image of him who pleaseth her not, and accepts the services of the agreeable one with a bow. The mazurka is a graceful but decidedly energetic dance, requiring the time to be marked

by vigorous applications of the boot-heel to the polished floor. It is either of Cossack, Polish, or perhaps generally of Slavonian origin, and it has a rhythmical character, which distinguishes it agreeably from the sliding monotony of the quadrille. We may mention one other peculiarity of Russian balls: in the waltz or polka, a lady is never engaged for the entire dance, but only for one or two turns.

In Russia, as in England, a ball without a supper would be regarded as an incomplete and absurd entertainment. Perhaps, as the Russian mode of dining has been adopted by a large class in England, Russian suppers will one day be introduced. We can best describe a Russian supper by saying that it is a dinner without ceremony or soup. At the suppers of the Assembly meat, fish, poultry, and game are served hot, and are accompanied or followed by salads, pastry, fruit, and preserves, the wine suitable to each course being brought round exactly as at a dinner. If, as it happens, there are too many persons to sit down at once, the service is repeated from beginning to end whenever a fresh batch of dancers arrive in the supper-room. We must not take leave of the Assembly-room without mentioning the mode by which it is lighted up; that is to say, the manner in which the wax candles are set light to. Those who visit the Assembly in the day-time, and are attracted by the beauty of the chandeliers, may observe that a thin thread of string connects the wicks of all the tapers in each candelabrum, and that all these clusters of wax-lights are again connected by means of an almost imperceptible cord, which, like a telegraphic wire, runs from one to the other all round the room. All the string, which is in one continuous piece, has been steeped in naphtha or some other highly inflammable liquid. At the hour fixed for the commencement of the ball there is only a faint half-light in the place, but at a given signal one end of the prepared string is ignited, and instantly a line of fire is seen to dart round the room, encircling each of the chandeliers, and in a few seconds changing comparative darkness into the most brilliant light. This system of lighting has also been adopted in the Imperial palaces. Independently of the surprising and almost magical effect which it produces in an enormous hall, it has its advantages in any room where a large number of candles are used, for it enables a single servant, with nothing but a lucifer-match, to light the whole of them in a few seconds.

SHAKSPERE, A LAWYER?*

Lord Campbell has given a fresh impetus to the inquiry into Shakspere's knowledge of the law. Mr. Payne Collier, it seems, had stimulated his lordship to the investigation and the publication of its results. That gentleman rather concurred in the opinion expressed of late, that before he joined the players in London Shakespere was a clerk in an attorney's office at Stratford; that the author of *Hamlet* had been "employed some years in engrossing deeds, serving writs, and making out bills of costs." Towards the settlement of this question Lord Campbell had sedulously gone through all the plays, and finds that legal references are only to be found in the following: namely, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well that ends Well*, *The Winter's Tale*, *King John*, the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, the second part of *King Henry VI.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. This enumeration is profitable, as it furnishes a reason for the identity of authorship in these twenty-three dramas. The remaining productions have not that evidence in their favour.

Lord Campbell proves that the poems that go under the name of Shakspere abound also in legal references, particularly the

XLVI. SONNET.

"Mine Eye and Heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of my sight;
Mine Eye my Heart my picture's sight would bar,
My Heart mine Eye the freedom of that right.
My Heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes),
But the Defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the Heart,
And by their *verdict* is determined
The clear Eye's moiety, and the dear Heart's part;
As thus: mine Eye's due is thine outward part,
And my Heart's right thine inward love of heart."

On this sonnet Lord Campbell says:

"I need not go further than this sonnet, which is so intensely legal in its language and imagery, that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood. A lover being supposed to have made a *conquest* of [*i. e.* to have gained by *purchase*] his mistress, his Eye and his Heart, holding as *joint-tenants*, have a contest as to how she is to be partitioned between them,—each moiety thus to be held in severalty. There are regular Pleadings in the suit, the Heart being represented as Plaintiff, and the Eye as Defendant. At last issue is joined on what the one affirms and the other denies. Now a jury [in the nature of an inquest] is to be impannelled to 'cide [decide], and by their verdict to apportion between the litigating parties the subject-matter to be decided. The jury, fortunately, are unanimous; and after due deliberation find for the Eye in respect of the lady's outward form, and for the Heart in respect of her inward love."

To this analysis Lord Campbell adds a most suggestive remark:

"Surely Sonnet XLVI. smells as potently of the attorney's office as any of the stanzas penned by Lord Kenyon while an attorney's clerk in Wales."

This is enough to show that the mind of the Sonneteer had been technically indoctrinated with legal practice and theory. In other sonnets we find references to leases and mortgages, taxing an attorney's bill of costs, vassalage, attainder, bail, arrest, pleas, summonses, sessions, &c. Legal phrases are preferred, such as "determination" for "end." In the poem of "Venus and Adonis," there are such passages as these:

"But when the *heart's attorney* once is mute,
The *client* breaks as desperate in the *suit*."

* *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements considered.* By John Lord Campbell, LL.D. F.R.S.E. In a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. London: John Murray.

"Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy *seal-manual* on my *wax-red lips*."

None but an inveterate lawyer would have conceived such an image. Likewise, in "The Rape of Lucrece:"

"Dim *register* and *notary* of shame."
"For me I force not argument a straw,
Since *that my case is past the help of law*."

But now for the Plays. Even his women he makes talk like lawyers' clerks. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page thus converse:—

"*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the *warrant* of womanhood, and the *witness* of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure scared out of him; if the devil have him not in *fee simple, with fine and recovery*, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again."

Isabella, the novice of a convent, argues like a lawyer for her brother's life; Rosalind is well acquainted with the language of deeds poll, and the practices of attorneys; Portia, in Shylock's affair, is thoroughly legal throughout the whole proceedings; Hermione pleads with Bohemia in regular legal terms, and a thorough knowledge of the practice of the criminal courts; and the gentle Desdemona talks glibly in the phraseology of the law.

"I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's *suit*. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy *solicitor* shall rather die
Than give thy cause away."

Other branches of knowledge, as well as law, are frequently touched upon with more or less emphasis in the Shaksperian dramas; but these branches of knowledge are quite occasional and accidental, and essentially distinct from the accurate and pervading legal feeling that runs through the dialogue and characters. The poet went sometimes elaborately out of his way to show his legal acquirements. What we sometimes take for his wit is merely legality. The grave-digger's scene is an instance. The argument maintained by them as to Ophelia's right of Christian burial is no mere absurdity of the clownish mind, however absurdly stated, but an extract from the law reports. The celebrated case of Hales *v.* Petit, tried in the reign of Philip and Mary, furnished the text of the discussion. Sir James Hales had drowned himself by walking into a river. Upon an inquisition before the coroner, a verdict of *felo-de-se* was returned. A question as to the forfeiture of a lease arose upon this—whether such forfeiture had taken place in the lifetime of the suicide. The counsel for his widow contended that it had not; because "the offence of suicide being the killing of a man's self, it could not be completed in his lifetime, for as long as he was alive he had not killed himself, and the moment that he died the estate vested in the lady, who was the plaintiff." In arguing this out, the advocate divided the argument into certain heads similar to the three of the clown—"to do, to act, and to perform"—and with about as much reason. "First," said he, "the cause of the death; secondly, the death ensuing the cause;" and concluded with asserting that a man "cannot be *felo-de-se* till the death is fully consummate, and the death precedes the felony and the forfeiture." On the other side, the counsel actually divided the act which caused the death into *three* parts. "The first," said he, "is the imagination, which is a reflection or mediation of the mind, whether or not it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done; the second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself; the third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And of all the parts the *doing of the act* is the greatest in the judgment of our law, and it is in effect the whole. Then here the act done by Sir James Hales, which is evil, and the cause of his death, is the throwing himself into the water, and the death is but a sequel thereof." And now comes the judgment of the court; holding that although Sir James Hales could hardly be said to have killed himself in his lifetime, "the forfeiture should have relation to *the act done* by Sir James Hales in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death—viz. the throwing himself into the water. Said they, "Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? in his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. He therefore committed felony in his lifetime, although there was no possibility of the forfeiture being found in his lifetime, for until his death there was no cause of forfeiture."

Some time ago we gave an account of the book of Delia Bacon, an American authoress, who ascribes the Shaksperian dramas to Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. That theory would, of course, cover Lord Campbell and Mr. Payne Collier's instances well enough. Englishmen are justly proud of the name of Shakspere, and reasonably believe in his dramatic excellence. It is in vain, however, now to say that the former has not become mystified and enveloped in the shadows of "historic doubt." Nothing henceforth can wholly relieve it from grave suspicion. Nay, the confessed deficiency of proof by which the name of Shakspere is connected with the dramas generally attributed to him in his own time, has led some speculative minds to reflect profoundly on the improbability of a Warwickshire lad, educated no one can with certainty say how or where, and from an early period practically engaged in the turmoil of theatrical management, having either the ability or leisure to compose those wonderful tragedies, poems, and plays that have been received as his since his death. Mr. William Henry Smith has given parallel passages taken from the supposed Shakspere and the indisputable Verulam in corroboration of his own and Delia Bacon's thesis, that are certainly not a little startling. Unfortunately there has been some attempt, and a very foolish one it is, to stifle this kind of evidence. It is, however, so strong that it deserves notice. The following is a striking instance.

Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, demands, "Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, where he saith, that young men are not fit auditors of *moral* philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered by time and experience?" In *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 2, the author writes a scene throughout illustrative of the above aphorism, in which these words occur:

"Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear *moral* philosophy."

But the most curious part of the affair still remains. It happens that, in both these passages, Aristotle is incorrectly quoted. He says *political*, not *moral*, philosophy. Here, then, is the same reference, and the same mistake in the reference, made by both Bacon and the supposed Shakspere.

Identity of thought, though not similarly expressed, is frequent. In other instances the like use of phrases is noticeable. The subject is eminently curious; and Miss Bacon's work, in particular, one of so much ability, that sooner or later the inquiry proposed must be thoroughly instituted.

THE FEMALE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THIS is the third exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, and we are bound to say, that much as the second surpassed the first, the third is a still greater advance; in fact, it needs now only that the Committee should adopt a higher scale of merit in selecting pictures, excluding all copies, in order to have a collection which will be very creditable to our female artists. Were the number of pictures fewer, the attraction of this gallery would certainly not be diminished, for it is a mistake, though a common one with managing bodies, to imagine that quantity can in any way compensate for quality.

There are a few pictures here upon which it is our absolute duty to comment, with a sincere protest against the public display of works so totally devoid of conscientious study, truth, motive, or, indeed, any honest quality whatever. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's "Pifferari playing before the Virgin, Scene in Rome" (59), may be taken for an example of the class of art against which we have felt bound to enter so strong a protest. The subject is one to be found commonly enough in the Papal States—a bagpiper standing by an old half-defaced picture of the Virgin. This man is supposed to be blowing at his bagpipe, for he holds it to his mouth, but for the life of us we can see no action or expression of his face,—no compressed lips, or half-distended cheeks, to show that he has any more life in him than a stuffed lay-figure. He does not blow; he does not stand on his legs; the garments he wears were never fitted to the body of a human being by use and custom, but are so much brown pasteboard, elaborately patched to order; he does not even see out of his glassy eyes, that shine out under bushy brows with a sort of meaningless glare. Some ill-drawn and feverishly-coloured peasant-women, kneeling to the picture, complete this subject, if we omit, which would be unpardonable, a queer animal, most like a dog in shape, which stands by the principal figure; but if a dog he be, terrible indeed is his appearance, for his hair is charged with blue and purple, and his skin shows through this, and seems red hot, as if the poor beast was about to take fire from within. Our friend appears again in No. 93, this time as "A Roman Pilgrim." He has resigned the bagpipe, and taken up the staff, but still retains that bilious, yellow-ivory kind of skin, the beard of worsted, the thin-bridged nose, with the drooping point to it, the *petite* mouth, and, as the most valuable of his properties, the china eyes, that look at nothing out of their serene shallowness. There is not one inch of these two pictures which shows the slightest honesty of purpose; all is meretricious, flashy, false. It is painful to us to speak in this way of any exhibitor, but the more so because we know Mrs. Elizabeth Murray has powers and facility of execution which should be put to a more conscientious use than is displayed in either of the works she has sent to this gallery.

We turn with pleasure to a genuine little picture by a somewhat inexperienced artist, but which really does show honesty of purpose and feeling for art. It is No. 53, by Adelaide Burgess, "Old Brocades—the sack of Aunt Tabitha's Wardrobe." A young lady has found an old chest wherein had been stored for years the wardrobe and fineries of a defunct aunt. The brocades, the silks, the satins, that rustled about her when she was young, a century ago, have been brought to light again by this pretty descendant, who, having decked her lithe person in a gorgeous robe of blue brocade, covered with rich flowers, turns round to the glass to contemplate the effect. The action is very good and natural; the drawing of her figure correct, and, what is rather unusual with female artists, the face is capitally well drawn. The expression of pleased and half-laughing complacency on her pretty, honest, fresh face, is well deserving of praise. By the side of the trunk a female servant kneels, who seems wonderstruck at the heaps of antique treasures it contains, and no less delighted at the splendid figure her mistress makes thus decked out.

Miss M. Gillies' illustration of *Vivia Perpetua*, a splendid early Christian drama, by Mrs. Adams, is truly unfortunate. It is evident enough that the artist meant to be sadly in earnest when she placed a figure in white seated in a cell, contemplating the iron bars of the window, but she has missed the passion of the theme, and her want of artistic power has not enabled her to make a picture interesting for that alone. The woman's skin is dead-waxy, her draperies carelessly painted, and so badly cast as not to express the limbs beneath; the colour of the picture is dingy and dirty.

"An Avenue of old Pollards" (83), Miss J. Forster, is a genuine little work, which, if it had but more power of colour, would be truly excellent. The same may be said of No. 177, "The River Mole, near Dorking," by Christiana Thompson, where that muddy and drowsy stream sleeps above the Swallows and under the hazel shade, too opaque to reflect either the sky or the trees.

The most admirable of all the pictures here, and indeed the finest and most complete study of such a subject we ever saw, is No. 68, "A Study from Nature," by Florence Peel. A large boulder of coarse red marble has fallen by a hedge side, and lies overgrown by ivy and wild flowers. The painting of these objects is indeed triumphant and perfect. The varied qualities of colour on the ivy-leaves, as they differ in age, is well expressed. There are fine scientific merits and marks of solid knowledge of abstract colour in the disposition of the masses of that section of the execution. Two other pictures by this lady are Nos. 167, 198. The first, "Study in Spring," shows more ivy, but varied in colour, as in a different time of the year to the last; also some primroses, which are the freshest of the fresh, and a charming study for the softness and delicacy of their colour, as well as for the appreciation of nature, in painting so truly the leaves behind these flowers. The second picture, "Study of Virginia Creeper," manifests these noble qualities of execution in an equal degree.

Mrs. Bodichon is here with her usual excellent and suggestive sketches of Algerian scenery—themes that in her hands seem to have three times the meaning of an ordinary sketch. The best is "The Pine-swamp" (64), one of those dismal retreats and silent homes of pestilence and obscene animals which are brooded over with horror. The pines gather about a scarcely-moving piece of water, over which their long ghastly branches hang, like arms of death, pendent from these long streamers, that no wind shakes, of greyish tangle or dead herbage left there by the floods of last season. It seems as if no breath of wind ever came into this place, no human foot could penetrate, nor human voice be heard—all is sacred to silence and miasma. The lurid greyness of colour in this work is worthy of study, because it shows a fine perception for that quality, sometimes varied into cold blue and sometimes rising into rich purple: it will be observed, too, that despite the prevailing greyness of the

work, it is anything but cold, but rather stifling in mist, and stagnant in hot and motionless air. No. 38, "An Arab Tomb near Algiers," by the same artist, has similar excellent qualities.

No. 100, "From Ramsgate Pier, looking over Pegwell Bay," by Marianne Stone, is a truly excellent little sketch of a beautiful bit of coast scenery. The cliffs receding from the eye into the clear distance, paler and paler as they vanish, the dark-green rocks at their foot, for the tide is out and chafes only the margin of the rocks, are full of colour and truth of representation. The sky, too, is absolutely bright with light, and a long stream of cirri comes up from the horizon in a grand sweep, broadening and deepening in colour as it approaches. No. 71, "A Dead Pheasant," by Miss Wilson, shows much feeling for colour and power of imitation. "Study of a piece of Garden Rockwork" (96), Mrs. Withers, is equally good, and somewhat more solid in painting—a great merit. "Maidenhood,"

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

by Miss Amy Butts (147), capitally illustrates the poet's beautiful lines she quotes. A young girl in the dawn of womanhood stands on the bank of a stream hesitating to cross. There is so much feeling in the design, and grace in the attitude of this figure, that we can but regret the want of purity of the colour, especially of the flesh; the face looks really unwashed, which sadly spoils the sentiment of the subject.

Mrs. E. M. Ward is not very ambitious this year to shine in this gallery. Her little study of a head, styled "The Suppliant" (219), is solidly executed, but opaque in colour—a fault which mars what would be otherwise a creditable little work. On the second screen will be found a little picture by Mrs. Backhouse (251), "The Music Lesson," a girl instructing her younger sister in music, directing her fingers with a little rod. There is much *naïveté* about this unpretending study which, when supported with more earnest *work* than the artist has given to it, may render her an excellent painter. Mrs. E. Dundas Murray's sketches from coast scenery need little else than care and clearness to make them very interesting works. There is some feeling for colour, much appreciation for atmospheric effect, which last is a very rare quality indeed, and also some skill in choosing locality for study. They are 20, "Bamborough from the South;" 31, "Bamborough from the North;" 72, "Holy Island;" and 118, "Mount St. Jory, near Toulouse." "Study of an Oak in Aldermarston Park," by Mrs. Higford Burr (94), would be better if it had more colour. Timidity in this respect is very noticeable amongst the ladies here; none of them, except Miss Florence Peel, Mrs. Bodichon, and Miss Adelaide Burgess, appear to have anything like a true perception of natural colour; all the rest are either weak and dingy, or coarse, flaring, hot, and vulgar.

We will end by calling the visitor's attention to No. 294, by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, "Infant Christ and Angels," a pen-and-ink drawing, which displays exquisite feeling for nature and beauty of form. Christ, an infant, stands in the centre of the design, while two pretty little angels offer to him flowers, whose signification is of pain and trouble—a type of the life of the Redeemer. The faces of the three are very suggestive: the one of prescience and thought, though perfectly infantine; the others of simple natural love and childlike affection. These figures are included in a border of the stems and leaves of flowers and pretty shrubs, in the drawing of which extreme delicacy and knowledge of nature may be observed. Mrs. Boyle is the artist known so favourably to the world by her charming illustrations of infantile life, called "Child's Play"—a series of designs, the subjects of which were taken from those beautiful old rhymes which have delighted so many generations of little children, and which grown people never forget.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

UNQUESTIONABLY the scientific phenomenon of the present month is the Armstrong cannon, in respect of which such marvellous accounts have been promulgated, containing, as is usual in similar cases, a vast deal of exaggeration. A weapon sufficiently excellent in its own special line has been represented as likely to drive every other sort of cannon out of the field; and certain enthusiastic newspaper writers have wildly speculated on the destruction of first-class fortresses, like Gibraltar, Cronstadt, and Cherbourg, by long-shot practice, at ranges of some four or five miles; all of which is sufficiently absurd. Quite as absurd is the affectation of secrecy with which the Armstrong cannon is environed by our military authorities. For example, on the occasion of one of these pieces being brought out for exercise on Woolwich Common, an unfortunate limner was taken into custody for merely sketching the outside of it; and when the evolutions had terminated, the gun was placed under a canvas awning specially appointed, lest the secret of its construction might ooze out. Now a government so jealous of keeping the secret of a mechanical construction can have but little belief in the tendency of all scientific inventions to disseminate themselves far and near. But the most absurd part of the business is, that whilst our military authorities were thus racking their ingenuity to preserve the incognito of their great-gun pet, two governments at least (those of France and America) were in possession of every necessary detail respecting it, accompanied with illustrative drawings. The matter occurred thus: Sir William Armstrong necessarily could not prosecute his inquiries alone. He had to associate others with his labours; and disputes relative to the respective share of remuneration arose. Two of the claimants advancing pretensions which could not be satisfied, sped away with drawings in hand to the markets we have indicated. If our military authorities be not cognisant of this fact, well enough known in circles to which the progress of artillery presents topics of interest, they must be sadly at a loss for videttes. If aware of it, their attempts at secrecy after the disclosure are all the more unmeaning. A description of the gun has appeared in a technical journal, and been quoted in most of the newspapers; but that description is incorrect in many particulars. The Armstrong guns have hitherto been made of two sizes only; the larger with a bore of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the smaller $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Both are of the same length; namely, 10 feet 6 inches, and the pitch of rifling is similar in each; namely, one turn in a length. The number of rifle grooves is forty. The material of these guns is partly steel and partly iron. A central steel tube constitutes the foundation, around which externally passes a spiral band, or fillet, of tough wrought-iron, overlapped and welded not only to itself but to the internal steel tube; outside this is another spiral fillet, twisted in a reverse direction. The larger gun weighs eighteen hundredweight. Posteriorly the breech of the gun is occluded with a screw-plug—not solid, as has been represented, but hollow, and for a reason to be made evident presently. Contrary to what the reader might infer, the loading is not accomplished through this hollow screw, nor through the orifice resulting from its removal; but through an opening on the upper aspect of the cannon, occasioned by the lifting out of a heavy block of iron. Through this block the touchhole communication passes at an obtuse angle, and terminates in a small chamber excavated in a copper disc lying immediately in front of the iron block. In loading, the breech screw is first loosened, and the iron block then pulled bodily out, disclosing a rectangular aperture. Through this the projectile is inserted, and rammed tight up against a sort of shoulder, by means of a bar or ramrod thrust through the hollow breech screw; the flannel cartridge is then put in. Beside the ordinary charge contained in the flannel-bag, another small charge is placed in the excavation in the front part of the copper disc we have mentioned. The

necessity for two powder charges arises from the angular direction pursued by the touchhole communication, which renders it impossible to prick the main cartridge, as is usual in ordinary cannon; therefore the touchhole blast communicates with the small powder charge, which igniting, blows up the larger one. Strictly speaking there are two fuses, one wholly internal, connected with the small powder charge; the other partly external, partly internal, as usual. To describe the mechanism of these fuses would occupy more of our space than is available: suffice it then to say, that the external one is a compound of Borman's and Moorsom's, partly a time fuse and partly percussion. The shell or projectile is a cylinder, terminated anteriorly by a semispherical end, the latter surmounted by a fuse. Each projectile is surrounded by a pair of leaden bands, which not only assume the rifled indentations, but are so pressed upon by the act of discharge that they get completely spread out over the shell, enveloping it in a sheeting of lead. Undoubtedly Armstrong's cannon is a very excellent engine of destruction for a gun of its calibre; but it is questionable whether one of much larger calibre could be made. Wrought-iron and steel are necessary elements to the construction: cast-iron assuredly would not answer, and bronze is hardly more hopeful. As at present constructed it is good for field service, and it has considerable battering power; but regarded as a shell-throwing gun, its efficiency must mainly be determined by the quantity of gunpowder the shells can hold. Now we believe the largest Armstrong shell cannot find room for one pound of gunpowder, whilst the Lancaster shell can store away and render available no less than twelve pounds. This is all we can afford to state at present concerning the Armstrong gun.

On February 24 M. Payen resumed the consideration of the characteristics of cellulose, by which it is distinctively separated from starch. Previous to the experiments of M. Pelouze he had not believed in the existence of many species of cellulose—at any rate, he had not regarded their existence demonstrated by the experiments of M. Fremy. He now, however, admits that there are really two isomeric states of that substance, conferring upon it different chemical properties, but suggests that perhaps mere difference of cohesion has something to do with this isomerism. Fremy considers that the different properties of cellulose in these two isomeric states is considerable enough to warrant the conferring upon them of two distinct names.

Meteoric stones have always been involved in mystery, and we have now to record a fact in regard to one of them which certainly does not detract from their mysteriousness. The chemist Wöhler has transmitted to M. Dumas particulars of the discovery of organic matter in a meteoric stone which fell on the 15th April, 1858, near Kaba, in Hungary. The fact had previously been communicated by M. Wöhler to the Academy of Sciences of Vienna. In the course of the discussion which followed the above strange announcement, M. Le Verrier asked if M. Dumas could tell him what was the supposed origin of this meteoric stone, and whether the meteoric claim had been well established. The following are the particulars:—On April 15, at ten p.m. an inhabitant of the village of Kaba, lying south-west from Debreczin, in Central Hungary, was sleeping in the open air, when a sound as loud as thunder, but different from it in character, awoke him. At that moment he perceived in the sky, the weather being completely tranquil, a globe of fire, which continued visible for about four seconds. His account appears to be verified, moreover, by other observers. On the day following the peasant in question, on going to his work, saw lying in his path a stone which seemed to have recently fallen. It was so deeply imbedded in the soil that only its upper surface remained visible, the ground all around it for some distance being cracked and broken, as if by a violent shock. The stone being dug out was taken to the College of Debreczin. It weighed 2·2 kilogrammes, was of spheroidal shape, and covered with a black crust. This statement would appear to substantiate its meteoric origin.

Our readers will perhaps remember that M. Dumas has for a considerable period been advancing opinions, the tendency of which is to reinstate the doctrine of alchemical transmutation, though, indeed, under a somewhat modified form. The arguments for and against would occupy too much space for insertion here, and they are necessarily too abstruse for all except students of high science. Differing considerably from M. Dumas on this curious branch of speculation, M. Despretz advances the following propositions:—1. That each body reputed to be simple or chemically elemental is formed of matter peculiar, elementary, and indestructible. 2. That two bodies are not the same matter in two different molecular states. 3. That no substance whatever can be the result of the condensation of hydrogen, or any lighter gas yet to be discovered. On the other hand, the elementary propositions advanced by M. Dumas are as follow:—1. That bodies called simple are those which, having resisted up to the present time the application of all known forces, are to be accepted only as the *practical* elements of chemistry. 2. That there is no evidence to show them to be true elements, or, in other words, the ultimate elements of bodies. 3. That there are no means of showing it. To those who are interested in following up the subject, and weighing the evidence of Despretz in opposition to Dumas, the *Comptes rendus* of the French Academy of Sciences, tome xlvii. Feb. 21, No. 8, will supply the necessary information. We cannot, however, resist quoting the words by which M. Dumas concluded his masterly reply, inculcating the sound philosophy of taking nothing for granted in experimental science as being impossible. "Modern science," he remarks, "chemistry and physics in particular, owe all their progress to this fundamental doctrine of natural philosophy, to *admit no authority save that of experience.* That is the true spirit of every philosopher whose name stands prominently forth in the history of philosophy. Therein lies the true vital essence of chemical and physical research. Let us never deviate from this rule of action." His summing-up presents a condensation of his belief in respect of molecular chemistry at the present time. "I now leave my arguments and opinions to the appreciation of chemists. I hold to the following conclusions:—1. That it seems more and more probable to me that the equivalents of simple bodies are multiples of the same unity. 2. That the radicals of mineral chemistry affect the same type as the radicals of organic chemistry. 3. That it is impossible to demonstrate bodies received as simple to be actually made composable."

Subsequent to the time when our distinguished countryman, Mr. Grove, published his book on the correlation of physical forces, the idea that heat and electricity are mutually convertible has been gaining ground. At the present time Mr. Grove's opinions in this respect are being submitted to the test of experiment by the Austrian Baron Baumgartner, who has established to his own satisfaction the important point, that when electricity, on transmission through a conducting body, is attended with development of heat, the latter, *cæteris paribus*, is in an inverse ratio to the electricity which passes absolutely as such.

What may come of the notion about to be indicated, we, of course, are unable to predict, but it at least has the merit of being suggestive. It has reference to the production of stearic acid and glycerine from the fat of South American bullocks, instead of the less valuable, more difficultly transported, because more bulky material, tallow. Our readers are aware that stearine is got from tallow, by one of many processes of saponification. Saponification, as it is called (improperly, perhaps), by sulphuric acid is a process commonly adopted; and as sulphuric acid could never be conveyed to South America in sufficient quantities for manufacturing stearic acid by its agency, MM. Léon Krafft and Jessié du Mottay have been conducting experiments to ascertain whether chloride of zinc might not be substitutedfor sulphuric acid in the operation, and apparently with successful results.

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